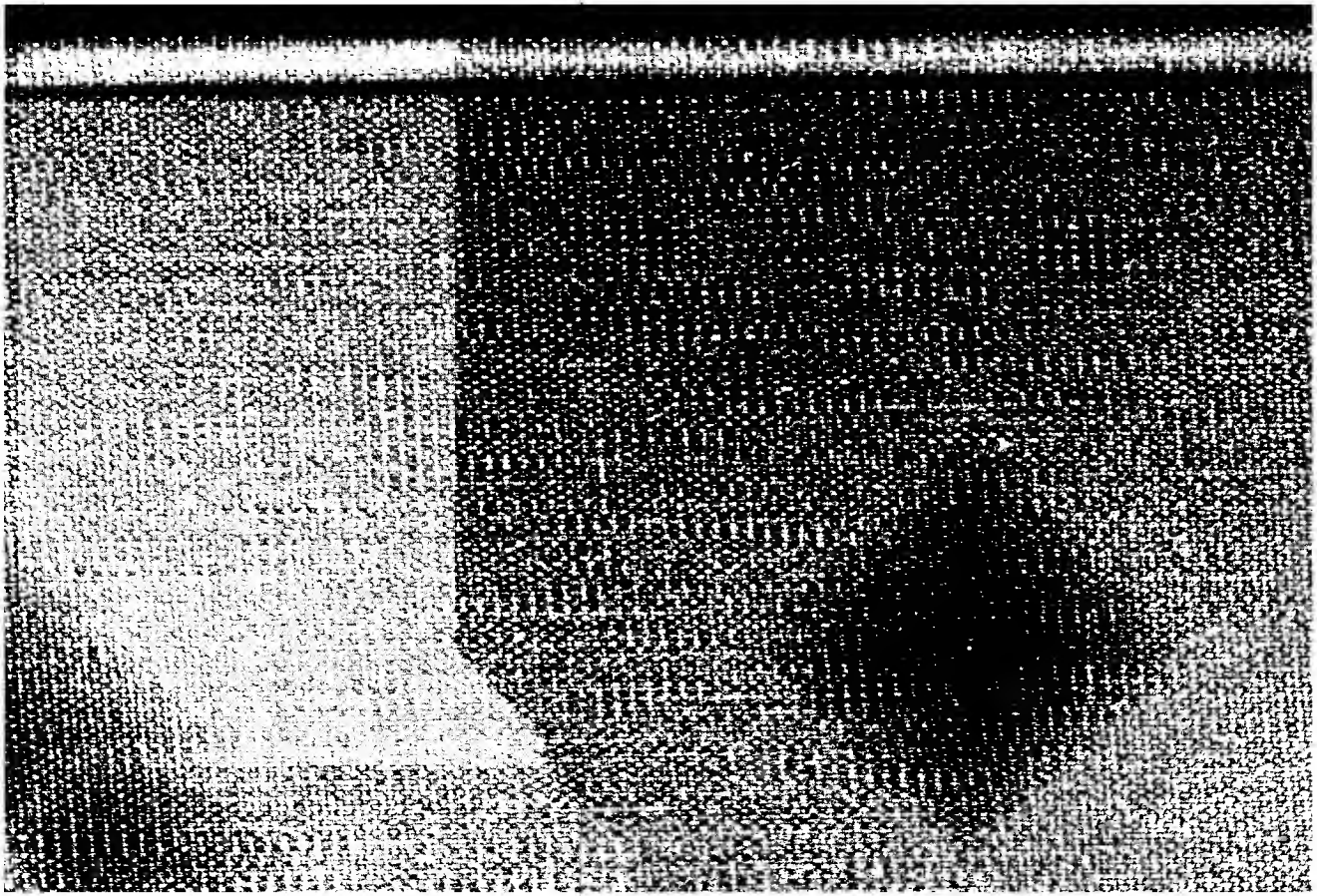

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FOUR YEARS

IN THE

Stonewall Brigade.

By John O. Casler.

Private, Company A, 33d Regiment Virginia Infantry, Stonewall Brigade, 1st Division, 2d Corps, Army of Northern Virginia Gen. Robert E. Lee, Commanding.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

Containing the daily experiences of four year's service in the ranks from a diary kept at the time. A truthful record of battles and skirmishes, advance, retreat and maneuvers of the army—Of incidents as they occurred on the march, in the field, in bivouac and in battle, on the scout, in hospital and prison—replete with thrilling adventures and hair-breadth escapes.

GUTHRIE, OKLAHOMA,
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1893.

JOHN O. CASLER, 1893.

Preface.

In introducing myself to the public I want it distinctly understood that every word of this history is true. I was an eye witness to, and participated in all I here record, except some few incidents which did not come immediately under my eye, but which I have every reason to believe transpired from conversing with comrades who witnessed them. And I also want it understood that I am neither an author, nor the son of an author; that this is the first time I ever wrote anything of any consequence for publication, and in all probability will be the last. That all who want to criticise are at perfect liberty to do so to their hearts content.

At the commencement of the war, I, like many others in both armies, kept a diary, but did not keep it up continuously, as I had intended and at times some of it was lost, so I am unable to write it in diary form; but will mention days and dates as set down in my old diary. I had no idea then of ever having it published, but kept it more for the benefit of my parents and sisters, in the event I should never return, hoping it might chance to fall into their hands.

But it is now more than a quarter of a cen-

tury since the war ended, and many of my friends who have seen my old diary have prevailed on me to write it over for publication before is it too late, and while I still retain a vivid recollection of many of the scenes herein recorded.

I will not refer to the causes of the war, as to who were right or who were wrong, but simply relate what I went through as a "high private in the rear rank."

I have seen a great many histories of the war and incidents of battles and campaigns written by officers, but have never seen any extended history from the pen of a private. I have seen treatises on military tactics by men who never fired a gun; but I have never seen a continuous history of incidents as they occurred in the army from day to day through a series of years by any one, much less a soldier in the ranks.

That is what this history purports to be, and I think it will be interesting to the youth of our land, as well as to all others, and particularly to the old soldiers who belonged to the command. To them I refer as corroborating witnesses of the facts herein stated.

THE AUTHOR.

Oklahoma City. September, 1893.

Dedicatory.

This work is respectfully dedicated to the boys who wore the Gray, and the boys who wore the Blue, and who fought and suffered for what they conceived to be right.

"No more shall the war cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red;
They banish our anger forever,
When they laurel the graves of the dead;
Under the sod and dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Love and tears for the Blue,
Tears and love for the Gray."

THE AUTHOR.

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FOUR YEARS IN THE

Stonewall Brigade.

I.

INTRODUCTORY.—Enters the Army—Old Friends—Romney—Winchester — Skirmishes — Incidents — 'Biled Shirts"—"General, ain't it about time to take a drink?" — Opequoin — Attached to T. J. Jackson's Brigade—On the Shenandoah—Piedmont—A regular Picnic with the Ladies—No False Alarm This Time—Bull Run—In Line of Battle—Pledges Burial to a Companion, with an "If"—A Soldier Shoots Himself through the Foot—The Night before the Memorable 21st July, 1861.

I was born in Frederick County Virginia nine miles west of Winchester on the 1st day of Dec. 1838 My mother's maiden name was Heironimus an old family of that county, dating back of the revolutionary war When I was three years old my father removed to Springfield, Hampshire County, (in what is now West Virginia) an adjoining county, where I spent my

boyhood days as most other boys do in learning a trade and going to school when I received a fair English education for those days.

In March 1859, when I was in my 21st year, I cut loose from the paternal roof, and took Horace Greely's advice to "go west and grow up with the country" I landed in Cass County Mo., where I remained, living in different counties, until the spring of 1861, when the signs of the times indicated war, and I concluded to go back to old Virginia. I left Sedalia, Mo., the 8th day of April, 1861, and returned to Frederick County, Va., where my father was engaged in farming, having moved back to that county during my absence.

After leaving Sedalia I went to St Louis, and there got on board a steamboat bound for Pittsburg, Pa. After passing Cairo, Ill., we heard of the firing on Ft. Sumpter and saw bills posted at the different towns we passed, calling for 75,000 troops for ninety days to protect Washington and put down the rebellion. Then we knew the war had commenced.

Various opinions were indulged in by the passengers, some saying that the north did not need that many troops and that it would all be

settled in less than ninety days. But, alas! vain hope! how little we knew of the struggle that was before us. I parted with my fellow passengers at Parkersburg, W Va. Some were going into the Union army and some of us into the Southern army

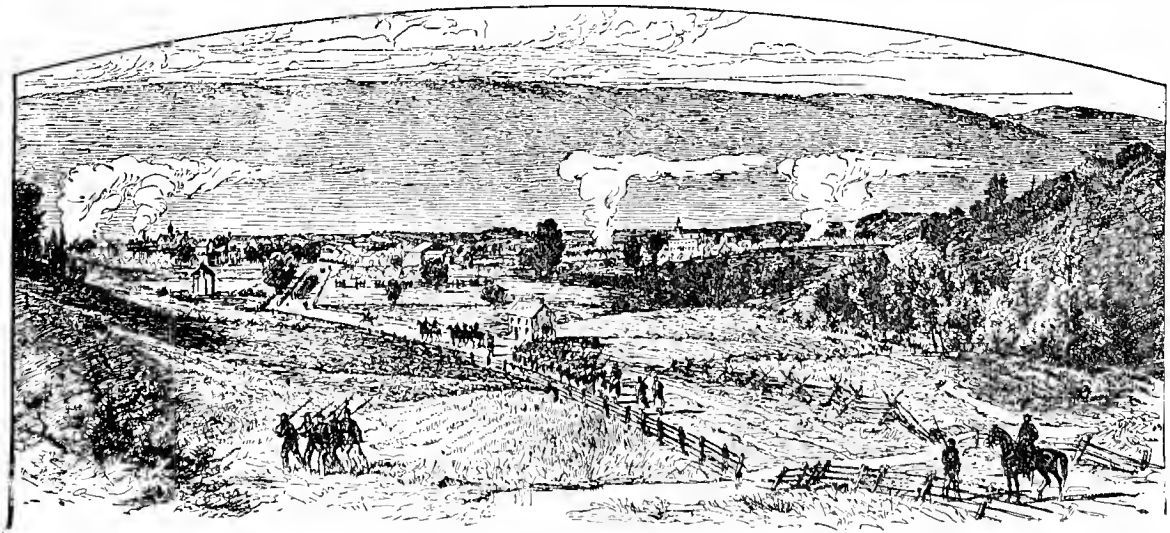
I arrived at home and remained there a short time. At that time the governor of Virginia was calling for volunteers. There had been a company raised at Springfield, my native town, and they were in service and camped at Blue's Gap, fifteen miles east of Romney, on the road leading to Winchester. As I had but fifteen miles to go to reach them, I bade farewell to my parents and sisters and went to the company, and arrived that evening in camp.

I met my old schoolmates and acquaintances whom I had parted from two years before in the school room, and now found them in army I signed my name to the muster-roll, put on the uniform of Gray, and was mustered into service for one year. The name of the company was Potomac Guards, Capt. P T Grace, commanding; S. D. Long, 1st Lieutenant; Jacob N. Buzzard, 2nd Lieut; William Johnson, 3rd Lieut. There was another company camped at that place. the Hampshire Riflemen,

Gapt. Geo. Sheetz. They were doing picket duty, not having yet been assigned to any regiment.

The next morning, which was the 19th of June, we were ordered to fall in, and marched to Romney. The day was hot and the road dusty, and marching went quite hard with us, especially myself, who had never marched a day in my life; but I kept in ranks, for, "who would not be a soldier, and with the soldiers march." Arrived in Romney about 3 p. m., we quartered in an old building, took a good wash, had some refreshments, and felt like soldiers indeed, with our clothes covered with brass buttons, and the ladies smiling at us out of the corners of their mouths.

In the early part of June Col. A. C. Cummins had been sent from Harper's Ferry to Romney to collect the different companies organizing in that and adjacent counties, together, and form a regiment. He had been there but a few days and had three companies—the Potomac Guards, from Springfield, the Hampshire Riflemen, from New Creek, and the Independent Greys, from Moorefield, Hardy county The Riflemen were a company organized before the war, and were well equipped. The other two companies



ROMNEY, WEST VIRGINIA, 1861.

came there with nothing but their uniforms, but were given old altered muskets and old flint-lock rifles that had been sent there from Harper s Ferry, and two four pound cannon that had been sent there during the John Brown raid, but no one to use them. They had a few rounds of ammunition in their coat pockets; no tents, cartridge boxes, or any other equipments.

The Federals were camped at New Creek, about twenty miles from there, and sent a regiment over one morning to capture the whole outfit, and they would have succeeded had it not been for a citizen on the road coming a near way and giving the colonel warning. The consequence was the colonel beat a hasty retreat, taking everything with him.

Talk about your first big battles of the war, that was one of them. There were about a dozen shots exchanged, no one hurt and no one captured; the Southern boys pulling for Winchester and the Federals coming into the town. They remained about an hour and then went back to New Creek—both armies marching from each other all day. As a result three regiments under Col. A. P Hill were sent there

from Harper's Ferry; the 10th Va., 13th Va., and 3rd Tennessee.

When our companies arrived we found those regiments there. Our three companies were then formed into a battalion and put in command of Major Lee and called Lee's Battalion—Col. Cummins going back to Winchester to recruit more companies.

We remained there until the 24th expecting an attack every night and consequently had plenty of false alarms. We then marched back to Winchester, a distance of 45 miles, leaving some cavalry there under command of Capt. Ashby.

As we marched out of town the brass bands were playing, the drums beating, colors flying, and the fair ladies waving their handkerchiefs and cheering us on to "victory or death." Oh! how nice to be a soldier!

On the 27th we went into camp on the Opequoin Creek, three miles south of Winchester, remaining several days, cleaning arms, drilling, etc. Our next move was to the Shawnee Springs in the suburbs of Winchester, where we were temporarily attached to Gen. Elzy's brigade. The Hampshire riflemen not numbering

enough (only 45) to be mustered in, were transferred to the cavalry and ordered back to Romney to recruit and get horses. How I wished then that I had joined that company, and could have done so only a short time before, but my name was down on the roll and there was no chance to get it off honorably I therefore had to remain in the infantry.

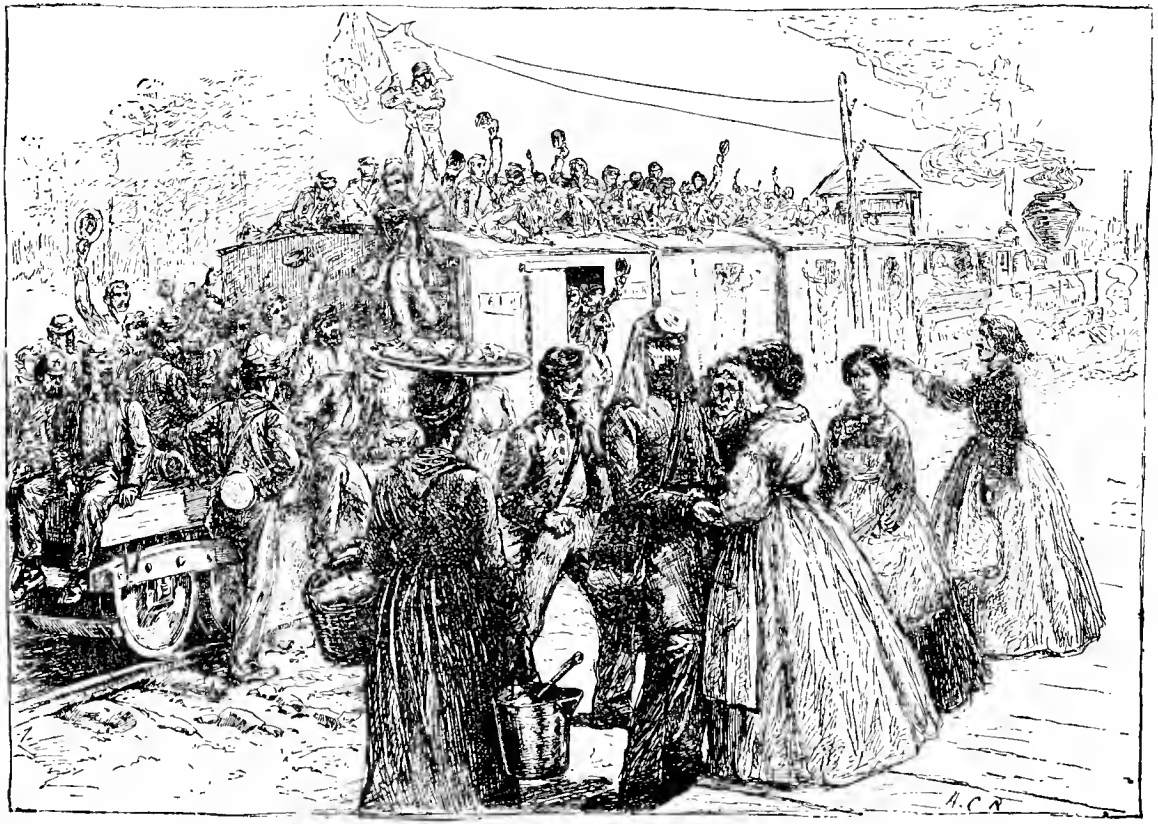
Gen. Elzy was quite fond of a dram as most soldiers are, and one night when he and his staff were drinking quite freely, and feeling very liberal, he called in the sentinal who was on guard at his quarters and gave him a drink, and then went to bed. Now when this same sentinel was on post again, about daylight he put his head in the tent door, and finding the general still asleep, woke him up by exclaiming "General! general! ain't it about time for us to take another drink?"

The general roused up, and not being in as merry a mood as the night before, ordered him to be taken off to the guard house for his insolence.

That soldier was greeted for months afterward by the whole command by "General, general, ain't it about time for us to take another drink?"

The Federal general, Patterson, had crossed the Potomac with a considerable force. Our army, under Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, had evacuated Harper's Ferry, and the two armies were close together below Martinsburg. One day our advance had a considerable skirmish with the enemy and captured forty-five prisoners, and then fell back south of town to Darkesville, where our whole force lay in line of battle. They were the first prisoners I had seen As we were ordered to tear down all fences, it looked like a battle was imminent. We lay in line the next day, which was the 4th of July, but still no fight; and on the 5th we returned to Winchester and went into camp at the "Shawnee Springs."

The boys were all mad because we had no fight and accused Gen. Johnston of being a coward, but they soon found out that he knew his business, and that a braver man never lived. After remaining in this camp three days our battalion was ordered to report to Col. Cummins, one mile South of Winchester, where we found he had collected five more companies, viz: Page Grays, Capt. Rippetoe; Shenandoah Riflemen, Capt. Gatewood; Emerald Guards, Capt. Sibert: (nearly all Irishmen) Mt. Jackson Rifles, Capt. Allen; and Brook Company, Capt. Crabill.



33d Virginia Going to Bull Run

We remained in this camp several days, and received our equipments from Springfield as our company was equipped by private subscription and they were not ready when we left. Our equipments consisted of knapsacks, blankets, cartridge boxes, canteens and tents.

We had all started out with a carpet sack full of "store clothes, biled shirts and paper collars;' but we loaded them in the wagon and sent them home. We soon found out that we had no use for "store clothes and biled shirts."

On the fifteenth of July our regiment was marched one mile north of Winchester and permanently attached to Gen. T J. Jackson's brigade, consisting of the 2nd, 4th, 5th and 27th Va. regiments. Ours not being full yet was not numbered but called Col. Cummin s Regiment.

On the 16th the report being that Gen. Patterson was advancing on Winchester, we were rushed out in line of battle, tore down all the fences and lay on our arms ready for action at a moments warning. The next day passed off in the same way but no enemy appeared and we returned to camp and lay quiet.

Another new company comes to our regiment, the "Shenandoah Sharpshooters," Capt: Walton,

They have no arms and are given flint-lock muskets. We are now ordered to cook rations and be ready to march at a moment's warning. Our regiment now has eight companies, and numbers about 650 men; but the measles have been raging in camp and about 200 are sent to the hospital, being unable to march.

July 18th we marched through Winchester and took the road leading to Berry's Ferry, on the Shenandoah river, about 18 miles distant. The citizens were very much grieved to see us leave for fear the enemy would be in town, as there were no troops left but a few militia and Col. Ashby's cavalry

After marching a few miles we were halted, and the Adjutant read us orders that the enemy were about to overpower Gen. Beauregard at Manassas Junction and we would have to make a forced march. It was Gen. Johnston's wish that all the men would keep in ranks, and not straggle, if possible. Then we started on a quick march; marched all day and nearly all night, wading the Shanandoah river about 12 o'clock at night; halted at a small village called Paris about two hours, then resumed the march about daylight and arrived at Piedmont Station on the Manassas Gap railroad.

Our brigade was in the advance on the march, and when we arrived at the station the citizens for miles around came flocking in to see us, bringing us eatables of all kinds, and we fared sumptuously. There were not trains enough to transport all at once, and our regiment had to remain there until the trains returned, which was about 3 o'clock in the afternoon. We had a regular picnic; plenty to eat, lemonade to drink, and beautiful young ladies to chat with. We finally got aboard, bade the ladies a long farewell, and went flying down the road, arriving at the Junction in the night.

The next day, the 20th of July, we marched about eight miles down Bull Run, to where Gen. Beauregard had engaged the enemy on the 18th, and repulsed their advance. There we joined the brigade. We lay on our arms all night. We tore all the feathers out of our hats because we heard the Yanks had feathers in theirs, and we might be fired on by mistake, as our company was the only one that had black plumes in their hats. We could hear the pickets firing at intervals, and did not know what minute we would be rushed into action.

My particular friend and messmate William I. Blue, and myself, lay down together, throwing a

blanket over us, and talked concerning our probable fate the next day. We had been in line of battle several times, and had heard a great many false alarms, but we all knew there was no false alarm this time; that the two armies lay facing each other, and that a big battle would be fought the next day; that we were on the eve of experiencing the realties of war, in its most horrible form—brother against brother, father against son, kindred against kindred and our own country torn to pieces by Civil war.

While lying thus, being nearly asleep, he roused me up and said that he wanted to make a bargain with me, which was, if either of us got killed the next day, the one who survived, should see the other buried, if we kept possession of the battle-field.

I told him I would certainly do that, and we pledged ourselves accordingly. I then remarked that perhaps we would escape unhurt or wounded.

He said "no, I don't want to be wounded, if I am shot at all I want to be shot right through the heart."

During the night we heard a gun fire on the

left of the regiment and I got up and walked down the line to see what had happened. I found one of the men had shot himself through the foot, supposed to have been done intentionally, to keep out of the fight, but the poor fellow made a miscalculation as to where his toes were, and held the muzzle of the gun too far up and blew off about half of his foot, so it had to be amputated.

II.

First Battle of Bull Run—Gen Jackson's Brigade Christened STONEWALL by Gen. Bee—Bee and Bartow Fall—The Battle Signal—Bayonet Charge of the Stonewall Brigade—Baptism of Fire—The Enemy Routed—Fulfills Pledge and Buries Dead Body of Comrade.

July 21st dawned clear and bright, (and for the last time, on many a poor soldier,) and with it the sharpshooters in front commenced skirmishing. We were ordered to "fall in" and were marched up the run about eight miles and then ordered back to "Blackburn's Ford." Our company and the "Hardy Greys" were thrown out as skirmishers, opposite the ford in a skirt of woods, commanding a full view of the ford, and ordered to fire on the enemy if they attempted to cross the run. While we were lying in that position, heavy firing was heard on our left, both infantry and artillery. In a few moments we were ordered from there to join the regiment and went "double-quick" up the Run to where the fighting was going on. The balance of the brigade was in line of battle behind the brow of a small ridge. We were halted at the foot of this ridge and Col. Cummins told us that it was General

Jackson's command that our regiment should depend principally on the bayonet that day, as it was a musket regiment.

Some of the boys were very keen for a fight, and while we were down the Run they were afraid it would be over before we got into it. One in particular, Thomas McGraw, was very anxious to get a shot at the "bluecoats," and when the colonel read us the order about the bayonet, I asked Tom how he liked that part of the programme. He said that was closer quarters than he anticipated.

Our regiment marched up the hill, and formed "left in front," on the left of the brigade, and on the entire left of our army. As we passed by the other regiments the shells were bursting and cutting down the pines all around us, and we were shaking hands, and bidding farewell to those we were acquainted with, knowing that in a few moments many of us would be stretched lifeless on the field.

At this time our troops were falling back, but in good order, fighting every inch of the way; but were being overpowered and flanked by superior numbers. They were the 2nd Miss. and Col. Evans' 4th Ala. regiments, Gen. Bees' S. C. brigade, Col. Bartow's 7th and 8th Ga. reg-

iments, Maj. Wheat's battalion, (called the Louisiana Tigers,) and Imboden's battery They had resisted the main portion of the "Federal Army," and had done all that men could do, and had lost severely, but were still holding them in check while we were forming.

It was there and at this time that Gen. Jackson received the name of "STONEWALL," and the brigade the ever memorable name of "STONEWALL BRIGADE." Gen. Bee was dashing up and down the line, rallying his men and exclaiming as he saw us: "Here stands Gen. Jackson and his brigade like a stone wall; rally behind them!" They passed through our brigade and formed in the rear. I knew they were South Carolinians by the "Palmetto tree" on their caps. Gen. Bee and Col. Bartow fell, mortally wounded. The enemy, flushed with victory pushed on, never dreaming what was lying just behind the brow of the hill in the pines. There seemed to be a lull in the firing just at this time, and Sergt. James P Dailey, of my company, walked up to the brow of the hill, but soon returned with the exclamation: "Boys, there is the prettiest sight from the top of the hill you ever saw; they are coming up on the other side in four ranks and all dressed in red."

When we heard that I, with several others, jumped up and started to see, but Col. Cummins ordered us to "stay in ranks," and Dailey remarked: "We will see them soon enough." Sure enough, in a few seconds the head of the column made its appearance, with three officers on horseback in front and marching by the flank, with the intention of flanking one of our batteries—the "Rockbridge Artillery," Capt. Pendleton. In a few minutes they spied us lying there, and I heard one of the officers say: "Hello! what men are these?" At that moment some of our men who, perhaps, had the "buck fever," without orders commenced firing some scattering shots. The enemy then poured a volley into us; but as we were lying down the balls went over our heads, harmless.

That morning we had been given a signal to use in time of battle, to distinguish friend from foe, which was to throw the right hand to the forehead, palm outward, and say, "Sumpter." When this regiment (which was the 14th Brooklyn, N. Y.,) appeared in view, Col. Cummins gave the signal, and it was returned by one of the officers; but how they got it was a mystery. So when the scattering shots were fired by some of our regiment, Col. Cummins exclaimed,

"cease firing, you are firing on friends;" and the volley came from them at the same time, and I know that I remarked, "Friends, hell! that looks like it."

Then came the command, "Attention! forward march! charge bayonets! double quick;" and away we went like an avalanche, sweeping every thing before us; but the enemy broke and fled. Just as we got over the brow of the hill, we found artillerymen with four pieces taking position and unlimbering; but before they could fire a shot, we were amongst them and shot the horses down, and a good many of the men were shot at their guns.

We were halted, and one of my company, Thomas Furlough, who had belonged to the artillery in the Mexican war, threw down his musket and said: "Boys, let's turn the guns on them." That was the last sentence that ever passed his lips, for just then he was shot dead.

While this was going on, the enemy were throwing a force on our left flank in the pines, and commenced pouring it into us from the front and an enfilading fire from the flank and were cutting us to pieces, when we were ordered back, and halted at our first position.

Then we were reinforced by our 27th Va. and the 6th N. C. regiment, commanded by Col. Fisher (who was killed a few minutes afterwards.) This made our line longer and we were ordered to charge again. Then we swept the field. The enemy were panic stricken, and the route became general.

We did not follow them far, for fresh troops were coming in all the time, and we had lost severely, and were considerably demoralized. I then took a stroll over the battlefield to see who of my comrades were dead or wounded, and saw my friend, William I. Blue, lying on his face, dead. I turned him over to see where he was shot. He must have been shot through the heart, the place where he wanted to be shot, if shot at all. He must have been killed instantly, for he was in the act of loading his gun. One hand was grasped around his gun, in the other he held a cartridge, with one end of it in his mouth, in the act of tearing it off. I sat down by him and took a hearty cry, and then, thinks I, "It does not look well for a soldier to cry," but I could not help it. I then stuck his gun in the ground by his side, marked his name, company and regiment on a piece of paper, pinned it on his breast, and then went off.

I then saw three officers a short distance from me looking through a field glass. I very deliberately walked up to them and asked them to let me look through it, and one of them handed it to me. When looking through it I saw, about two miles off, in a large field, what I took to be about 10,000 of the enemy The field appeared to be black with them. I returned the glass, saying: "My God! have we all of them to fight yet?" Just at that moment "Pendleton's Battery" turned their guns on them and I saw the first shell strike in the field. I don't think it was five minutes until the field was vacant. I felt considerably relieved. I had had enough fighting for that day. We had gained a great victory. The enemy were completely routed and panic stricken and never halted until they arrived at Alexandria and Washington.

My company only numbered fifty-five, rank and file, when we went into service, and by so many having the measles and other sickness, we went into the fight with only twenty-seven men; and out of that number we lost five killed and six wounded. The killed were William I. Blue, Thomas Furlough, James Adams, John W Marker and Amos Hollen-

THE FEDERALS TRYING TO RETAKE GRIFFIN'S BATTERY, JULY 21, 1861.

back. The wounded were Sergt. William Montgomery, John Rinehart, Robert C. Grace, Edward Allen, A. A. Young and Joseph Cadwallader.

The regiment went into action with about 450 men, and lost 43 killed and 140 wounded. Our regiment fought the 14th Brooklyn Zouaves, but were flanked by other regiments, which was the reason we lost so many

We worked nearly all night, taking care of the wounded, for nearly all of the enemy's wounded were left in our hands. I took a short sleep on the battlefield. The next day was rainy and muddy. The regiment was ordered to "fall in," but not knowing where they were going I did not want to leave until I had buried my friend, according to promise. When they marched off I hid behind a wagon, and Sergt. Dailey seeing me, ordered me to come on. I told nim never would I leave that field until I had buried my friend unless I was put under arrest. He then left me, when I looked around for some tools to dig the grave. I found an old hoe and spade, and commenced digging the grave under an apple tree in an orchard near the "Henry house."

While I was at work a Georgian came to me

and wanted the tools as soon as I was done with them. He said he wanted to bury his brother. He asked if I was burying my brother.

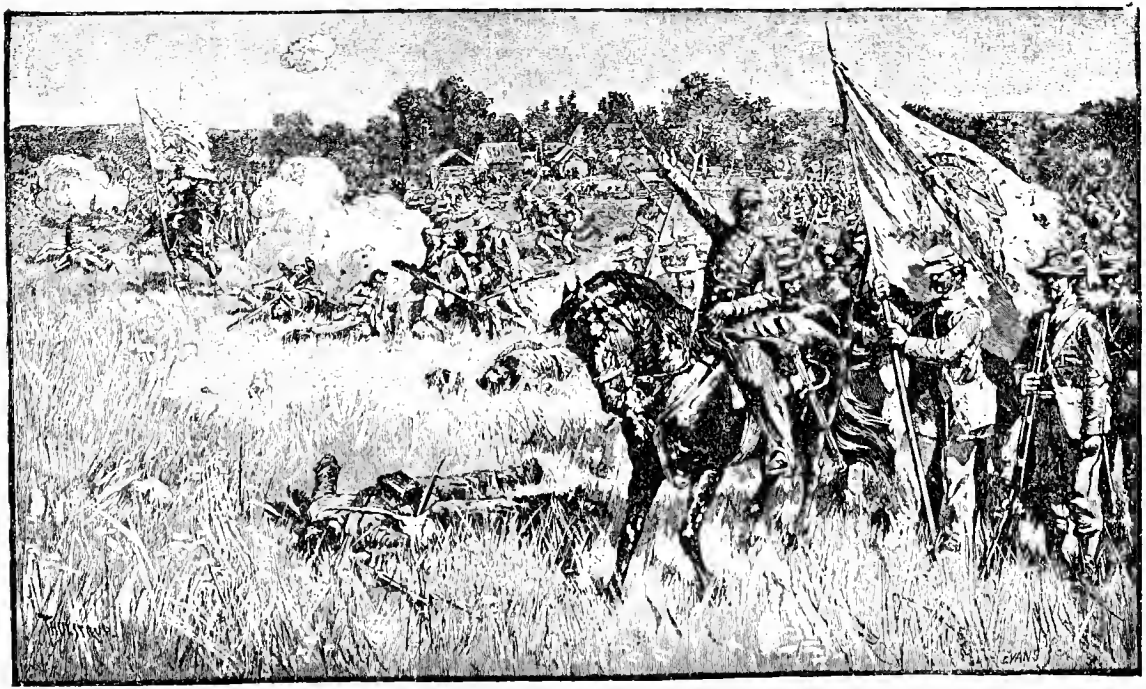
"No", I replied "but dear as a brother."

"As you have no one to help you," he remarked, "and I have no one to help me, suppose we dig the grave large enough for both, and we can help one another to carry them here."

"All right," I said, "but I want to bury my friend next to the tree for, perhaps, his father will come after him."

So we buried them that way and gathered up some old shingles to put over the bodies and a piece of plank between them. Then I rudely carved his name on the tree.

That evening there was a detail made from each company to bury all the dead, and we buried all alike, friend and foe. We also lost the major of my regiment, Major Lee, and our drill master, a Cadet from the Virginia Military Institute; and thus ended the first battle of "Bull Run," and the first big battle of the war.



Scene Where the Brigade Received the Name of "Stonewall" July 21, 1861.

III.

L. JACQUELIN SMITH, ADJUTANT—Mike Buys Chickens—A Convenient Guardhouse—The "Henry House"—"French Furlough"—Gets in the Guardhouse—Jackson Promoted to Major General—His Address to the Brigade—General Garnett takes Command—Destroys Dam No. 5—Close of 1861.

The Adjutant of our regiment was L. Jacquelin Smith, and the regiment took a dislike to him from the first, for he was a fop in kid gloves, and wanted to be very strict, especially on dress parade. In reading orders he always pronounced his name as above, and put on more airs than a brigadier general. Some of the boys prophesied that he was a coward. Sure enough when the battle commenced, he showed the *white feather*, and disappeared. In a few days he returned to camp.

When Col. Cummins saw him he called out, "Hello, Smith, how did the battle go about Winchester?" and then told him that he had no further use for him. Winchester was about eighty miles to the rear. That was the last we ever heard of "L. Jacquelin Smith, Adjutant."

[NOTE—Some years after this was written, I met in Texas an old gentleman by the name of Jacquelin Smith, from Faquier County, Virginia, who, having seen an extract from my diary published in a newspaper, begged of me, if I should ever publish my diary, to leave that part out as some one might think it referred to him. He was a true representative of the Virginia gentleman and I make this statement in justice to the Smith family. It wasn't this Smith.]

We were camped about five miles east of the battle field, and from the impurity of the water and the stench from the surrounding country, the boys gave it the name of "Maggot Camp." A great many were taken sick at this camp and Gen. Jackson turned the house that he used for his headquarters into a hospital.

While here we received two more companies into our regiment—the "Mountain Rangers," Capt. F. W. M. Holliday from Frederick county, Va., and the "Rockingham Confederates," Capt. J. R. Jones, from Rockingham county, which made ten companies—the full number for a regiment. We were numbered and lettered,—our number being 33d Virginia Infantry, and my company "A." Therefore I belonged to Co. A., 33d Va. Inft., "Stonewall Brigade," Gen. Joseph E. Johnston's Corps, "Army of the Potomac," as it was then called.

The regiments which composed the "Stonewall Brigade" were the 2d, 4th, 5th, 27th and 33d Va. regiments. Those five regiments were

together in that brigade during the whole war, and no others were ever attached to it.

A few days after the battle, Joseph Earsome, of the 2d Reg., and myself took a stroll over the battle field and surrounding country on the line of retreat as far as Centreville. The whole country was strewn with broken guns, cartridge boxes, canteens, knapsacks, cannon, caissons, broken wagons, and the general baggage of an army

I must here relate an act of heroism that happened where the battle raged the hottest. There was a small house that stood between the lines of the two armies, and in it lived an old lady ninety years old and her daughter, who was pretty well advanced in years.

I don't suppose the soldiers of either army knew there was any one living in the house, for all the other citizens around had fled for safety early in the day. However, be that as it may, they were there. The house was riddled with shot and shell from both sides, and the old lady, being helpless and confined to her bed, was pierced with several bullets and killed, while the daughter, unable to carry her off at the commencement of the fight, remained with her.

She had crawled under the bed and escaped unhurt. I conversed with the daughter the next day, when she related what is here recorded. I also saw the corpse of the old lady. Their names were Henry, and this was the since noted "Henry House."

We moved camp the 1st of August one mile east of Centreville to a beautiful place where we had good water, which we called "Camp Harman," in honor of Maj. Harman, our brigade quartermaster, who selected the camp. We remained in this camp one month, nothing of interest transpiring, but the usual routine of a camp life. We marched three different times down to Fairfax Court House to fight the enemy, but each time it was a false alarm.

Some six or seven of my company, being very anxious to go home on a visit, and not being able to get a furlough, took a "French furlough" and disappeared one night. What we meant by "French furlough" was simply "absent without leave," and was not considered "desertion." If they returned without being arrested they were put on extra guard duty for a few nights, but if arrested and brought back they were courtmartialed and had to ride a wooden horse,

Burial of William I. Blue.

or wear a barrel shirt, or receive some such punishment.

While here, Lieut. Buzzard, of my company, was detailed to go to Hampshire county, and gather up the absentees. When he returned he brought back sixteen.

The day before those boys took their "French furlough," Sergt. James A. Parsons had taken several of them to the surgeons tent to get some medicine, as they were complaining of being sick. Dr. Nete Baldwin, our surgeon, prescribed for them, and that night they left. The next morning Parsons rushed up to Dr. Baldwin's tent very much excited, exclaiming: "Doctor! doctor! for God's sake what kind of medicine was that you gave those men yesterday?" The doctor, thinking perhaps he had made some mistake in prescribing, wanted to know what had happened.

Parsons replied that it had a terrible effect on them as it had *worked* them clear out of the county, and to not give the men any more of that kind of medicine. When they returned we were joking them about it, and they were very much insulted and talked of whipping Parsons.

While in this camp we received our first pay,

and I received some new clothes from home. There were a great many hucksters came to camp with chickens, butter, eggs, etc. to sell, and always found ready sale. One morning, just after roll call, Mike Dagnon (a messmate) and myself saw a wagon near camp retailing produce.

"Come," says Mike, "we will have some chickens for breakfast."

When we arrived at the wagon we found a considerable crowd. So Mike mounted the wagon, and, selecting two fine chickens, handed them to me, saying: "You hold these until I get my change."

"What change," says I. "You haven't paid him yet."

"Never mind," says he, "you hold the chickens. Come, old man," turning to the chicken vender, "give me my change. I'm in a hurry."

The old man being very busy selling and confused, says: "How much did you give me?"

"Five dollars," says Mike.

When he handed us the change and we walked off with four dollars and the chickens, I told Mike that was too bad. He "allowed" it was good enough for war times.

At this time we had a cook, Jacob Adams, detailed, who cooked for the whole company, so we repaired to the cook house and wanted him to cook our chickens for us, but he contended that was not in the bill of fare, and refused to do so. Consequently we took the frying pan from him and proceeded to cook them ourselves. This ended in a skirmish between us and the cook, in which the cook beat a retreat. He went to the captain's tent and reported the state of affairs. The captain ordered the sergeant to take a file of men and conduct us to the guard house. By this time the chickens were about cooked, and we took them along. I told Mike that we were getting paid for cheating the old man out of his change and chickens.

Now this was the brigade guardhouse we were put in, and it getting pretty well crowded Col. Cummins concluded to have a regimental guardhouse. So the next day all those who were in the guardhouse from my regiment were taken out and taken to our regimental headquarters and put in charge of an officer and ordered to build a new guardhouse. A guardhouse was simply a large pen of round logs with no roof on.

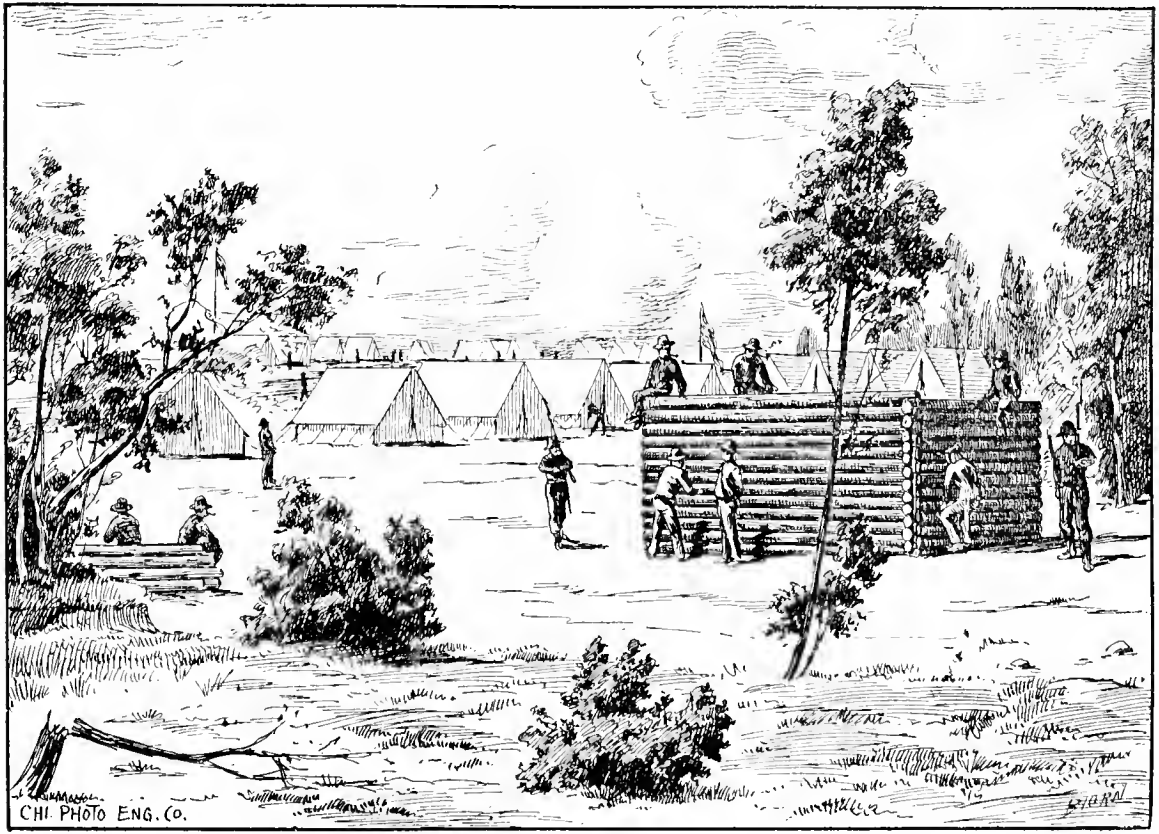
Mike and I were ordered to carry up the corners. Some of the logs were crooked, and Mike says to me: "Let us put two crooked ones together, so we can creep out some nights."

"All right," says I, and we did so.

We remained in the guardhouse six days, and every night we would slip out that crack, and roam around over the brigade, crawling back before day. We did not care if the sentinel did see us coming back, for we would make him believe we got out while he was on duty, and would report him for negligence. So he would keep mum; and every night there would be a different sentinel. But soldiers had to do some devilment, to relieve the monotony of camp life.

On the 1st of September we moved camp to within one mile of Fairfax court house, about 10 miles nearer Alexandria, and our regiment went on picket duty at "Munson's Hill," in sight of Washington City. We remained on picket one week, and had quite a nice time.

My cousin, Smith Casler, of the 1st Kentucky regiment, came to see me while in this camp. I had not seen him since we were little boys, he living in Louisville, Ky., when the war broke



IN THE GUARD HOUSE AT CAMP HARMAN.

out. I got a pass for a few days and he and I went to the battle field, and I showed him all about the place and the ground we fought over. We saw the marble shaft, erected to mark the place where Gen. Bee fell.

We then went to the "Henry House" and there accidentally met a son of the old lady who was killed there. He was living in Alexandria, and had slipped through the lines to visit his old home, now desolate, and torn to pieces by the ravages of war. He spoke kindly to us, and was much grieved about his mother's death. He gave us a short history of his past life, and entreated us to go forth and avenge his mother's death. He was apparently about 50 years of age, and we parted with him with sad hearts, if not with tears in our eyes. We then went to a house near by and stayed all night.

The next morning we went to Manassas Junction and got on the cars and went to Fairfax Station; visited the "Hampshire Guards" in the 13th Va.; remained two days and then returned to our respective commands. I found my regiment about starting on picket again. This time we went to "Falls Church," which was very close to the enemy We had very strict orders, for we were expecting an attack from the whole army.

I was on post the first night, and had orders to fire at anything I heard in front that would not "halt" when challenged. I had not been on post long when I heard something walking in the leaves.

"Halt!" I cried, and it stopped.

"Who comes there?"

No answer.

Directly I heard the steps again and was about to fire when I heard a hog grunt. By this time the captain had come from the reserve post, having heard my challenge. I felt a little mortified from being deceived by a hog; but he said I did exactly right, for the enemy had killed several of our pickets in that way—by sneaking up on them in the night.

We remained on picket one week; were not attacked, and had plenty to eat. There was a farm house near by, but the family had all left, leaving a fine garden of potatoes and other vegetables behind, which we dug for them and appropriated to our own use. The woods were also full of chestnuts and chinquepins, which we gathered, when not on duty

We came back to camp, and, after remaining

a few days, the whole army had orders to fall back to Centreville, and commence fortifying. But before leaving this camp, the rail fence all around the field we were camped in had disappeared, and we had had strict orders not to burn a rail. But they were gone, and of course, nobody did it. Col. Cummins knew it was done by his regiment, and he made the whole regiment go into the woods, make new rails, and rebuild the fence.

The day we fell back to Centreville we marched very slowly, and halted quite often. One time we halted where the 1st Kentucky had been camped, and where they had left some commissary stores behind in charge of the Commissary Sergt. until the wagons retured for them. We had not halted long before we discovered a barrel of whiskey in the lot. To get it out of the bunghole without being discovered was the trouble with us, but one fellow happened to have a long reed pipe stem that had never been used. We soon had it in the bunghole and took turns sucking through it. But that was too slow a process to supply so many, so we got to tilting the barrel over and catching it in our tin cups. But the old commissary sergeant discovered us just as we were ordered to "fall in" and

march off. He raved and charged, and swore if the 1st Ky. was there he would make them whip the whole brigade, but it did no good; for we had the whiskey and he had the barrel.

While in this camp near Centreville we had a grand review before Gov Letcher, then governor of Virginia, who presented each Virginia regiment with a beautiful state flag, and made us a short speech, in which he told us we had a long and bloody war before us.

It was against orders for any one to sell whiskey to the soldiers, or bring any into camp; but one day a huckster, more bold than the others, had some five gallon kegs full of whiskey in the bottom of his wagon and was selling it on the sly, to the soldiers. My mess, some eight in number, concluded to buy a keg, which we did, and smuggled it into the tent and buried it in the ground under the bunk. We appointed one of the mess to issue it out as we needed it; but in a few days we were ordered to get ready to go on picket, none being left in camp but the sick. We therefore detailed one of the mess, (who was pretty good at it anyhow,) to play off sick so he would be excused from duty and get to stay in camp, and take charge of our tent, which he did admirable the

next morning The rest of us went on picket down on the "Little river turnpike," and remained one week. When we returned we found him well and the whiskey safe; but each one of us had taken his canteen full along on picket for fear of an accident.

On the 4th of October, Gen. Jackson was promoted to Major General and ordered to Winchester to take command of the forces then in the Shenandoah Valley. and he had his brigade paraded to bid them farewell. We all had the blues, for we did not want to part with him as our Commander. Besides we all wanted to go with him as nearly all of us came from the different counties in the Shenandoah Valley.

General Jackson and his staff officers rode up in front of the brigade after we had formed on the hillside, and looked up and down the line. He then slowly raised his cap and said, "Officers and soldiers of the first brigade, I am not here to make a speech, but simply to say farewell. I first met you at Harper's Ferry. in the commencement of this war, and I cannot take leave of you without giving expression to my admiration for your conduct from that day to this, whether on the march, the bivouac, the tented field, or the bloody plains of Manassas

when you gained the well deserved reputation of having decided the fate of that battle.

Throughout the broad extent of country over which you have marched, by your respect for the rights and property of citizens, you have shown that you were soldiers, not only to defend, but able and willing, both to defend and protect. You have already gained a brilliant and deservedly high reputation, throughout the army, and the whole Confederacy, and I trust, in the future, by your own deeds on the field, and by the assistance of the same kind Providence who has heretofore favored our cause, you will gain more victories, and add additional lustre to the reputation you now enjoy.

"You have already gained a proud position in the future history of this, our second war of independence. I shall look with great anxiety to your future movements, and I trust, whenever I shall hear of the first brigade on the field of battle, it will be of still nobler deeds acheived, and a higher reputation won."

Here he paused and glanced proudly around him. Then raising himself in his stirrups and throwing the reins on his horse's neck, he exclaimed in a voice of such deep feeling that it

thrilled through every heart in the brigade: "In the army of the Shenandoah, you were the *first* brigade; in the army of the Potomac, you were the *first* brigade; in the second corps of this army you are the *first* brigade; you are the *first* brigade in the affections of your general, and I hope by your future deeds and bearing you will be handed down to posterity as the *first* brigade in this, our second war of independence. Farewell!"

For a moment there was a pause, and then arose cheer after cheer, so wild and thrilling that the very heavens rang with them. Gen. Jackson waved farewell to his men, and gathering his reins rode rapidly away.

Although I was there and heard Gen. Jackson speak the above words, I have copied them from "Pollard's Life of Jackson." This was the only time I ever heard him open his mouth to speak, except once afterwards he spoke a few words in my presence. He was a man who had very little to say.

Now I don't consider that the "Stonewall Brigade" was better than other brigades, for there were plenty other brigades that did just as good service as we did; and if any other brigade had been similarly situated at

the first battle of Manassas I have no doubt they would have done as well as we did, and gained the same reputation.

We had to pay dearly for our reputation afterwards, for whenever there was any extra hard duty to be performed, Gen. Jackson always sent his old brigade to that post of duty for fear the other brigades under his command would think and say that he favored his old command. Consequently we often had harder duty to perform than the others.

We all returned to camp after his farewell address, considerably out of humor, for we wanted to go with him wherever he went and be immediately under his eye, and especially to the valley, as our homes were there.

Nothing of interest transpired in camp, except evey few days some private belonging to the brigade would come into camp with a long yarn, that he heard such and such officers say that our brigade had orders to report to Gen. Jackson. But they all proved to be "false alarms," until one day about a month after he left us such an order did come, and we were ordered to "strike tents" and be ready to march the next morning. Then there was joy in the camp, and the excitement kept up until

the next morning, when the 2nd, 5th and 27th regiments marched off to Manansas Junction and took the cars for Strasburg, about fifty miles away.

For want of transportation, my regiment and the 4th had to wait until the next day. We then marched to the railroad, but the trains had not returned and we anxiously waited all day. It then commenced raining, but we could not put up our tents, for we did not know what moment the trains would return; so we had a glorious night in the rain and mud.

About one hour before day the cars came, when we loaded on our baggage, boarded the trains and away we went, as merry a set of fellows as ever rode. We had a gay time that day, waving our hats and cheering every lady we saw, and, in due time, arrived at Strasburg.

Several of our companies were from that neighborhood, and their friends and relatives came to meet them and brought them cooked food and many delicacies. It was quite an affecting scene for a short time, for some were overjoyed with meeting their husbands, brothers and lovers, while others were bathed in tears for their husbands, sons, brothers, or lovers who had fallen on the bloody plains of Manassas.

We then marched about one mile from town on the road to Winchester and camped in an o'd barn.

The next day we marched toward Winchester, 18 miles distant, and joined the brigade and went into camp near Kernstown, a few miles from Winchester

Some of the soldiers beionging to the 27th regiment were determined to go on to Winchester, and they flanked the guard and kept on down the road, but when in sight of town they were halted by the militia picket and were told they could go no farther without a pass.

Now the militia were never much in the way of volunteers when they had a notion for a raid in town. So one of the volunteers took command of the squad, and ordered them to load their arms and prepare to charge the militia. Then the militia broke and fled as fast as their legs could carry them—the boys yelling and charging until they got to town. Here they scattered for fear of being arrested by the provost guard.

They all got on a spree, and most of them landed in the guardhouse that night, and were sent to the camp under arrest. We remained

in this camp about one week, when my cousin, Smith Casler, (who was on a furlough) and my sister Sallie, came in a buggy to see me. They spent a few hours with me and returned home.

I wanted leave of absence for a few days to go with them, but could not get it. Smith told me to meet him in Winchester the next day and he would let me have the horse and his pass and I could go home, a distance of fifteen miles. I got a pass the next day from my captain to go to Winchester, and meet my cousin. I then changed the date of his pass, got on the horse, and was soon on my way home as merry as if I had a genuine furlough.

I remained at home seven days and then returned to camp, and found the brigade had moved camp four miles north of Winchester, near Stephenson's Depot I was put on double duty for seven nights, as a punishment for my "French furlough."

We remained at "Camp Stephenson" for some time; had good tents, plenty to eat, and nothing to do but guard duty and drill, with plenty of visitors at our camp every day. While at this camp, Gen. Garnett was made Brigadier of our brigade, and we had a review in order to

display our soldiery qualities before our new General and the ladies.

On the 17th day of December we struck our tents and marched about fifteen miles towards Martinsburg, and camped within three miles of the place. The next morning we were on the march and went through Martinsburg down to Dam No 5, on the Potomac River—another fifteen miles. We had about twenty flat-boats with us in covered wagons. They were not so much concealed but they could be easily seen by any spies there might be about, and there were plenty of them. This was a ruse to make the Federals think we were going to cross the Potomac, while our object was to destroy the dam so the Chesapeake and Ohio canal could not be used by the enemy.

Almost everybody thought we were going to invade Maryland, but we halted at the dam and commenced to destroy it. The enemy on the opposite side of the river kept up such a continuous firing that we could not work, so we took the boats up the river opposite little Georgetown, Md., unloaded them and made preparations as if we were going to cross. The enemy at once drew all their force up there in order to intercept us, and left us free to tear

open the dam in their absence, which we did. We then returned to our old camp near Winchester, where we remained until Jan. 1st, 1862, Thus ended the first year of the war

IV.

Midwinter Campaign of '62—Bath and Romney—Jackson gives the Teamsters a Lift—Company gets 10 days Furlough—Sent to Hospital—Battle of Kernstown, or 1st Battle of Winchester—Race for the Stone Fence—Incidents of the Battle—Virginians against Virginians—Military Observations—Old "Blue Light"—Militia Recruits—Certain Death in the Stonewall Brigade—Foot Company and "Critter" Company—Ignorance of the Mountaineers.

On the 1st of January, 1862, we struck tents, marched out of camp, and took the road leading to Bath, Morgan County, Va., (now West Virginia,) about forty miles distant, and near the Baltimore and Ohio railroad. It was a very pleasant warm day for the time of year, and we marched about twenty miles and camped for the night. I went home, as it was near, and stayed all night and returned to camp next morning ready for the march. But the weather had changed considerably and it was cold and rainy. We continued the march, but it snowed that evening so that our baggage wagons could not get up with us, and we were without tents, blankets and rations.

They came up next morning, when we cooked

rations, and were soon on the march again. That evening we entered Bath and captured some few of the enemy, but the greater portion escaped by running over the militia force that was sent around to cut off their retreat to the Potomac.

The next day we went on to the river and threw a few shells across. We captured some government stores and remained there two days, the weather being very bad all the time—snowing, sleeting, raining and freezing. We would lay down at nights without tents, rolled up head and heels in our blankets, and in the morning would be covered with snow. Every few minutes some one of the party I was sleeping with would poke his head out from under the blankets and let in the snow around our necks, when he would get punched in the ribs until he would "haul in his horns."

We then marched back towards Winchester and camped at "Unger's Store." The roads were one glare of ice, and it was very difficult for the wagons and artillery to get along. Four men were detailed to go with each wagon in order to keep it on the road in going around the hillside curves. I was on one detail, and we would tie ropes to the top of the wagon bed in

the rear and all swing to the upper side of the road The horses were smooth shod, and in going up a little hill, I have seen one horse in each team down nearly all the time. As soon as one would get up another would be down, and sometimes all four at once.

That day I saw Gen. Jackson get down off his horse and put his shoulder to the wheel of a wagon to keep it from sliding back. By slow and tedious work we arrived at camp after night. The troops were marching in the rear. I had our tent up and a good fire made out of rails by the time they arrived.

We remained at this camp three days, sent all the sick to Winchester, and took up the line of march for Romney, Hampshire county, thirty-five miles west. The first night we camped at the Great Capon River, built a bridge across it and North River, and camped the second night at "Slane's Cross Roads."

The third day we entered Romney and found the enemy had evacuated the place on hearing of our approach. The weather was extremely rough. We were all covered over with sleet, and as it would freeze fast to us as it fell, we presented rather an icy appearance.

We remained in Romney several days when

VIRGINIA MILITIA.

our brigade was ordered back to Winchester; some of Gen. Loring's command remaining. My company being from Hampshire county, received ten days furlough through the kindness of Lieut. Col. J R. Jones, who pleaded with Gen. Jackson in our behalf. So we all started off for Springfield, our native town, nine miles north of Romney, in high spirits, and the brigade started for Winchester.

But when we arrived at Springfield we were not as happy as we expected to be, from the fact that we were two miles outside of our pickets and were constantly in danger of being picked up by a scouting party from the enemy, which came in nearly every day or night. But we managed to dodge them all the time and enjoyed ourselves hugely with the girls with whom we had spent our schoolboy days. But the last day they came near capturing some of our boys, for they were just starting out of town when the scouts came in, and they ran into the houses and hid until all were safe.

We all met in Romney at the time appointed, and started en route for Winchester, leaving Loring's brigade to hold the place, and arrived in Winchester in three days. We found the brigade building winter quarters four miles

northwest of town on the Pughtown road. So we went to work and did likewise. Thus ended a severe winter campaign.

We were out nearly one month, and had miserable weather all the time, and did no fighting, except some little skirmishing. But we lost more men from sickness than if we had been engaged in a big battle. We accomplished nothing, for the enemy retreated across the Potomac, only to come back again as soon as we left. Winchester was full of sick soldiers with the pneumonia, and they died by hundreds.

We lost our second lieutenant, Jacob N. Buzzard, who died in Winchester, where our company buried him with the honors of war. It was a very solemn ceremony, as he was greatly beloved by the whole company.

We finished our quarters the 1st of February, when I was taken sick and sent to the hospital in Winchester. I remained there until the 11th of March, at which time Gen. Jackson evacuated Winchester and the boys had to give up their good quarters and take the field for it again. I was sent on to the hospital at Mount Jackson. General Jackson fell back to "Rood's Hill," 50 miles from Winchester, and remained there some time. I began to get bet-

ter, and being tired of the hospital I returned to my regiment the 21st of March. That day we started towards Winchester, to advance on the enemy. The next day we made a forced march of 28 miles, and I, just getting over my sickness, could hardly make the "riffle," and it was difficult to keep up with the troops. The next day. the 23d of March, we marched 15 miles and met the enemy three miles south of Winchester, near Kernstown, and there fought one of the hardest little battles of the war, and were defeated.

Gen. Jackson attacked 8000 of the enemy under Gen. Shields, with 2500 infantry and Ashby's cavalry, and repeatedly charged them; but was driven back, and finally had to give up the field and retreat. Darkness was all that saved us.

As part of our brigade were marching up a hill in the open field, alongside a fence, to take position at the commencement of the fight, the enemy could see us, and they commenced shelling us from a hill on our right, and killed and wounded several. Just as Elijah Hartley, of my company, was making a step, a shell passed between his legs and exploded, literally tearing him to pieces. He fell over in the fence corner

and that was the last we ever saw or heard of him.

We went on and took position and were soon hotly engaged. A shell struck an artillery horse and exploded inside of him, tearing him to pieces and tearing both legs off of his driver.

There was a stone fence between two fields running parallel with the lines of battle—a Federal regiment on one side a short distance from it, and the 37th Va., about the same distance on the other side, advancing towards each other. Both regiments charged for the fence about the same time, and it was "nip and tuck" which would reach it first; but the 37th Va., got there and, kneeling down, poured a deadly volley into the other at close quarters, and nearly annihilated it. Such would have been their fate if the Federals had got there first.

Our company lost two men killed dead, Elijah Hartly and Thos. Gross; three wounded, Sergt. James P Daily, Robert C. Grace and Mart Miller, and two captured, Mike Bright and Ed Allen. R. C. Grace was wounded early in the action, and put into an ambulance with other wounded and sent to the rear. The ambulance was fired on by the enemy's Cavalry and Grace wounded again, and all captured. He was taken

to Winchester, and from there his friends took him home where he died. Sergt. J. P Daily was wounded in the leg as we were falling back, and his brother, Wm. Dailey, wanted to stay and help him along, but he said, "No, save yourself and I will do the best I can." He fell into the hands of the enemy, was taken to Winchester and from there to his home, where he died. Mart Miller was shot in the back of the neck as we were running down a hill and the bullet came out in front near his windpipe; but he kept on running, when a spent ball struck him in his overcoat collar and lodged there. He fell and turned a complete somersault, and we all thought he was dead; but he said he was all right and was helped up and escaped. He was sent to the hospital but came back to the company in about six weeks perfectly well and ready for duty.

Several of us had halted under a tree in the edge of the woods to see what was best to do, and while there a man on horseback came dashing up to us and asked us what command we belonged to. Seeing that he was a Confederate we told him. He then exclaimed: "We've lost the day; we've lost the day," in the saddest tones I ever heard. He looked all around and

then repeated it,—"We've lost the day; we've lost the day," and turned his horse towards the battle-field and dashed off at full speed. None of us knew him or his rank, as it was getting too dark to observe him well. But I thought then, and have since thought, that the man was shocked by a shell passing or exploding near him, for he appeared crazy or bewildered. We all scattered back as far as Newtown that night, about five miles from the battle field, and lay along the road, every fellow for himself, building fires out of fence rails, and making ourselves as comfortable as we could after the fatigues of the day. I did not see but one regiment in any kind of order, and that was the 5th Va. of our brigade It had acted as a reserve during the battle and covered our retreat. There was no attempt to rally us that night, but next morning we were all at our posts in our respective regiments.

We continued to fall back in good order to the south side of Cedar Creek, Ashby's Cavalry holding the enemy in check. They did not appear very anxious for another fight. Our loss was not very heavy in that battle. The citizens who gathered up our dead and buried them reported 83 dead on the field. A greater

portion of the wounded fell into the enemy's hands; also a few prisoners.

That was kind of a Virginia fight, for they were all Virginians, except a few Maryland companies, on the Southern side, and a good many Virginia regiments on the Federal side; and it was fought in Virginia.

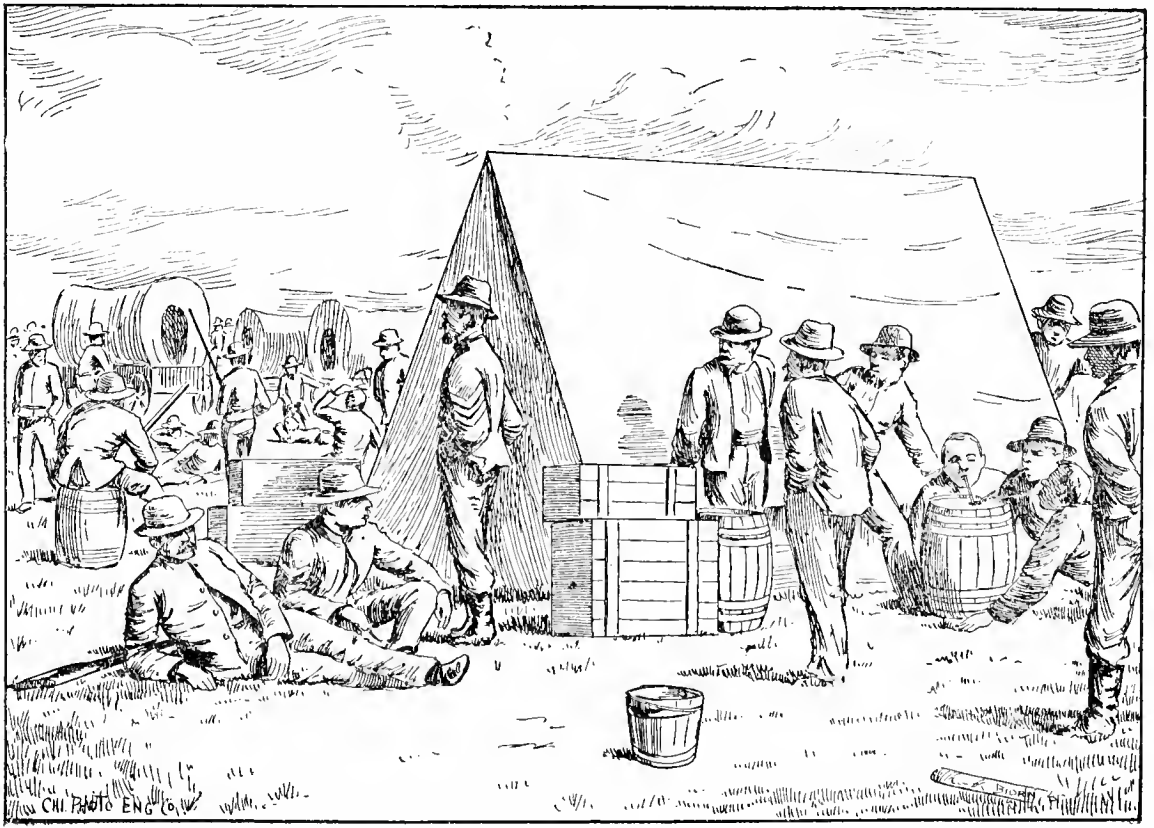
After the fight was over it was a mystery to us why General Jackson would evacuate Winchester and fall back fifty miles, and then turn around with a smaller force than he left Winchester with, and go back and attack such a large force, with no chance of success. We had a smaller army, to my certain knowledge, for after we left Winchester there were one or two regiments sent away, and the soldiers were re-enlisting, getting $50 bounty and thirty days furlough; besides one-fourth or one-third of our command were already absent on furlough. We had also left all the militia behind.

But military men don't tell privates their plans, and Gen. Jackson never told officers his. But we knew it was all right when "Old Blue-light" gave his orders. We found out, afterwards, the cause.

When the Southern army evacuated Manassas Junction, and fell back to the Rappahannock,

Gen. Jackson had to evacuate Winchester, and fall back in order to form a line or junction if necessary. As the Federals had given up going to Richmond by Manassas Junction and were landing troops on the Peninsula under Gen. McClellan to approach Richmond from the east, also a large force in the valley to approach Richmond from the west, it was highly important for the Southern army to keep them from forming a junction. The very day that Gen. Jackson fought the battle of Kernstown, there were Federal troops leaving Winchester and marching towards Fredericksburg, and when the battle commenced they were halted and ordered back; and that scheme was frustrated. So Gen. Jackson lost the battle of Kernstown, but accomplished what he went to do, with a very small force.

This was the only time he was ever defeated, and the only battle he lost during the war. He made such an impression on the enemy that a large force was re-called in order to hold him in check, thinking he had five times the men he had. The enemy's loss was much greater than ours in killed and wounded, as they stood so thick that a bullet could hardly miss them if aimed low enough.



STEALING WHISKEY FROM 1ST. KY. REGIMENT.

The day after the battle while we were cooking rations on a hill south of Ceder Creek the enemy came in sight on an opposite hill, placed a battery in position and commenced throwing shells at us in order to knock over our camp kettles, I suppose, and we were ordered to load up the wagons, "fall in," and depart hence. Now four regiments of our brigade marched to the left around the brow of the hill and were soon out of view and out of danger; but Col. Grigsby, commanding the 27th, who was always rather headstrong, marched his regiment to the right, in the main road and in full view, when a shell came tearing along through the ranks killing and wounding twelve men.

We continued to fall back slowly until we reached "Rood's Hill," Ashby with his cavalry covering our retreat and harrassing the enemy. We remained there several days, skirmishing nearly every day

While at this camp the militia force was disbanded and put into the volunteer companies, by which each company was considerably recruited. Our company was larger than ever before, numbering about eighty. But the militia did not like that way of doing business, for

they considered it certain death to be put into the Stonewall brigade, and wanted to choose their own companies. The consequence was the greater portion of them ran off and went home to their respective counties and there formed cavalry companies, organized new regiments and did good service during the balance of the war. About twenty remained in my company, and some of them made as good soldiers as ever shouldered a musket.

The enemy kept advancing on us in considerable force, and as Col. Ashby was disputing the passage of the Shenandoah at Meem's bottom, he had his gray horse shot from under him. One of his men led him back to the rear, where he died in a short time. My uncle, R. S. D. Heironimus, who belonged to Ashby's cavalry, was wounded in this skirmish.

We kept on falling back until we reached Harrisonburg, when we turned abruptly to the left and marched east to Swift Run Gap, in the Blue Ridge Mountains; the enemy advanced no farther than Harrisonburg, with the exception of some scouting parties. We lay here for some time, the weather being very rough,—it raining and snowing continuously.

While here the army was re-organized. As we had been mustered into service for one year, and the time expiring, most of the men had re-enlisted. They received fifty dollars bounty and thirty days furlough; but as only part of the army could be furloughed at once those who did not get a furlough before we began to move never got one at all, and those who would not re-enlist were retained in service also, and received the bounty, but not the furlough.

All the companies elected company officers, and the company officers elected regimental officers; but that was the last time it was done, for after that, they always went up by promotion.

Col. A. C. Cummins of my regiment would not serve any longer and our Adjutant A. J. Neff, was elected colonel which very much disappointed the Lieut. Col. and Major. But he made a splendid officer and did good service. We were then mustered into service for three years, or during the war.

A good many men who lived along the base of the Blue Ridge who were liable to military duty, and some deserters, had taken refuge in the mountains and fortified themselves, and defied the conscript officers to arrest them. Gen Jackson sent some infantry and cavalry to cap-

ture them, when an old lady living near remarked that "the deserters had mortified in the Blue Ridge, but that Gen. Jackson had sent a foot company and a critter company to ramshag the Blue Ridge and capture them."

The day we arrived at Swift-run-gap our wagon train was in advance and part of them had taken the wrong road and did not reach camp that night. Sergt. Parsons of my company was with them. The next day when they arrived in camp he said he stayed all night at a house way up in the mountains and the people were so ignorant that they did not know that the war was going on. When he began to explain it to them and told them that he belonged to Gen. Jackson's command, they said "Oh! yes, we have read about Gen. Jackson and his army!" He got them to show him the book. It was about old Andy Jackson in the war of 1812.

V.

Up the Shenandoah—A Brave but Unpopular General—Battle of McDowell — Clubby Johnson Follows the Enemy to Franklin—Back to Front Royal—From Front Royal to Harper's Ferry—A Running Fight of Fifty Miles—Jackson's Retreat up the Valley—The Lousy Thirty-third—Stragglers Cut Off.

My father had left home for fear of being arrested and sent to prison, for he had been in the militia six months, and with our army until we arrived at this camp, when he concluded to go to Richmond and join the heavy artillery. He was over age and could not stand active field service. I tried to persuade him to remain out of the army, for if both of us got killed my mother and three sisters would be alone in the world. But he would go, and so we parted; but after he got to Richmond the company he joined was put in the infantry. He would not be mustered in but returned to the Valley, and afterwards, when our army occupied Winchester he went home and remained there during the war.

The 10th Virginia regiment was organized in the Valley, but had been east of the ridge in General Johnston's army ever since the battle

of Manassas. It had been trying for a long time to be transferred to the valley under Jackson, and at last succeeded. So the regiment came to us at this camp and was put into the third brigade of our division, and we had considerable sport out of them, tantalizing them. We told them they had lain down there in good quarters all winter doing nothing but eat and sleep; that they would soon get enough of Jackson; that he would soon take the starch out of them and make them earn their board. Sure enough we soon had a battle at McDowell and they got into it hot and heavy and lost a good many men; among them their commander Col. Gibbons, a fine officer. The regiment acted nobly and had a high reputation during the whole war.

Gen. Garnett, commanding our brigade, was relieved of his command by Gen. Jackson for some mismanagement at the battle of Kernstown. I never heard exactly what it was; but Gen. Winder took command of our brigade. He was an old U S. officer and very strict. Gen. Garnett afterwards commanded a brigade in Pickett's Division, and was killed at Gettysburg.

We had heretofore always had a large wagon

train to haul our cooking utensils, mess-chests, tents and blankets, but were here ordered to reduce the train, use fewer cooking utensils, and dispense with the mess-chests and tents, and every man to carry his knapsack and blankets. If found in the wagons they were to be thrown away. So we started on the march up the Shenandoah river under the new tactics, through the rain and mud; and, as we had a good many blankets, and an overcoat apiece, it was a hard task, and a great many blankets were thrown away. I suppose the order was from headquarters, but as Gen. Winder had just taken command of the brigade, and as this order came at the same time, we all thought he was the cause of it.

As he was a kind of fancy general, and seemed to put on a good many "airs," and was a very strict disciplinarian, the boys all took a dislike to him from the start and never did like him afterwards. Whenever he would pass the brigade on the march, we would sing out "more baggage, more baggage!" until he got tired of it. He wheeled suddenly around one day and told my captain to arrest the men for such conduct. I was one of the men, but it was like "hunting for a needle in a hay stack" to find out who we were, so we escaped.

We marched on and crossed the Blue Ridge to the east at "Brown's Gap," and continued until we reached the Virginia Central R. R., when we got on the cars and went by rail to Staunton.

Before we left Swift-run-gap, Gen. Ewell's division from Gen. Joseph E. Johnston's army, had come and taken our position and lay there ready to form a junction either with Jackson or Johnston, as was necessary, and at the same time to watch the enemy in the lower valley. Gen. Ed. Johnson had a small force in Highland county, and he was falling back on Staunton from the west, before Gen. Milroy. So when we got to Staunton we marched west to Buffalo Gap, and, with Johnson's command, turned on the enemy, who, in turn, fell back to McDowell, about twenty-five miles, and there made a stand on the top of Bull pasture mountain.

Now, Johnson being about six hours in advance of Jackson, did not wait until we came up but pitched in and came very near being repulsed; but Jackson coming up in time, by double quicking us several miles, we swept the field just at dark. Our loss was small, but Johnson lost severely. so also did Milroy.

Our brigade marched thirty-six miles that

day. We carried our knapsacks twenty miles, when we were ordered to "pile them" and go for it double-quick.

The Federal soldiers knew Gen. Johnson by sight, and during the battle at one time, being separated a little from his command, some of them hallooed out, "Ther's old Johnson, let's flank him!" Johnson heard them, and waving his club in the air, exclaimed, "Yes, damn you, flank me, if you can." He was wounded in the foot. He very seldom carried a sword, but nearly always a big hickory club, or cane. We always called him "Old Clubby Johnson," to distinguish him from the other Johnsons.

That was the only battle I was ever in or heard of during the war, where there was no artillery used. The place was so rugged and steep that neither army could get a piece in position, nor could we get an ambulance to the battle-field. We had to carry the wounded down a steep rocky hollow, and it took us nearly all night to do so.

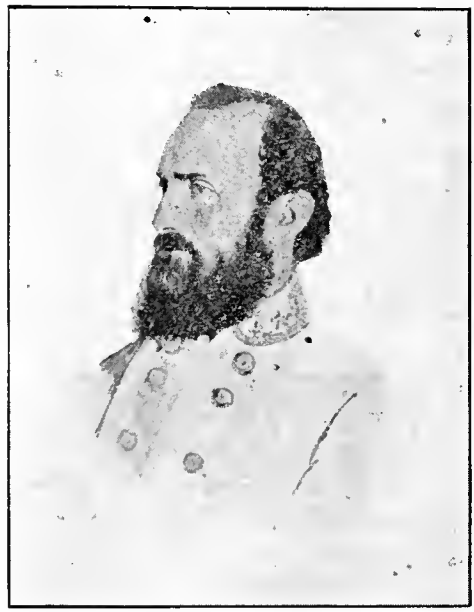
The enemy retreated about one mile and went into camp we thought, for they built a great many fires, but the next morning they were gone. They had been retreating all night, leaving some baggage and a good many wound-

ed in camp. We were on the march early next morning, but did not overtake them until we got to Franklin, Pendleton County, a distance of forty miles, where they met reinforcements and made another stand.

We were drawn up in line of battle and lay there all day, skirmishing some with them, but had no general engagement. At dark we retired from their front, went into camp, cooked rations, and the next morning started back. We marched east until near Staunton, when we turned down the valley, marching north, passing by Stribling Springs, Mt. Solon, Bridgewater and Dayton, on to Harrisonburg; where we were ordered to pile away our knapsacks in the court house. We knew there was some game on hand then, for when Gen. Jackson ordered knapsacks to be left behind he meant business.

We marched on at a quick march down the valley to Newmarket where we turned east, crossed the Massanutten Mountain and over into the Page Valley, on down the Page Valley until we arrived at Front Royal.

Now Gen. Banks, of commissary fame, had a considerable army at Front Royal and Strasburg, and we were re-inforced by Gen. Ewell's divis-



Gen. T. J. (Stonewall) Jackson.

ion. Our advance surprised the enemy at both places and got in between the two armies. We had some sharp fighting for a while, but we got them cut off, and captured a great many, besides wagons, artillery, etc., and the route became general. The roads to Winchester, a distance of eighteen miles, showed a wreck of all kinds of baggage and commissary stores. We followed the retreating army all night. Their rear guard would sometimes take advantage of the darkness and lay in ambush for us and when we came up pour a volley into us; but we would soon out-flank them and move on. My company and Company "F" were in the advance, and we had several men wounded.

When we got to Winchester, at daylight, they had made another stand in the fortifications around the town and we had to form a line around them and charge. Our brigade did not get engaged in this fight, but we lay in line of battle on a hillside and were exposed to a severe shelling from the enemy, and lost several men in killed and wounded. The Louisana brigade in Ewell's division charged the fort under a galling fire. They hotly contested the place, but finally gave way at all points, and the route became general. We followed them a

few miles north of Winchester and halted; but the cavalry kept up the pursuit until dark.

We captured a great amount of commissary stores, ammunition and baggage of all kinds, also all the sutler stores in Winchester, and I think, about 5,000 prisoners. The enemy had set fire to a part of the town in order to burn up their stores, but we were too close on them and extinguished the fire, so there were only two or three buildings burnt. In one of them I saw the corpses of two men chained to the wall; but we never knew who they were, whether rebels, citizens, or some of their own men. A guard was put around the caputred stores, which worried us considerably, for we wanted to plunder the sutlers. The main force of the enemy had taken refuge in Harper's Ferry, and there was no way of capturing them or driving them out without getting possession of the Maryland Heights, across the Potomac.

The day after the route at Winchester our brigade, alone, marched on towards Harper's Ferry. When we got to Charlestown, a few miles from the Ferry, we found a small force posted there to dispute our passage. We were formed in line and my company deployed as skirmishers on the extreme left of the brigade

in order to watch flankers; but we saw no enemy, and a shot or two from our artillery caused them to retreat. We then hurried on to get with the brigade.

When we got to the edge of town the brigade had passed through, two of our cavalrymen came dashing up from another direction, and wanted my captain to take his company out a short distance on the Martinsburg road and capture some of the enemy's cavalry. They were cut off from their command, but would not surrender. He told them he was ordered to join the brigade as soon as possible and could not disobey orders. The cavalrymen then said if he would only let them have ten men it would do. The captain said he would not order ten men out, but if they choose to volunteer he would give his consent. Immediately ten men stepped out of ranks, myself included, and went double-quick up the road, keen for a capture.

We had not proceeded far when we saw them coming down the road in a gallop. We jumped over a stone fence that ran parallel with the road, and, bringing our muskets to bear on them, commanded them to halt and surrender. No sooner was this said than a white handkerchief was seen to flutter in the breeze.

All were made prisoners without our firing a shot. They were composed of a squad of twelve men with a captain, and belonged to some New York regiment and were all Germans. We took them on to town and delivered them to the guard.

In a few minutes we learned that in the morning this same squad had passed through town, riding along on each side of the street, and broke every window with their sabres, and that this brave captain had struck a lady in the face with the flat side of his sword. Had we known this when we jumped over the stone fence we would never have called on them to surrender, but shot them down in their tracks and left their bodies there for food for buzzards. We then went into camp near Charlestown and put out pickets near the Ferry—all that was left of Gen. Bank's army being cooped up there.

This fighting has been designated by some as the battle of "Front Royal," also "Battle of Winchester;" but it was a continuous fight and skirmish from Front Royal to Harper's Ferry, a distance of 50 miles. We had no general engagement, and our loss was small; it being a kind of one-sided fight all the time. Gen. Jackson "got the drop" on them in the start, and kept it.

The enemy's loss was great, in killed, wounded, prisoners and munitions of war. In fact, it was nearly annihilated; for hundreds of them were cut off from their commands and took to the woods and mountains. This happened the 23d and 24th of May. 1862.

Previous to this time we had fared very well in the way of rations, clothing, etc. We had the usual army rations: one pound and two ounces of flour; three-fourths of a pound of bacon, or one and one-fourth pounds of beef; coffee, rice, beans, sugar, molasses, etc.; but on account of transportation and blockade, it soon came down to meat and bread, with occasional sprinklings of the others. So, whenever we made such a haul as we did from Banks, we fared sumptuously until the quartermasters got it in their clutches. That would be the last of it, especially the sutler stores. Therefore the soldiers began to appropriate anything in the way of grub, such as hogs, chickens, apples, corn, etc., to their own use. We would not allow any mrn's chickens to run out into the road and bite us as we marched along. We would not steal them! No! Who ever heard of a soldier stealing? But simply take them.

Some wag in the brigade had got up a nick-

name for every regiment in the brigade. The 2nd was called "the innocent 2nd," because they never stole anything; the 4th, "the harmless 4th," because they had no fights in camp; the 5th, "the fighting 5th," because it was the largest regiment and would have some rows in camp; the 27th, "the bloody 27th," as there were several Irish companies in it, and the 33rd (my regiment), was the "lousy 33," because it was the first regiment in the brigade that found any lice on them. So this is the way it went from camp to camp; "the innocent 2nd," "the harmless 4th," "the fighting 5th," "the bloody 27th" and "the lousy 33rd."

We lay in camp near Charleston several days picketing and skirmishing near Harper's Ferry I suppose Jackson could have taken Harper's Ferry, but he had to watch some armies that were threatening his rear. So one morning my company, being then on picket, was ordered to join the regiment, and we all started on the march toward Winchester. We marched hard all day, and at dark when within a few miles of town, our colonel came riding back along the line, and told us we would have to make a forced march; that he did not know how far we would go before camping, and desired all of us to keep up

if we could, if not, to keep on coming until we got up with the regiment. But when we got to Winchester, I and three others of my company, concluded we would stay all night with some of our friends. We could start early in the morning, refreshed, and soon overtake the command. We had a good supper, good beds and good breakfast. We started out early and found a good many soldiers in town that had done as we had. We found out at the same time that the quartermasters had failed to take all of the sutler stores we had captured, out of town, but had turned them over to the soldiers, and most of them were loaded with good things. We had missed it all which we regretted very much. We also found out that the army had marched eight miles beyond Winchester that night and went into camp near Newtown. This made 40 miles the brigade had marched that day.

We "struck out" in a hurry to overtake them. On reaching Newtown, we met some of our cavalry that Gen. Jackson had sent back to inform all stragglers that the enemy under Gen. Shields was approaching from the east; also a force under Gen. Freemont from the west. That they had formed a junction at Middletown, between us and our army, and that all

stragglers should leave the road and take to the mountains on our right and follow the mountains on up the valley until we should reach our commands.

There were about five hundred of us cut off in this way; but if we had all been together, and had a commander we could have forced our way through the enemy's cavalry. As it was we were scattered along the road for about eight miles in little squads of three and four.

VI.

THE CUT-OFF TROOPS IN THE MOUNTAINS--Stop at Thompson's—Arrive at Weir's Cave—Death of Ashby—Battle of Cross Keys--Jackson's Ruse at the Bridge—Battle of Fort Republic—Reinforced—Jackson's Foot Cavalry—On the road to Richmond--R. E. Lee in Command--First Battle of Cold Harbor--What Regiment is that--Searching the Dead.

We then left the main road and went towards the mountains, keeping in the woods as much as possible. When near the mountains we came to a house, and as we were going up to it to make some inquiries about the roads, we saw a Federal soldier walking about in the yard. We did not know what that meant, but, as he appeared to be alone and unarmed, we thought there was not much danger. As he saw us coming he went into the house. When we got to the house we met a lady who begged us not to arrest him as he had been put there as a guard by Gen. Banks when his army was there. That when Banks retreated this soldier did not know it in time, and had remained under her protection. We told her we would not bother him, that we were trying to escape ourselves, and might be captured yet before night. She

gave us a good dinner and we left, telling her the enemy would soon be there and she could put the soldier on guard again. We also asked him not to inform his cavalry which way we went, and he promised to do so; but whether he did or not I do not know.

A squad of cavalry was sent after us in a few hours, and we just escaped by accident. That evening there was a very hard thunder shower, and we went into a barn to keep out of the rain. While there a little negro boy came running down from the house, and said, "You soldiers had better hide, for the upper end of the medder is black wi'd Yankees." We then got up into the haymow and hid under the hay, the boy still staying outside saying, "Here they come; now they got some of your men; they'll soon be here." I had told him several times to run on to the house and not tell on us, but he still stayed, and fearing he would draw the enemy's attention, I put my gun out of a crack and told him if he did not scamper off to the house I would shoot him. It had the desired effect, for he left immediately. Very soon the cavalry rode by but we were not molested. We then got out and hurried on, and would have overtaken our army sometime that night, but

when we got to Cedar Creek we found it so much swollen from the rain that it was impossible to cross it. We could not remain there, so there was nothing left for us to do but to follow up the bank of the creek to the mountains.

When we got there, we remained on the top of North mountain one whole day, travelling without road or path, keeping the mountain as our guide. At night we came down to stay at some house. After that day we kept the by-roads between the mountains. Charley French, Mart Miller, John Kelly, and myself remained together. We would often meet up with other soldiers in small squads, and there would be twenty of us together for a short time. But as we had to subsist upon the citizens living in this mountainous country, we were obliged to travel in small parties in order to get provisions. We would inquire every day from some one as to the whereabouts of our army. We learned it was falling back every day, closely pursued by the enemy.

We could never get ahead far enongh to leave the mountains. One day we heard heavy canonading and then we knew that Jackson had made a stand. The next day we could still hear the artillery belching forth, but it appeared to

be in a different place, and as we were getting tired of the mountains, we passed through Hopkin's Gap and came out in the valley. We stayed all night about eight miles from Harrisonburg. The next morning we were feeling our way slowly, and trying to find out how the battle went, when we came to Mr. Thompson's farm house, and he told us that he was not certain, but thought Gen. Jackson had defeated the enemy, and he thought they were retreating down the valley.

"If such is the case," he said, "I advise you to remain here until night, and we will know for certain, and then you can soon reach your command." We took his advice and halted, and got every soldier who came along to do likewise, until we had collected about thirty.

"Now," says Thompson, "whenever the enemy retreat down the valley they always send out their cavalry, far and near, on each side of the main road and take all the horses they can find. I and my neighbors have some good farming horses that we don't want to lose; and if you men will go with me we will go out on the hill in the woods beyond my house, and if they come into this neighborhood after horses we will give them a warm reception."

"I have a good rifle," he remarked, "that is true to its aim, and I can aim it as well as any one, and I assure you I will bring down as many of the enemy as any of you old soldiers."

We all agreed to his proposal, for it was sport for us to have a brush with the cavalry, especially when we had the drop on them. So we all took a position on the hill and put out a picket, who could see the road for some distance, and remained there all day. But no enemy came; and at dark we all went to Thompson's house and got a good supper, and slept in the barn. The next morning we heard that Jackson had defeated the enemy in two different battles and they were retreating in a hurry and did not have time to plunder the country for horses.

We then went on and soon arrived in Harrisonburg where we found some of our cavalry who informed us that our brigade was camped near Port Republic at Weir's Cave. We then went on towards camp, having marched about eighty miles through the mountains, and arrived there that evening. Our captain had reported us captured.

I must now go back and bring up the brigade, and give an account of its transactions from

the time I left it at Winchester until I joined it again at Weir's Cave as was told me by members of my company.

They camped near Newtown the first night after leaving Charlestown, and the next morning hurried on and just got through Middletown before the enemy made their appearance. They had not yet formed a junction; but some portion of our army had a little skirmish with the enemy in order to save the wagon train. Jackson kept falling back slowly, Ashby with his cavalry covering the retreat and holding them in check.

When Jackson reached Harrisonburg he turned to the left, taking the Port Republic road, and marched east towards the Blue Ridge. When a few miles from Harrisonburg Col., now Gen. Ashby, thinking the enemy were pressing too close to be healthy, charged them at the head of the 1st Md., and 58th Va., infantry, and was killed; (June 5th, 1862;) but the enemy was repulsed.

We there lost a brave and gallant cavalry officer, who, had he lived, would have been one of the greatest cavalry generals of the war.

The death of his brother, Richard Ashby, about a year before, near Cumberland, Md.,

while a member of his, then Captain Ashby's company, had greatly affected him. He had sent his brother Dick, with a small detachment to reconnoiter the enemy on Kelley's Island. He was ambuscaded by a detachment of an Indiana Zouave regiment in charge of Corporal Hays, at the mouth of a ravine near the railroad. His horse made a misstep and threw him into a cattle-guard, where he was set upon by the enemy and severely beaten and left for dead. He was rescued by his brother, Turner Ashby, but was so severely wounded that he lived but a few days. He was buried in the beautiful Indian Mound cemetery at Romney. Va., July 4, 1861. Gen., then Captain Ashby's behaviour at his brother's funeral, as described in "Pollard's Southern History of the War," was touching and pathetic, and doubtless had a marked effect upon his subsequent acts.

"He stood over the grave, took his brother's sword, broke it and threw it into the opening; clasped his hands and looked upward as if in resignation; and then pressing his lips, as if in the bitterness of grief, while a tear rolled down his cheek, he turned without a word, mounted his horse and rode away Thenceforth his name was a terror to the enemy."

Both bodies have since been removed, and now lie buried in the Stonewall cemetery at Winchester, Va.

Now Gen. Shields and Gen. Freemont each had an army superior in *numbers* to Gen. Jackson; therefore, to render Jackson's capture certain they had divided down the valley near Strasburg. Gen. Freemont with his army followed Gen. Jackson up the main valley, while Gen. Shields went up the Page Valley in order to cut him off near Harrisonburg, where the two valleys intersected, They had the bag tied, but could not hold the game.

When Gen. Jackson found they were about to form a junction, he wheeled suddenly on Freemont at Cross Keys, and, after a severe fight, defeated him and put his army to flight. He could not follow him far as he had to turn and cross the Shenandoah river in order to get ahead of Gen. Shields. The next day he attacked Shields under a great disadvantage; but after hard fighting, he defeated him, and the cavalry pursued them for fifteen miles.

A portion of Gen. Jackson's command lost severely, especially Ewell's division. Our brigade did not lose many men in either engagement. The 33d, the regiment to which I be-

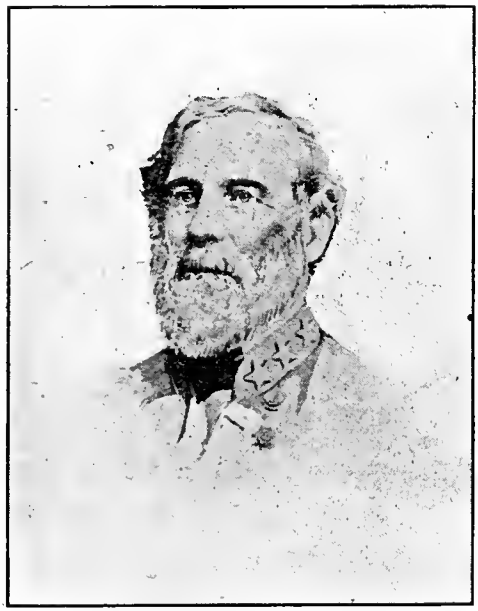
longed, was not engaged in this last fight, as they were out on picket, watching for a flank movement.

It was said by those who knew, that before Gen. Jackson and staff had crossed the river, the enemy were placing a battery in position between him and the river, and were about to fire on some of our troops; that Jackson rode up to them and ordered them not to fire; and they, mistaking him for some of their officers, did not fire, and he and his staff rode on and escaped being captured. Those two battles were called the battles of "Cross Keys" and "Port Republic," and occurred on the 7th and 8th of June, 1862.

We lay in camp at "Weir's Cave" three days—the army washing in the river and cleaning up generally, and also exploring the wonders of the cave. We were soon ordered to cook rations and be ready for another march. The day before we started we were reinforced by Gen. Whiting's division from Richmond. Whether they came to help Jackson to fight the enemy in the valley or to give him a larger force in order to turn Gen. McClellan's flank, I never knew. Be that as it may, I know they came one day and we all started down the Va. Central R. R. the next day towards Richmond.

Some of the troops were embarked on the cars, but as there were not trains enough for all, our old brigade had to march, as we had gained the name by this time as "Jackson's Foot Cavalry." We could break down any cavalry brigade on a long march. As the cars reached their destination they would return and meet us, and take another load; but we still had to march. We passed on through Charlottsville and Gordonsville on to Louisa Court House, where we got on the cars and rode twenty miles to Beaverdam station. Here we got off the cars and marched all night, the rain at intervals pouring down in torrents.

A short time before this the army around Richmond, commanded by Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, had fought the battle of "Seven Pines." Gen. Johnston was wounded and Gen. Robert E. Lee was placed in command. Gen. McClellan was concentrating his troops near Richmond and his lines were within three miles of the city. We all knew by this time that there was some fighting on hand, and that Gen. Jackson was hunting their rear, or flank. And sure enough, at daylight we heard our skirmishers in front firing, and soon learned that they had attacked the enemy's flank at Mechanicsville and the enemy had fallen back on the main line.



General. R. E. Lee.

We therefore marched slowly all day, and in the morning, which was the 27th of June, the firing commenced again.

A big battle was imminent, for the two armies were drawing closer and closer together. Our division was marching in the rear, acting on the reserve, and consequently moved along very slowly; but the firing in front kept getting heavier and heavier—the artillery belching forth in volleys—and we all knew they were at it then. We kept moving on slowly until about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, when we heard terriffic firing and were ordered to load our arms and start for the scene of action double-quick. We all threw down our knapsacks in a pile, leaving one man to guard them, and kept on at double-quick through woods, fields and swamps, until we arrived at a little hill, where the shells commenced bursting over us. We were formed in line of battle, where we remained a few minutes, the shells and bullets flying thick and fast. While in this position a spent ball struck my cartridge-box, but did no damage. We soon advanced in line of battle through a deep swamp and up a little rise, when we heard cheer after cheer rend the air. We knew it came from Southern soldiers, and that the day was ours.

When we reached the place whence the cheering came, there was little left for our brigade to do; which little was to give the enemy a few volleys to inform him that we had arrived. Our brigade lost but few men; but the field was covered with dead. Col. Allen, of our 2nd regiment, was killed; and also Johnnie Washington and Tom Brooks of the 13th Va., old schoolmates of mine. Some of our troops lost severely—the enemy terribly It was a hard contested fight, but the enemy had to yield. At dark we had possession of the entire battlefield, and the enemy were in full retreat, darkness saving them from a rout.

As we were going into the fight a bullet struck in my shoe heel, and a shell burst just after passing me, and so near that it fairly lifted me off the ground, and made me see more stars than I ever saw before.

After the firing ceased our brigade marched by the flank, left in front, through a piece of woods. It then being dark, and my regiment being in the rear, about one-half of it became separated from the balance of the brigade, when Maj. Holliday, who was riding in the rear of the regiment ordered us to halt until he got in front to find the brigade.

A few minutes afterwards we heard great cheering on our right, and Maj. Holliday, thinking it was our brigade, turned our course in that direction. Some of the men said it was not our men cheering; it was the Yankees.

"Oh! no," says Holliday, "they have nothing to cheer about" and kept marching on. We then passed down a little slope at the bottom of which was a ravine, some four or five feet deep, with some water in it.

As we were all very thirsty we got down in it to get water; and just as some few of the men, who had satisfied themselves with drinking, got out on the opposite bank, we were challenged by some one a short distance in our front.

"What regiment is that?" came the voice.

"The 33d Virginia," they replied, thinking, of course, that it came from some of our troops.

Instantly a volley of musketry was poured into us at close quarters; but, as nearly all of us were in the ravine, we escaped with the loss of one man killed and two wounded. We returned the volley, but they had fired and fled.

It was a regiment of the enemy placed there on picket, as we learned the next day from prisoners, and we asked them what they were

cheering about. They said they heard that the left wing of their army had captured Richmond. We told them they were woefully mistaken; that the left of their army was retreating as fast as the right.

We soon found our brigade; but my company was sent to the front on picket duty Of course I went with them; but I knew what many of the "boys" were up to. Shall I tell you? They were robbing the dead. That is, they were searching the dead bodies.

Now, I am not a moralist, or capable of moralizing, except in a crude way; but all my moral training caused me to abhor the idea of taking anything from a dead body except for the purpose of restoring it to the rightful owner, be he friend or foe; and I was greatly shocked when I first learned that such things were done. But why try to conceal what is well known by all the soldiers of both armies.

Of course the orders were very strict, and after a battle details were made from each company, so far as possible, to bury their own dead, and preserve their effects.

Undoubtedly war has a demoralizing effect upon the soldier. He becomes familiar with scenes of death and carnage, and what at first

shocked him greatly he afterwards came to look upon as a matter of course. It was difficult for a soldier to figure out why a gold watch or money in the pocket of a dead soldier who had been trying to kill him all day did not belong to the man who found it as much as it did to any one else.

This was among the first of the hard fought battles of the war. There were a great many killed and wounded on both sides and we could hear the shrieks, cries and groans of the wounded and dying all night long. The ambulances and the ambulance corps were working all night; but there were so many that all could not be attended to for several days. Thus ended the 27th of June, 1862, and the 1st battle of Cold Harbor.

VII.

SURPRISED TO MEET JACKSON—Afraid of Guerillas—Wanted to Surrender to the Infantry—Savage Station—Malvern Hill—Yes! the Ball was Put There to Hurt—The Blues and Grays Mingle in the Blackberry Field—Characteristics of Stonewall—Incidents of the Seven Days Fight.

In the morning at daybreak, as we were still on picket, we gathered up several prisoners who had got lost from their command the night before; and while conversing with them about the battle one of them remarked that we got the best of them in that fight; but that Gen. Shields and Gen. Fremont had Gen. Jackson surrounded in the valley and would surely capture him and his command. I then told him that we belonged to Jackson's command; but could hardly make him believe it. He asked me how we got here so quick. I informed him that Gen. Jackson and his little army had cleared the valley of both Shields and Fremont, and was now here to help clean out McClellan, and that in less than a week we would have him in the James river.

In a few moments another Federal soldier came to me from the brush, and wanted to

know where our hospital was. He had his hand on his breast, and I asked him where he was wounded. He said he was shot in the breast and the ball had gone through his lungs, and that he had to keep his hand over the bullet hole so that he could get his breath. When he removed his hand I could hear the breath puffing through the wound. I directed him to the field hospital; but never knew whether he got well or not.

Soon after, as some of us were advancing to pick up more stragglers, or whatever came in our way, I was passing by a small ravine where some bushes had grown up quite thick, and saw a man come crawling out of the ravine in his shirt sleeves with blue pants on. I halted to see what he wanted as he did not look like a soldier. As he came up he said, "I want to surrender to you; I have been watching for some of your infantry to come along for some time. I saw some of your cavalry in sight but was afraid to come out to them for fear they were "guerrillas" and would kill me; and I wanted to surrender to the infantry, knowing they would treat me right." I then told him we did not keep such animals as guerilla's in our army; that they were some of Gen. Stuart's

cavalry he had seen, and if he had come out to them they would have treated him as a prisoner of war, and I could do no more.

I then asked him where his coat and gun were. He said that he had pulled off his blue blouse and had it in his haversack as he thought we would shoot at anything blue we saw, whether in battle or not, and that his gun was hid in the ravine. I told him to go back and get it and bring it to me, which he did, when I stuck it up in the ground, and told him to put on his blouse, and go on back to the rear; that he would there find the guard with the other prisoners, and to report to them.

He insisted that I should go with him, but I told him I had not time as I was on the skirmish line and could not leave; but that I would insure him that he would not be hurt.

He started, and after going a few steps he halted, and turning towards me said: "Look here, what troops were those who fought us here yesterday?"

I told him it was "Stonewall" Jackson and his command.

"Well" he says, "by g—! I thought something was wrong all day, and that accounts for it. How did you get here so quick"?

I answered that we walked here by the "light of the moon." He then went his way and I went mine. I think that was the first fight he was ever in, for he was terribly demoralized. I then went a short distance and picked up a long string of Catholic beads with a cross attached. I suppose some fellow was counting them over, and in his haste, dropped them. I kept them a long time but finally lost them.

We then saw some of the enemy near a house on a small hill wandering around as if lost, and, making our way towards them, we called them to come to us, which they started to do; but just then some of their cavalry came dashing around the brow of the hill between us and saved them from capture. But they received a volley from us when they disappeared. That was the last of the enemy we saw that day.

Chickahominy river was near by, and the enemy had destroyed the bridge in their retreat the night before and we had to repair it before we could advance; therefore our portion of the army remained on the battle field all day and repaired the bridge. While six of us were carrying a log on the bridge with hand sticks, Gen. Jackson was standing on the bridge, with his back towards us, directly in our way. As we

were turning to one side to pass around him, he noticed us, and quickly stepping to one side he said, "oh! come on, never mind me," as if he were somebody of small importance.

Those few words and his farewell address that I have mentioned were the only words I ever heard him speak during the whole of his military career. I have often been close to him, just before, during, and after a battle, and have seen couriers bring despatches to him which he would read, write out something, hand it back to them and not open his mouth to speak during the time. I have seen some of his aid's and staff officers ride up to him, when he was sitting on the "old sorrel" viewing the country, and tell him something about the lines, or about something of importance, and he would calmly sit there for a few moments, then turn his horse and ride slowly away, his staff following, without his uttering a single word.

Such was "Stonewall" Jackson; a man of few words. He was not a man of moods; but always the same. He kept his own counsel. Dick, his cook and camp servant, knew as much of his intentions as anybody. He said whenever Jackson got up at night and commenced to pray, he immediately packed his haver-sack.

"Cos den I knowed dere wuz a move on hand," he would say.

But the soldiers loved him. Every time he would pass our brigade, we would all commence cheering him, to see him raise his cap, show his high, bold forehead, and go dashing by in a gallop. No matter whether it was raining or snowing, the cap would be raised and kept off until he had passed the whole line.

It got to be a common saying in the army, When any cheering was heard in camp or on the march, that it was either "Jackson or a rabbit."

While we were reparing the bridge we heard heavy firing on our right; but that did not disturb us as some portion of our army was engaged every day. We did not move however until the 29th.

McClellan would fall back every night, and we would overtake his rear every evening when there would be some fighting done by some portion of the army We had a considerable battle at Savage Station where McClellan distroyed an immense amount of commissary stores, etc. I have seen molasses knee deep in the railroad ditch, and great piles of burnt coffee. Some of it was burnt too much for use, but

some was scorched just enough to be good, and we went for it "heavy."

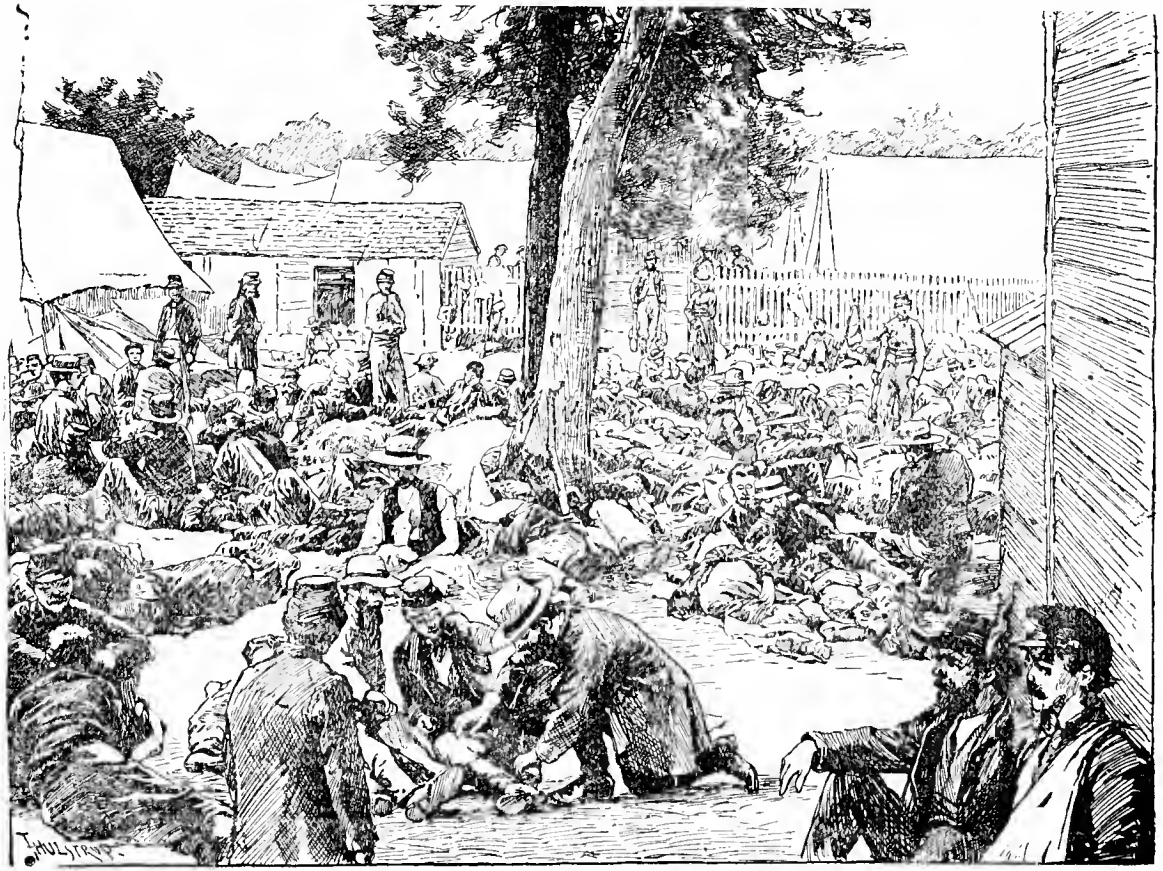
We, that is our brigade, had no general engagement until the 1st of July when both armies met on "Malvern Hill," where a desperate battle was fought. Our troops charged and recharged, and finally gained the field at dark; that was all. We could not rout them and it was with a heavy loss that we gained a victory. The enemy had a good position, bristling with bayonets, and plenty of artillery. They threw some shells over from their gun-boats about the size of camp-kettles, but as they were as likely to light among their own troops as ours they soon ceased. Dark put an end to the fight, when the enemy fell back under cover of their gun-boats, and we could advance no farther.

Col. Grigsby of the 27th Va. was wounded in the shoulder, and while some of us were at a spring that evening getting some water, he came along and wanted some water poured on his wound.

One of the boys says: "Col. does it hurt?"

"Yes, damn it," says he, "it was put in there to hurt."

The 3rd day of July, we marched down to "Harrison's Landing" on the James River, and



FIELD HOSPITAL AT BULL RUN, AUG., 28, 1862.

while on the march I had a chill. I had not had a chill for nearly two years; but being down in the Chickahominy swamps caused it I suppose. I laid down in a fence corner and rolled my blanket around me, and was making the best of it I could.

The whole army had passed, and I had lain there several hours in a kind of stupor. Now the wagon train was passing. Hundreds of wagons, ambulances and artillery had passed and I never looked up. All at once, I thought I had better draw my feet up, as I was working down in the road too far. Just as I did so, from some cause the wagon wheels went right along where my feet had been. If I had not drawn them up as quick as I did, both legs just above my ankles would have been crushed off by a heavy Ordnance wagon. It was one of the most Providential things I ever heard of, for hundreds of wagons had passed and I had never even given them a thought. If this one had kept in the track it would not have hurt me, If I had let my feet remain; but the mules shied at something and ran the wagon up on my side, and I had not moved one minute too soon. After the fever passed off some I got up and toddled on to my regiment. They had not gone many miles and were in camp.

The next day, the 4th of July, we lay in line of battle all day, my regiment being on picket; but not a shot was fired. The post I was on was in the woods, and in front of us was an open field; beyond the field were woods, and the enemy was on picket there. This field was full of blackberries; so our boys and the "yanks" made a bargain not to fire at each other, and went out in the field, leaving one man on each post with the arms, and gathered berries together and talked over the fight, traded tabacco and coffee and exchanged newspapers as peaceably and kindly as if they had not been engaged for the last seven days in butchering one another

I was not well, and felt badly and did not go out with them, but remained on post. At the battle of Cold Harbor, as we charged across a swamp, the mud was about one foot deep, and my shoes got full of mud and gravel, and being new and stiff; as all army shoes are, they rubbed all the skin off of my heels. My feet hurt me so much that night that I pulled my shoes off, and my feet were so sore the next morning that I could not get them on, so I had to go barefooted during that campaign. It was not for the want of shoes, however, for I could have

picked up a good pair every day, as the whole country was full of knapsacks, blankets, etc.

As we had left our knapsacks behind at the commencement of the fight, we would gather up some blankets, sleep on them at night and leave them there in the morning. One morning, as it was a little rainy, I put on a blue blouse, and that evening was on the skirmish line. As we were going through a piece of woods I thought I had better pull off my blue blouse, as I might be taken for the enemy by some "Johnnie Reb" and popped over. So I took it off and hung it on a bush, never thinking of a fine meerschaum pipe I had left in the pocket until too late to go back for it; but I suppose some one got it that knew how to appreciate it.

While on this skirmish I saw a man in a kneeling position, as if in the act of firing; but upon closer examination he did not appear to have any gun. As no one was firing just then I thought strange of his position; but as I went up to him I found him dead. He had been killed the day before, and was killed so suddenly that he remained in the same position as when living; one knee and one foot on the ground, his arms in position of taking aim; but had dropped the gun, and his head was thrown a little back.

The night after the battle of "Malvern Hill" I was on a detail to guard some ordnance wagons that we had captured and which were parked together. There was a guard put around them simply to keep any one from going amongst them with fire. It was late at night when I went on post, and being very tired I quit walking my beat and sat down.

Directly the sentinel on the next post came to me and says: "Soldier, you must not sit down on your post, it is against orders." I told him I knew the orders. I got up and walked a few rounds and again sat down on a stump.

He soon came to me again and says: "Soldier, indeed you must not sit down on your post; if the officer of the guard finds you he will punish you, and if you go to sleep you will be shot."

"Look here," says I, "what regiment do you belong to?"

"The 47th Alabama," he replied.

"How long have you been in service?"

"But a short time," said he. "Our regiment and the 48th Alabama came to Richmond a few days ago and drew arms that you fellows had captured at "Cold

Harbor" and we were put in Gen. Jackson's division. We have been in 'nary' fight yet."

"Well," I remarked, "I thought you were some new recruit and did not know how to play off when you were on camp guard. We old soldiers sit down on our posts on camp guard every time we have a chance and signal to one another, by whistling, when the officer or relief is coming. I never go to sleep on my post; but camp guard is different from a picket post next to the enemy. So you just go along and walk your beat as much as you want to, and I will attend to mine as I please." With that he left me and did not bother me any more; but every few turns he would walk up close enough to see if I was asleep.

The 5th of July we left Harrison's Landing and marched back towards Richmond and went into camp three miles from the city; drew new clothing, washed up, and cleaned our arms. Thus ended the seven days fight at Richmond; and instead of Gen. McClelland capturing the city, he was compelled to seek shelter under cover of his gunboats with the remnant of a demoralized army, and the loss of thousands in killed, wounded and prisoners, besides a great amount of army stores.

VIII.

OFF FOR LOUISA COURT HOUSE--How to get Whiskey—Bucked but not Gagged--Gordonsville—Headquarters in the Saddle--Across the Rapidan—Battle of Cedar Mountain—Death of Gen. Winder—Flag of Truce.

Stonewall Jackson's corps, including his old brigade, at the close of the seven day's fight, returned from Harrison's Landing to within three miles of Richmond and went into camp. On the evening of the second day after our arrival, Charley French, my dog-tent mess mate, and myself, got passes to spend the next day in Richmond. Neither of us had ever been in Richmond and we intended to make a day of it. But when morning came we had orders to march to Richmond sure enough; but it was for the whole corps. We marched there and took the cars for Louisa Court House. That was the only time I was in Richmond during the war.

When we arrived at Louisa C. H. we went into camp near town. The next day Tom Powell and myself got a pass from our Capt. to go out in the country and "forage" for something good to eat. So we traveled around the country, stopping at farm houses, and finally

got a good dinner, and there heard that at the next station, a short distance off, there was a store where they kept whiskey for sale. We then sallied forth thinking we would get our canteens full to take to camp. When we arrived at the place, the merchant told us he had some whisky to sell, but Gen. Jones was making his headquarters at his house, and had forbidden him to sell any to soldiers without an order from him. I asked him what Jones it was, when he replied, "Gen. J R. Jones, of the 2nd Brigade." Now we were personally acquainted with Gen. Jones, for he had been Capt. and afterwards Lieut. Col. of our regiment. I then studied up a plan to get the whiskey. I told him to conduct me to Gen. Jones' room, which he did.

Upon entering his presence I saluted him, and he recognized me and enquired my business. I then said, "Gen., I have a pass here from my captain for this day in order to procure some extra rations, and he told me if I found any whiskey in my rounds to bring him a canteen full to camp. The gentleman here says he has some, but cannot let me have any without your orders, and I would like to have your consent."

He looked at me a few moments, and knowing my captain was quite fond of a dram, he said: "Now, you are not telling me a lie, are you, in order to get it for yourself? You are certain your captain will get it?"

"Oh! no, I am not lying, general; I will deliver it safely," I replied.

Then addressing the merchant, he told him to let me have a canteen full. I asked him if he could not let us have two canteens full.

"No,' says he, "that is enough, and I will ask Capt. Grace the next time I see him if you delivered it safely."

We then got the whiskey and tried to get the merchant to fill the other canteen, but it was "no go." We each got an extra dram from him, and that was all; but Capt. Grace nor anyone else ever saw or heard anything of that canteen of whiskey.

I was afraid for a long time that Gen. Jones would ask my captain about it, but he never did. Sometime afterwards I told my captain how I had run the blockade for a canteen of whiskey on his responsibility, but he just laughed at the trick.

After leaving Jones' headquarters we started for camp. On the way we met with a very

clever farmer who sold us a nice ham, some lard and butter, and invited us to stay all night, which we concluded to do and were treated very kindly. After a good breakfast the next morning, we went to camp and found the brigade had marched towards Gordonsville about one half hour before we arrived. Some of the boys had put our guns in the wagon, but our knapsacks, full of nice things that we had gotten at the Richmond fight, were carried off by some stragglers, which we regretted very much.

We soon followed the brigade up the railroad towards Gordonsville, and before overtaking it, a train of cars passed us loaded with wounded from Richmond which they were taking to Staunton. As it was running very slowly we jumped aboard and rode to Gordonsville and got there ahead of the brigade. While we were in a house getting our dinner the brigade marched through town and went into camp about one mile beyond.

Gen. Winder, commanding our brigade, had issued orders that morning that when the regiments halted to camp, and stacked arms, the roll should be called, and all who were absent should be bucked the next day from sun-rise to sun-set; that he was determined

to break up straggling in the brigade. As I and my friend Powell were not there in time to answer to roll call, we were included in the number to be bucked.

Now bucking a soldier is tying his hands together at the wrists and slipping them down over his knees, and then running a stick through under the knees and over the arms. Gagging is placing a bayonet in the mouth and tying it with a string behind his neck.

Some of the officers complained to Gen. Winder about the severity of the order and tried to get him to revoke it; but no use—it had to be done. Accordingly about thirty belonging to the brigade were taken out in the woods the next morning, placed under guard, and bucked from sun-rise to sun-set. It was a tiresome and painful situation, as we had to sit cramped up all day in one position, and if a fellow happened to fall over, one of the guards would have to sit him up.

We were all as mad as fury about it, for it was a punishment that had never been inflicted in our brigade before. That night, after we were released, about one half of the number deserted.

We marched the next day a short distance,

but I would not "fall in ranks." I told my captain I did not intend to answer to roll call that evening,and if I was bucked again, for straggling, it would be the last time; that I would never shoulder my musket again for a cause that would treat soldiers in that manner.

Some of our officers then went to Gen. Jackson and made complaint about Winder's order. He sent Winder word that he did not want to hear of any more bucking in that brigade, for straggling. That was the last of it, and the only time it was ever done. Gen. Winder would often have some of the men tied up by the thumbs at his headquarters all day for some small offence.

He was a good general and a brave man, and knew how to handle troops in battle; but was very severe, and very tyrannical, so much so that he was "spotted" by some of the brigade; and we could hear it remarked by some one nearly every day that the next fight we got into would be the last for Winder. So it proved; for in a short time we fought the battle of Cedar Mountain and Gen. Winder was killed. But he was killed by a shell from the enemy before the brigade was engaged.

We lay in camp near Gordonsville about three

weeks, nothing of interest transpiring, but all taking a good rest after our severe campaigns. From the time we left Swift Run Gap, about the first of May, we had marched hundreds of miles, and fought seven general battles; viz: McDowell, Front Royal, Winchester, Cross Keys, Port Republic, Cold Harbor and Malvern Hill, besides some smaller engagements and skirmishes, had defeated and demoralized four separate armies, viz:

Milroy's, Bank's, Freemont's and Shield's; had cleared the whole valley of the enemy and assisted Gen. Lee to defeat McClellan and banish the foe from before Richmond. We had remained in no camp over three days at one time until we reached Gordonsville; but had marched and fought the enemy, often marching all night and often through rain and mud, and never, during that time, did Gen. Jackson have over twenty thousand men, and often not that. History does not record more brilliant campaigns within the short period of a little over two months than those of "Stonewall" Jackson.

We had in the army of northern Virginia, Gen. "Stonewall" Jackson, Gen's A. P Hill and D. H. Hill, Gen. Early, Gen. Pickett and Gen. Longstreet. So we would tell the enemy, or

send them word, that before they could capture Richmond, they would have to waken up "Early," charge the "Pickett," have two big "Hills" to climb, a "Longstreet" to pass through, and a "Stonewall" to batter down, and that they would find it a hard road to travel.

While in camp near Gordonsville we heard that Gen. Pope, from the West, had taken command of the Federal army, and that he was going to Richmond, sure. He was going to show us how to fight; that he had never seen anything but the back of a rebel yet, and would head his dispatches, "Headquarters in the Saddle." I heard that Gen. Jackson sent him word that it was "strange that a general would have his headquarters where his hindquarters ought to be."

We had been victorious in so many battles that the boys were rather anxious to meet Gen. Pope; and we could hear it remarked in camp, "Just wait 'til 'Old Jack' gets a chance at him; he'll take some of the starch out of him."

We did not have long to wait, for we soon heard that he was advancing on us and had crossed the Rappahannock river, and was in Culpepper county. On the 8th of August we left camp, marched toward the enemy, passed through Orange C. H., crossed the Rapidan

river, and went into camp about one mile beyond. The day was hot and several men dropped dead in ranks from sunstroke.

The next morning we were on the march and soon heard some skirmishing. We still advanced until about twelve o'clock, when we filed out of the road to the left and were formed in line of battle in a piece of woods and halted. We had not been there long before the artillery opened out on both sides and the shells rattled through the woods over our heads very lively. We advanced in line slowly for some distance and could hear the infantry at it on our right as if heavily engaged. In a few moments we reached an open field with woods on each side. As we entered it, the right and left of our brigade extended into the woods. My regiment being on the right was partly in the woods. When we were about half way across the field we met the enemy's line lying down behind a small slope. We commenced firing and advancing—the enemy returning the fire—but as our line on the left was about one regiment longer than theirs, the brigade kept on advancing and coming around on a wheel. The first line of the enemy fell back on the second; and as our regiment reached the edge of the woods we came

to a wheat field that was cut and shocked. There the firing was very heavy. We halted at the fence, when Maj. Holliday. commanding the regiment, ordered us several times to advance and as we were slow getting over the fence, he says, "Get over the fence with the colors and I know the men will follow." The color bearer sprang over, and the whole regiment at the same time. The color-bearer was shot down; but the colors did not more than touch the ground before they were up again.

Maj. Holliday lost his arm and was taken to the rear. We had severe fighting for a short time when the enemy broke. An officer came dashing down between the lines to rally them and was riddled with bullets. He was a Major, I know, for I took particular notice of his shoulder straps a few minutes afterwards, they were such beautiful ones, like solid gold. We pursued the enemy two miles until dark, and lay in line all night. At one time we received a shower of shells from the enemy, but we did not reply.

So ended the 9th of August, 1862, and the battle of Cedar Mountain, and Mr. Pope had a chance to see the faces of the "Johnnie Rebs," but would rather have seen their backs.

Our Brigadier-Gen. C. S. Winder, heretofore

referred to, was commanding our division in this battle, and in the commencement of the fight was riding forward, giving some instructions to a battery, when he was mortally wounded by a shell from the enemy, and died in a short time. I saw him as he was carried back by the brigade on a stretcher. His death was not much lamented by the brigade, for it probably saved some of them the trouble of carrying out their threats to kill him. I would not have done it had I the chance; but I firmly believe it would have been done by some one in that battle.

The next day the army was marched back to the rear a short distance and went into camp. Everything was quiet; our cavalry being deployed in front. A detail was made to bury the dead and gather up the guns, etc. I was on the gun detail. We gathered them up, loaded them in wagons and started them to the rear. Just as we were starting for camp, some soldiers, who were straggling over the battle field, commenced running and saying the Yankee cavalry was charging. We looked and saw them coming, and for a few moments it caused quite a stampede; but it turned out to be a flag of truce come to bury the dead and get the wounded.

But as we went to camp we found the stampede had gained strength as it went. We found wagons hitched up and pulling for the rear, and the troops out in line of battle; but it soon settled down.

Gen. Jackson fought this battle with his corps and he gave Gen. Pope a foretaste of what was to follow if he remained in Virginia long. We remained here two days and then marched back to our old camp near Gordonsville, and Gen. Pope fell back across the Rappahannock.

IX.

On the Rappahannock—Jackson s Flank Movemement—Capture of Commissary Stores at Manassas Junction—Free Feast for the Soldiers—Incidents—On the March to Bull Run Again—Second Battle of Manassas.

The enemy, being heavily reinforced commenced advancing their cavalry again, and had got as far as Orange C. H., when Gen. Lee came on from Richmond with the whole army.

On the 20th of August we again took up the line of march and crossed the Rapidan river and went on to the Rappahannock. We lay along the south bank, while the enemy occupied the north bank of the river. A continual firing, by both infantry and artillery, was kept up, each army trying to cross, or making believe they were trying to, and each army foiled in every attempt, until one morning Gen. Jackson started to the rear with his corps.

As we passed through a small village we were ordered to leave our knap-sacks in some vacant building with men to guard them. We then knew what was up the same as if "Stonewall" had told us. It simply meant a "forced march and a flank movement." We then turned our course

westward up the Rappahannock, and after marching some distance, crossed the river and turned east towards Alexandria. After marching two days and nights with very little rest, we struck the Orange and Alexandria R. R., at Bristow Station; captured several trains of cars, and, leaving Gen. Ewell's division there, went on a few miles to Manassas Junction where we captured several more trains, a large amount of commissary stores and several sutlers. We also dispersed and captured a brigade of the enemy that was guarding that point.

We were now completely in Gen. Pope's rear, and between his army and Washington City. Gen. Lee with the greater portion of our army was in his front at the river. We had no wagon train with us except, ordnance wagons, medical wagons and ambulances.

We had started with but three day's rations and if we had failed to make those captures we would have been in a barren country without rations. We remained there all day loading ourselves with provisions. The soldiers were at liberty to take all they wanted except the sutler stores which were kept under guard for the officers. But we would form in a solid mass around the tents and commence pushing one

another towards the centre until the guard, who was not very particular about it, would give way, and then we would make the good things fly for a short time until some officer would ride up with more guards and disperse us. We kept this up until we had gobbled up nearly everything, when we would look around for fresh supplies. I went to the commissary building, which was full of army rations up to the roof. I soon found, in one corner of the second story, a room filled with officers' rations and several soldiers supplying themselves with coffee, sugar, molasses, etc. When we had appropriated all we could carry, we found a barrel of whiskey, which we soon tapped; but as we had our canteens full of molasses, and our tin cups full of sugar, we had nothing to drink out of. We soon found an old funnel, however, and while one would hold his hand over the bottom of it, another would draw it full. In this way it was passed around. But the officers soon found us out and broke up that game.

We then sallied forth in quest of more plunder and went to the captured trains of cars. They were loaded with everything belonging to an army—such as ammunition for infantry and artillery, harness, tents, blankets, clothing, hospi-

tal stores, and several loads of coffins for officers to be sent home in, (we didn't want them,) and a car loaded with medical stores; in boxes. Here we found something we did want, for each box had stored away in it from four to eight bottles of fine brandy and whiskey. We soon commenced tearing them to pieces, throwing the medicine around in every direction in search of the bottles. I squeezed in the car among a number of others and got a box opened and found eight bottles of brandy in it. I then told a comrade at the car door, that as I got it I would pass the bottles to him and he should hide them away and we would divide. Our surgeons seeing that it was a medical car came up and begged us to save the Morphine and Chloroform as they were scarce articles in our army, and they would greatly need them in the coming battle. But we paid no heed to their entreaties, telling them that we had no use for medicine then except the whiskey and brandy, and that we would use that for medicine. They then rode off and informed Gen. Jackson how affairs stood. He then ordered the guard to disperse us and save the medicines. I had just passed him four bottles when some officer came with a guard to rout us out. I slipped the other four

under my jacket. As I was passing out the car door, some one jammed me against the side of the car and broke one of my bottles; but I escaped with three. I met my partner outside, but the guard had relieved him of his four. We then went to the regiment where I divided two of them with my captain and the company, keeping one for myself.

We now heard firing up the railroad where we had left Gen. Ewell, and soon learned that Gen. Pope was coming down on us with his army like an avalanche. We remained there until dark, when we had orders to burn up everything that was left, which was soon done. When the ammunition cars got on fire they made as great a racket as if a big battle was going on. Gen. Jackson then started on the march, to the old battle ground of Bull Run.

We had had a great day of plundering and eating and I was somewhat tired. So after marching some distance I lay down in a fence corner and went to sleep; but was soon roused up by the rear guard who told me if I did not want to be captured that I had better go on, as the enemy would soon be there. I then marched on and soon came to where the roads forked. Some troops had taken one road and some the

other, and I could not find out which one my brigade had taken; but I took one of the roads and reached Centreville a little after daylight. I found that my brigade had taken the other road and was a few miles west of Centreville, near Sudley Church. I then started for my command and had gone about one mile when one of our cavalrymen came dashing by leading a mule, and said to me; "the Yankee cavalry are in Centreville and if you don't want to be captured jump on this mule," which I was glad to do, and we went up the road as fast as the mules could carry us. I had a big load of provisions and five or six pounds of coffee roasted and ground, tied up in a piece of old coffee sack; tied to my gun. In my ride it came loose, and I lost it all.

I also had a fine silver watch, and on looking for it found it was gone. As the enemy did not appear to be following I told the cavalrymon to halt and I would dismount; that by riding in that style I would lose all my "commissary," which I could not afford to do in so critical a time, as we knew not where the next was to come from. But upon looking around I found my watch down next to my belt between my fatigue shirt and undershirt. It had got loose

from the chain and slipped through the pocket in my fatigue shirt and my cartridge-belt being tight had saved it.

I write thus particularly now, that it may be seen to what straits we were put to in emergencies and what means were resorted to by the soldier in the field upon occasions. Such an appearance as I presented would be ludicrous enough could it be witnessed in these "piping times of peace."

I arrived at the brigade safely with no loss but my coffee, which I had treasured very highly, as *genuine* coffee was a rarity for a "Johnnie Reb." I found my division in line of battle in an old field, and some skirmishing going on in front. Gen. Jackson had taken his position and was waiting for the enemy. They came up in fine style about 3 o'clock p. m., when we opened on them. We had a terrible fight which lasted until 9 o'clock at night, neither party giving back, but remaining as we had commenced, and guided in our firing by the flash of the others' guns. But the firing gradually ceased, each army retaining the same position as before. My brigade was behind an old fence, and would lie down, load and fire, and it seemed that every one who would raise up was shot.

We lost severely. My company had but 17 men in the fight, and we lost five killed and mortally wounded, five severely wounded and one missing, who was supposed to be killed, for he never turned up afterwards nor was he ever heard of after the war. The whole brigade lost in the same proportion. Gen. Baylor, commanding the brigade, was killed; Col. Neff of my regiment was killed, and Lieut. Joseph Earsome of my company was mortally wounded. He had just been transferred from the 2d reg. to ours. Gen. Ewell lost his leg, and our loss in officers was great.

We carried the wounded back that night a short distance to a piece of woods. Maj. Holliday had been wounded at Cedar Mountain; Lieut. Col. Lee was absent sick, and Col. Neff being killed, it left us without a field officer. Capt. Grace of my company, being the oldest officer, took command of the regiment. Gen. Baylor, who had been Col. of the 5th Va, and had been promoted to Brig. Gen. a short time before, being killed, Col. Reynolds of the 4th Va. took command of the brigade. We had our old wheel horse, "Stonewall" left, and knew he could manage affairs.

The next morning the enemy was gone from

our front, but had only changed position, and skirmishing soon commenced. My Captain told me to get Lieut. Earsome, who was shot through the bowels, into an ambulance and take him to the hospital at Sudley church, which I did. After going a short distance, he said he could not stand the jolting of the ambulance, and wanted us to take him out. We did so, and making a stretcher out of two rails and a blanket, four of us started to carry him on our shoulders, but soon met the ambulances and wounded coming back in a hurry, saying the enemy was at Sudley and we would have to go in another direction. After going to the rear, as we thought, some distance, the enemy suddenly ran a battery up on a hill in front of us and commenced shelling. I told the other boys that we would stop and rest until we found where the rear was, if there was any rear, as the enemy appeared to be on three sides of us, and, perhaps, would soon be on the fourth; but we soon saw a yellow flag hoisted to denote a hospital, and we went to it. I then got a surgeon to examine the lieutenant's wound. When he had done so, he said that he was shot through and through and his entrails were cut; that he could not live and he could do nothing for him.

As I was a particular friend of his, he asked me to remain with him and take care of him until he died, as he knew he could not live.

I told him I would like to do so, but could not do it without permission from the captain. He then begged me to go and see the captain, as he knew his dying request would be granted.

I immediately did so, when my captain said: "Certainly, remain with him; and when he dies, bury him and join the company "

I went back to him and did all I could for him, but he suffered terribly; he could not lay still but was up and down continually, and I worried with him all day and all night. The next morning he died, when I buried him as decently as I could and then joined my regiment.

There had been some fighting the day previous, but no general engagement, as Gen. Jackson wanted to hold his position and keep off a general battle until Gen. Lee should arrive with the balance of the army As Lee was following Gen. Pope's army, and had to pass through Thoroughfare Gap, a gorge in the mountain, and his passage was disputed by the enemy, he was kept back some time. Our condition appeared critical indeed, for we had lost

severely and were being hemmed in on all three sides by nearly the whole army of the enemy; our retreat cut off, and no assistance possible until Lee and Longstreet could arrive. But the way was forced, and we could see clouds of dust rising up between us and the mountain and we knew assistance was at hand if we could hold out a little longer. Soon cheer after cheer rent the air as Gen Longstreet arrived and straightened out the line on our right.

The night was spent in forming troops. Our division was formed along the Alexandria Loudon and Hampshire R. R., which had been graded before the war, but never finished, and served as a breastwork. At daylight on the third day skirmishing commenced and was kept up, but the firing increased as brigade after brigade became engaged, until about 3 o'clock P M. when the whole line on both sides became heavily engaged. It was one continuous roar from right to left. My brigade was in a small cut, with a field in front sloping down about four hundred yards to a piece of woods. The enemy would form in the woods and come up the slope in three lines as regular as if on drill, and we would pour volley after volley into them as they came; but they would still advance un-

til within a few yards of us when they would break and fall back to the woods, where they would rally and come again. They charged in this manner three times, and the third time as they broke we were ordered to charge, and as Longstreet's corps had turned their left, our whole line charged and the route became general. But the stone bridge over Bull Run became blocked up with artillery and cassions, and we could not cross with our artillery; and as it was getting dark, this put an end to the conflict. If we could have had a few hours more of daylight they would never have been able to rally until they reached Alexandria. It was a terrible battle and both sides lost severely. The slope in front of us was covered with dead, dying and wounded; but my brigade lost but few, as we were protected by the railroad. Thus ended the second battle of Manassas, the 28th, 29th and 30th days of August, 1862.

X

SOLDIERS SHOT FOR DESERTION – On the Sick List – Battle of Chantilly—Death of Gen. Kearney—Lee Crosses into Maryland–Battles of South Mountain and Antietam—Jackson Captures Harper's Ferry—Lee Recrosses the Potomac—Tearing up the Railroad—Skirmish at Kearneysville—Army Starts for Fredericksburg—Detail to Hampshire County for Deserters—At the Old Homestead—Interesting Adventures.

The next day after the battle the enemy came up with a flag of truce and a long train of ambulances to get their wounded. A few hours were granted them; and they gathered up all they could take, and left. We gathered up the dead by wagon loads and threw them into a cut in the railroad—hundreds together.

I must here relate an incident that happened during this campaign, which, probably, has never before been recorded.—Before we left Gordonsville, we had a General Court Martial, and among the prisoners to be punished for desertion there were four to be shot from our division. Three belonging to the 10th Va. Reg. in the 3rd brigade, and one to the 5th Va. in my brigade. They were the first that had ever been shot for desertion in our division. While

on the march, as we went into camp for the night near "Pisgah Church," in Orange county, their sentences were read to them. They were to be executed the next day; but in the night one of the doomed men belonging to the 10th Va., by the name of Rothgeb broke through the guard and ran for dear life, and made his escape to the enemy who were close by. The others were taken out the next day and executed; after which we resumed our march. In the battle of Manassas, which soon came off, all three of the officers who composed the court-martial were killed or mortally wounded, (my colonel, A. J. Neff, being one of the number,) and most of the soldiers looked upon it as a judgment.

But no one cast any reflections upon our colonel, for he was a splendid officer, a gallant man and always treated us with respect and kindness. He was greatly beloved by the whole regiment, and his death was much lamented.

The next year Gen. Lee issued a general order, reciting, I think, a proclamation, pardoning all absentees and deserters who would return to their commands in thirty days. Then this man Rothgeb returned, and was pardoned; but in a short time he deserted again. He was afterwards arrested, but as the guard were tak-

ing him to Richmond to be placed in Castle Thunder, he jumped from the cars, while they were running at full speed, and made his escape the second time, and remained north until the war closed, when he came home.

After this severe campaign and the battles of Manassas I found myself completely used up, I had slept but little for six days and nights, and was suffering with sore feet and the hemorrhoids. I had been worrying night and day with my lieutenant, who died, and could go no further. I therefore reported to our surgeon, as the army started on the march again, and he sent me to the field hospital near the battle-ground. When I got there I found a great many tents filled with sick and wounded, more than the surgeons and nurses could attend to. I thought it was a poor place to recruit; but upon looking around I found a great many farmers there with their wagons who had brought in supplies for the wounded, such as butter, milk, chickens, vegetables, etc. As one of them, a fatherly looking old man, was about starting home I went to him and told him my condition and asked him if he would not take me home with him and take care of me until I got well. He was much pleased to do so, and would willingly have taken

a wagon load if the doctors would consent to it; but the wounded had to remain in their charge until properly cared for.

I proceeded home with my farmer, whose name was Lee. He lived about ten miles from the hospital in Loudon county He and his family treated me very kindly and gave me every attention. In about a week I felt like a new man. Gen. Lee's army had crossed the Potomac into Maryland, and as none of our troops except a few cavalry were in this part of Virginia it was open to the enemy from Alexandria, and the sick and wounded were being removed to Winchester. After remaining at my friend Lee's ten days, I went to the hospital at Aldie, and was sent from there to Winchester; but was as well as ever. When we were within a few miles of Winchester, I left the main road, "flanked" around Winchester, and went home. I remained at home until Gen. Lee's army came back from Maryland into Virginia, and camped a few miles north of Winchester at a small place called Bunker's Hill, when I left home and reported to my regiment.

A few days after the Manansas battles, part of our army had a short but hard engagement with the enemy at Drainsville, or Chantilly, on the Little River turnpike.

It was in this battle, and inside our lines, that Gen. Philip Kearney, a Federal general, spoken of in both armies as 'Brave Phil Kearney," was killed. The Southern soldiers had so much respect for him that his body was wrapped in a captured U S. flag and sent to their lines after the battle.

The army then crossed the Potomac into Maryland, went to Frederick City and marched up the left bank of the Potomac; the enemy under Gen. McClellan following. They had a considerable battle at South Mountains, and afterwards a general engagement at Antietam or Sharpsburg on the 17th of September. In the meantime Gen. Jackson surrounded the enemy at Harper's Ferry and compelled them to surrender; capturing a large quantity of artillery, wagons, army stores and eleven thousand prisoners who were paroled on the ground for want of men to guard them to the rear. Jackson had to hurry back to Antietam to support Lee.

The battle of Antietam was one of the severest battles of the war. The loss was very heavy on both sides; but neither army was defeated. Gen. Lee did not fall back until the next night when he fell back across the Potomac

into Virginia. The Federal army were too much crippled to follow. They claimed, however, a great victory; but Gen. Lee would have been compelled to fall back into Virginia if he had defeated the enemy. His supplies were in Virginia, and he had but a small force in Maryland, as the greater portion of his army had been killed, wounded. or had "straggled" before crossing into Maryland. The country was covered with stragglers from Richmond to the Potomac on account of hard marching and hard fighting; and a few days after the battles in Maryland his army was larger than it was during the fight. If the enemy had followed him into Virginia he would have been repulsed. A considerable force of the enemy did attempt to cross the Potomac at Shepardstown, and several brigades actually crossed, but were repulsed by Gen. A. P Hill with great slaughter.

We remained in the lower valley of Virginia for sometime, recruiting the army and making raids on the B. & O. R. R., from above Martinsburg down to Harper's Ferry, destroying the road; burning the ties and bridges and the companies works at Martinsburg. After destroying the road we would fall back to Bunker

Hill when the enemy would rebuild the road and get the cars to running. We would then make another raid and destroy it again; but no general engagement followed.

One time our brigade went down to the railroad to Kearneysville, a few miles south of Shepardstown, and while we were destroying the track, a division of the enemy came out from Shepardstown and attacked us and we had to give up the job and fall back: But before we fell back we were formed in line of battle, and my company and Co. "F" were put in a small redoubt near the station in advance of the line. When the line fell back we had no orders to leave, and remained there until the enemy had crossed the railroad above and below us and were closing in on us in front, when we left without orders, and joined the brigade at double-quick. If we had stayed a few moments longer we would have been captured.

We then fell back about one mile, in a piece of woods, and took a stand and remained until dark but the enemy did not attack us. We had several killed and wounded. Col. Reynolds, commanding the brigade, was wounded, when Col. Grigsby, of the 27th Va., took command. We started back to camp at dark and went sev-

eral miles. It rained in torrents and was so dark we could hardly get along. We finally camped in an old mill that accommodated the whole brigade; and the next morning went on to our old camp at Bunker Hill.

We remained in the lower valley for sometime moving about from place to place, nothing of interest transpiring. Col. Paxton, of the 4th Reg., was promoted to Brigadier Gen. of the brigade. Lieu. Col. Lee was promoted to Col. of my regiment. Major F W M Holliday, (afterwards Gov. of Va.,) was promoted to lieutenant colonel, and Capt. Grace, (my captain,) was promoted to major; consequently we had to have a new captain; and First Lientenant Wm. Powell was promoted to that rank.

About the 1st of Dec. the whole army started on the march to Fredricksburg, as the enemy were moving in that direction from Washington under the command of Gen. Burnside, with another "On to Richmond." Major Grace's family being all sick or dying he resigned and went home. The first day the army passed through Winchester, and camped near Newtown, and, as usual, I stopped in Winchester and remained for the night.

The next morning as I was on my way to join the command I met Sergt. M. Miller and

Private Wm. A. Dailey of my company. They informed me that eight men of our company had deserted that night and gone home to Hampshire, with the intention of mounting themselves and joining the cavalry, as they were determined not to go east of the Blue Ridge again, being tired of the *foot cavalry*. Consequently they (Miller and Dailey), were detailed and supplied with written instructions to go to Hampshire county and try to persuade them and other absentees to return to their company, and to tell them if they would do so they would not be punished; but if they refused to come, and were ever arrested they would be punished to the full extent of martial law.

Sergt. Miller wanted me to go along with them and be included in the detail. I was very anxious to do so but was fearful I would get into trouble, but he assured me he would be responsible for my absence, when I readily consented to go. Now it was rather a critical undertaking for a small squad of Southern soldiers to go into Hampshire, armed with rifles, in those days, as the county was in possession of the enemy, who were camped at Springfield and Romney, and who were scouting all over the country. Our absentees lived in and around Springfield; there-

fore, when we reached the borders of the county we had to move cautiously, keeping the by-roads and woods as much as possible. But we succeeded very well, as we were raised there and knew every hog-path, and knew who were Union men and who were Rebels.

We remained in that neighborhood about two weeks, stopping at houses where we knew we would be safe in the daytime, and visiting the members of the company at night. In that manner we saw nearly all of them, but got but one man (Thomas McGraw) to consent to go back with us.

The Federals had told these absentees if they would remain at home peaceably and not to go to bushwhacking, they would not molest them, for they knew if they arrested them and sent them to prison they would be exchanged and put in ranks again; but if they did not molest them, the probabilities were that they would remain at home.

Those absentees were all good soldiers, but they were tired of the infantry, and said they would do service in the cavalry, but they knew as soon as Gen. Jackson found out they had joined the cavalry, he would send for them and have them brought back to the infantry, and

they were determined never to do service in the infantry any more. If he would give them a transfer to cavalry they would go in service again, if not, they would remain at home or go across the lines. Therefore we could do nothing with them, as we had no orders to arrest them, and could not have gotten out with them if we had.

So we concluded to return to our company and report. But before we started back I told the boys I must go into Springfield and see some of my old friends. We were stopping within two miles of the town, and there was a company of Federal cavalry quartered in town. (Capt. Greenfield's company, 100 strong.) They said I would be captured; but I told them I would risk it. I was wearing a blue overcoat, and Mrs. Conley gave me a pair of blue pants, so I thought if I was seen by any one I would be taken for a Yankee.

The weather was very cold, and about one hour before dark I slipped through the woods and posted myself on a high hill about one-half mile from town, and watched where they posted their pickets for the night.

There were two roads which led through the town, and they crossed in the center at right

angles. There was a picket post on each of the four roads a few hundred yards out of town. As it grew dark I went down the hill, through an open field in the angle formed by the roads, until I came to the rear lot of Mr. John W Shouse's house, got over the fence, went through the back yard and onto the porch, and there waited for developments.

I had heard that the officers and some of the privates were boarding with the citizens, and that I had better be careful how I entered a house. I listened for a few moments and then looked in at the window, and seeing no one but the family I cautiously opened the door and went in. Mrs. Shouse raised her hands in astonishment and was as much surprised as if one had arisen from the dead. Every one in the town, both black and white, had known me from my childhood up. There were but one or two Union men in the place, and I was not afraid of them reporting me, neither was I afraid of the blacks; but still I did not want them to know I was there.

After I got in the first house I felt safe. I could then lay my plans for seeing my friends, as I intended to stay all night and run the blockade before daylight. I conversed with the

family a short time and then got Miss Gennie Shouse to run across the street to the house of Mr. John Hawes, who lived in my old home, to see if the coast was clear. I then went over, for I wanted to see the house that I had spent most of my boyhood days in, not knowing whether I would ever see it again. I did not stay there long, however, for Mrs. Hawes appeared so frightened for fear I would be captured; besides it made me feel sad as the old house brought back to memory scenes of other days when all was joy and peace. To think that I had to sneak back like an outlaw, in the night, to look once more upon the scenes of my childhood, and then to depart to the distant battle-field, and perhaps leave my bones bleaching in the sun, was too much, I had to leave.

I then went up the street a short distance to the residence of Mrs. Dailey, whose son, William, was in the country waiting my return. They were glad to see me and hear from their son and brother. I will state that a rebel soldier from "Lee's Army" was quite a curiosity in that place, for the enemy had possession of that country from the time the war commenced until it ended, except during some occasional raids made by our cavalry.

The next place I wanted to visit was the house of Mr. Uriah Blue, who had lost a son in our company; but he lived near the center of the village, and I was told there was a sentinel a few yards from his house on the store porch. But I "struck out" down the street whistling "Yankee Doodle," and soon met the relief picket going out to the post in the west end of town. I passed on down, walking on the sidewalk, while they kept in the middle of the street.

As soon as I arrived at Mr Blue's, I reconnoitered a short time and then went in. Mr. Blue told me that a Federal officer had just left his house a few moments before I came. I was perfectly lionized by the family. I had intended to go to Mr. James Kuykendall's house, but learned there were five or six Yankees in there spending the evening, so I concluded it might not be agreeable to all concerned, and remained where I was. But Mr K.'s family all came to see me, one at a time, as it was only a few doors away, and so were able to entertain their company at the same time.

It was now getting late, and I concluded to go to Mr. Jacob Grace's (my captain's father,) house and spend the remainder of the night.

His residence was the last house in the lower end of the town; so when I left Blue's, I went through the back lots and down the back street, then up through the garden to the house. There was a back porch to the house, and I knew the family stayed in the dining room in the wing building. I boldly stepped onto the porch and was about to enter, when I thought I had better be careful, as there might be some one in there that I did not care to see. So I took off my shoes and slipped up to the window. sat down on a bench and listened. The window blind was down and I could not see in; but after listening for some time I found out that Mr. Yankee was in there. As it was very cold I went into the hall of the main building and sat down about half way up the stairs in order to retreat further up if necessary.

After sitting there sometime, I heard some one come into the yard and go to the well and draw some water; at the same time I heard the dining room door open and shut; but as no one passed through the hall I thought they were all in there still. After waiting some time and getting very cold, I heard the door open and some one come out on the porch and into the hall. I then went further up the stairs. He passed through the

hall, opened the front door, and shut it. I now thought my Yankee was gone and I would go down and entertain the family; but as soon as I started down the steps, some one started up, so I wheeled and ran up the first flight of stairs and then on up the second flight to the garrett. When at the turn of the stairs I fell over something and came down with considerable racket. Some one exclaimed, "who's that?" I thought all the time that perhaps this Yankee boarded there and was coming up stairs to go to bed; but as soon as I was challenged, I knew the voice and felt safe. It was my captain's brother, Stephen W Grace, about my own age and one of my old playmates. I never answered him but started down stairs, and he kept on hollowing to me and making threats, so I made myself known.

After a hearty hand-shaking I was conducted to the sitting room, where there was a nice warm fire in the fire place, and his three sisters, Misses Amelia, Flora, and Katie, and his father, who was an invalid, confined to his bed. Well! I then and there spent several hours I think as pleasantly as any I ever spent in my life, for the whole family were near and dear friends to our family. They then explained to

me the mistake I had made in thinking the yankee was leaving. He had been gone for some time; had left when the one came to the well for water, and had gone with him through the back yard while I was expecting him to go through the front door.

I intended leaving there that night and going back to where I left Miller and Dailey; but they insisted on me staying all night and the next day and then go out the next night, as I could stay up stairs by a good fire and no one would know it. I concluded to do so, and Stephen and I went up stairs and retired for the night—but not to sleep. I believe we talked until daybreak. The next day I enjoyed myself hugely. I stayed up stairs all day. They brought my meals up to me, and informed my friends where I was, so I was thronged with company all day.

But only one came at a time, in order to avoid suspicion. Several Yankees were in the house during the day. Some ate dinner there at the same time I was eating my dinner up stairs. About one hour after dark I bade farewell to my friends, and ran the blockade between the pickets; but by a different route from that by which I had came in I arrived safely

where the boys were, who had conjectured that I was captured, as I did not return the first night.

I ran a greater risk than I thought I was running at the time, for my having on the blue uniform of the enemy. If I had been captured by them in their camp, I would have been hung as a spy, and there could of been no reprieve for it.

XI.

START BACK TO LEE'S ARMY —The Virginia Yankee.—Lieut. Blue's Scouting Party.—Join the "Outfit."—Thrilling Adventures.—Running the Gauntlet.

The next day we started to go to our command, which we heard had fought the battle of Fredricksburg, and was then in winter quarters below Fredricksburg, near Guinea Station, on the Richmond & Potomac R. R. As we were passing through the woods and came in sight of a road that led out from Springfield about three miles from there, I told the boys to halt and I would go down in the road and see if the way was clear before we crossed. I passed on to the road. There was a high bank on one side, but as I did not see anyone, I jumped down the bank and came face to face with Double-Thumbed John Kerns, who was walking along close to the bank and coming from the Yankee camp. I knew in a moment I was caught, for I knew him to be one of those meddlesome Union men who took the trouble to report to the enemy everything he knew about the rebels. I knew he would have every one of us arrested he could, and I knew if I let him pass, he would

have a squad of the enemy after us in two hours.

His life had been threatened several times for having the boys arrested and reporting the citizens, and I made sure he knew me for he had known me from boyhood up. I was just revolving in my mind whether to kill him right there or call the other boys and take him in the woods and kill him, when a few words he uttered saved his life.

"Have you been out hunting?" he asked.

It struck me in a moment that, from my having a blue overcoat on, he had mistaken me for a yankee from the camp out hunting, and I concluded to keep up the deception until I got rid of him.

"Yes," I replied, "but I find game scarce."

I asked him if he had been to camp. He said he had; he had taken some butter and eggs to sell, and got a good price from the boys.

I asked him what the boys were doing, and if any of them were out on a scout.

"No," he said, "they are all laying around doing nothing."

I then asked him if there were any "rebels" about that he knew of.

"Oh no," said he, "they are afraid to come in here now except some who have run off from the army and are at home, and I can tell you

where they all live if you want to arrest them."

"No, we do not want to bother them," I replied, "if they will stay at home and not bushwhack us." I then asked him the time of day, and told him I must hurry on to camp, and be there in time for roll call, and left him.

As soon as he got out of sight I whistled for the boys and they came; they had heard me talking to some one, and when I told them who it was and what had transpired, they said we ought to have killed him anyhow; but I did not want to hurt him if it could be avoided in any way.

But he was a very meddlesome fellow and did a great deal of mischief in the neighborhood without doing any good for himself. He had two thumbs on one hand, and was called "double-thumbed John Kerns." He was killed before the war was over by some rebel for reporting.

We then proceeded on our way and when we reached Lost river, about one day's march from Springfield, we met Lieut. Monroe Blue, belonging to Gen. Imboden's cavalry brigade, with a small squad of soldiers. Lieut. Blue formerly belonged to my company, but had left it and joined the cavalry and was elected lieutenant.

He said business was dull in their camp and he thought he would come down into Hampshire with a squad and gather up some more soldiers, and make a raid on the Yankees and stir them up and see what they were doing. He wanted us to go along with them, as they were going to leave their horses and go in on foot. He simply wanted to get near their camp and watch the road for some scouting parties from their camp, and capture them in order to get their horses; and all we captured would be divided equally among the men. We were just keen for a raid of that kind, but Sergt. Miller would not consent to go; he would, however, give us liberty to go if we wished.

So we arranged the plan, and were to meet at Mr. Ewers, on the top of South Branch Mountain, about six miles east of Springfield, and be ready to start at daylight the next morning. Lieut. Blue then left us, and said he would hunt up some more men. T McGraw, W Dailey and myself then started for the place of rendezvous, leaving Miller behind to await our return or hear of our capture, as the case might be.

The next morning Lieut. Blue made his ap-

pearance with a guide and scout (Ed Montgomery), and we numbered in all fifteen, each one armed with a rifle and sixshooter. We then marched down the mountain in single file until we reached the river (the south branch of the Potomac), where we found a canoe and crossed. We then kept down the mountain, going north, aiming to get in rear of their camp. It was seven miles from Springfield to the B. & O. railroad.

We knew the troops at Springfield and Romney got their supplies at the railroad, and we would aim to post ourselves about half way between the railroad and camp, and capture all that passed.

We arrived at our point of destination about the middle of the day. There was a rail fence on each side of the road, and on the west side there was a small ravine with some scrubby pines. We divided our force, placing one-half at a point near the road, and the other half at a point also near the road but about three hundred yards farther down. If a scouting party came along, going either north or south, the first party was to let them pass until halted by the other party and then run out behind them and cut off their retreat. In this manner we would bag our

game; but if the enemy should be too strong for us to attack we were to keep concealed and let them pass.

We had not been long in position when the lookout reported a wagon and team coming from the railroad, driven by one man. So when he got in our trap two men stepped out and ordered him to halt, and opened the fence for him to drive in, and ordered him to drive up the ravine out of sight, which he did. We then got around him in order to hear the news. The poor fellow was nearly scared to death; thought he had fallen into the hands of Guerillas, and that his day had come; so he commenced praying and begging; but we soon assured him that he should not be hurt; that we were regular soldiers, out on a raid of our own get up; that all we wanted of him was all the information we could get, but if he did not tell us the truth he should surely die.

He then told us that he had been sent that morning to the railroad for a load of beef for the company. but as it did not come on the cars he had to return empty; that there were no scouting parties out that he knew of; that they did not scout much as it was too cold; that he had left two cavalrymen at the depot and each

one had a large sack of mail for the troops at Romney and they would be along in a short time; that the next day there would be five wagons leave camp and go up to Patterson's Creek, about eight miles west of camp, for hay; that there would be one man besides the driver to each wagon, and four or five cavalrymen as a guard, all armed with six shooters, and they would leave camp about sun up. He would not have to go, as he had gone that day to the depot.

In a few moments we saw the cavalrymen coming with the mail, and when they got into our trap we told them to ride in, and we had a fine time plundering the mail and reading love-letters to the boys in the army. We now had four horses and three prisoners. We would have paroled the prisoners, but had more work to do and were afraid to turn them loose. We did not want to be bothered with them and the horses on our next day's raid, so we concluded to send them back to the rear that night. Lieut. Blue then detailed three men to take them back to Lost River and there wait until we came.

As soon as it was dark three men started with the three prisoners, four horses and the

mail. and we started for the Frankfort road to be ready for the hay wagons the next day. We stayed all night with John Martin, who lived in a secluded place, put out a picket and passed the night comfortably.

Directly after daylight we were on the road about four miles west of Sprinfield, and two miles east of Frankfort. We divided in two squads, as the day before. We held a little council of war, as to the best method of procedure.

Ed. Montgomery said we should lay our trap and capture the whole outfit as they came from camp, and would have daylight to make our escape in, and they would not know anyth ng of it in camp until evening, and we would be too far ahead for pursuit. I replied that that was all very good if we succeeded in capturing all, but if any escaped they would only have four miles to go, while we would have to make a circuit of about ten before we could cross the road leading from Springfield to Romney, and they could cut us off and capture us. That I thought we had better wait until they had got their hay and capture them on their return. We could then burn the wagons and have the night to go out in, and they could not trail us after

dark. But we finally concluded to adopt Ed's plan, as our escapade of the day before would be found out before night, and our plans foiled.

It was a cold icy morning with a light snow on the ground. We did not have long to wait. We soon heard the wagons coming, rattling over the frozen ground, and prepared for them. There were pine bushes on each side of the road. I was in the front squad and was to halt the train. Our object was to capture, we did not want to kill any one, or fire a gun if we could help it. Our plan was a good one and would have succeeded well if the wagons had been closed up; but they were scattered along the road for a quarter of a mile. There were three cavalry men in advance, and when they got up to our post we ran out and halted them. One surrendered on the spot, but the other two wheeled and dashed into the pines, and made their escape. Some of the boys fired at them, but did no harm. I grabbed the reins of the horse belonging to the one who had surrendered, dismounted and disarmed him, and was about to mount when Ed. Montgomery came running up and wanted to ride back to the rear to see what was going on.

As soon as we halted the advance, the rear

squad ran out and captured one cavalry man; but there were three wagons that did not get into the trap.

The waggoners, and all who were with them, jumped out and ran at the first fire and let the horses go; so we had to run to the wagons, in order to keep the horses from running off.

There were five wagons and four guards. We got two of the guards and twelve horses; the balance escaped. As one man was running across the road Lieut. Blue shot at him and hit him in the arm. He then ran to where he was tracking him by the blood, and found him in the pines; took his pistol and let him go.

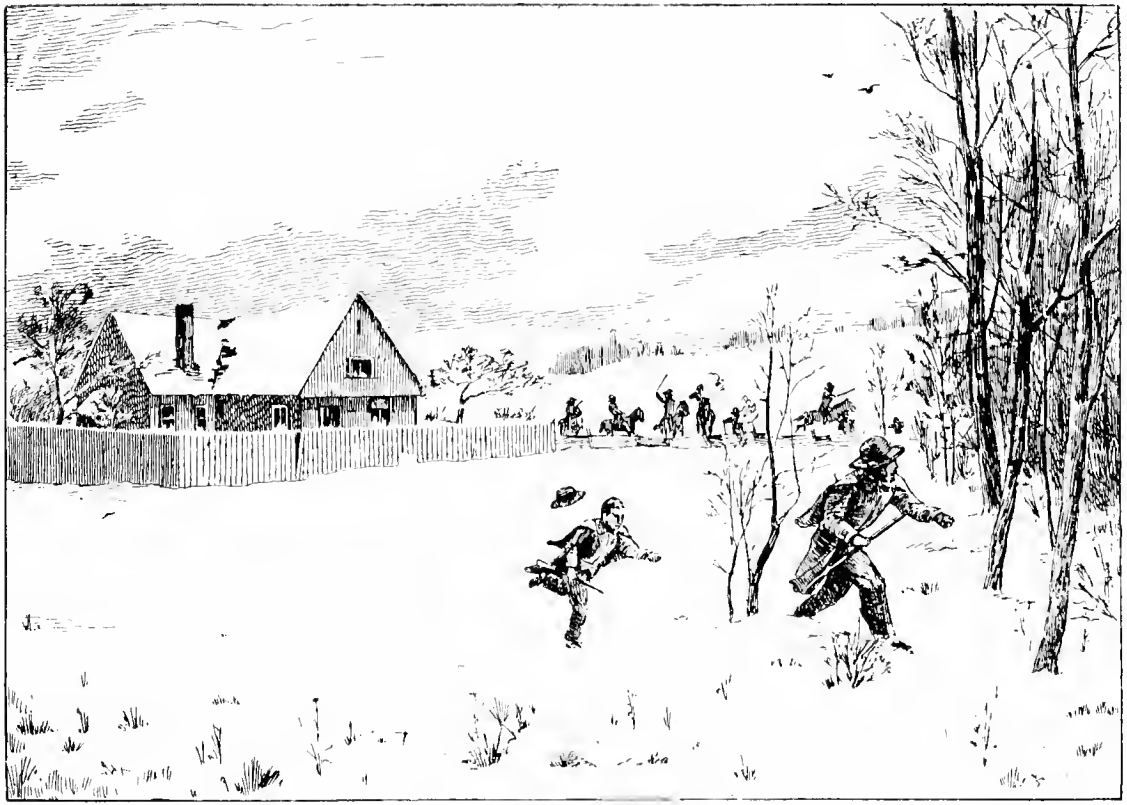
We were now in a critical condition. We were in rear of their camp and had to make a considerable circuit to get out. We had to cross the river, and the main road leading from Springfield to Romney, a distance of nine miles, and then an open country for two miles before we reached the mountains; and we knew they would soon have the news and be in hot pursuit. So we mounted at once. There were twelve of us, and twelve horses; but only two saddles. The two prisoners we took on behind us.

We laid whip and went as hard as we could

go over hill and hollow, through woods and fields, and never slackened up until we had crossed the river and the road leading to Romney. When we reached the foot of the mountain we halted to fix the saddle-blankets, and arrange the harness, which were still on the horses. I told the boys we had better get up the mountain side before we halt d for fear of being surprised; but they thought we were safe from pursuit. We were sadly disappointed, however, for in a few moments the head of the pursuing column came dashing over the hill not one hundred yards off.

Part of our men were dismounted, but we soon galloped off as fast as we could go, the enemy yelling and firing at us as rapidly as possible. We soon came to a fence running along at the foot of the mountain, and nine of us rode up to it, when Will Dailey threw off a few rails, and we passed through and up the steep mountain side.

Lieut. Blue, Montgomery and McGraw went to another place to get through, but just as they had succeeded in getting over the fence, and as Montgomery attempted to mount, his saddle turned. By this time the Yankees were upon them. They captured the three horses and Mc-



LIEUT. BLUE AND JNO. O. CASLER RUNNING THE GAUNTLET.

Graw. Lieut. Blue and Montgomery ran and hid in the laurels and escaped.

At the first onset we had released the prisoners, and told them to take care of themselves. The nine of us that were together, went up the mountain through the brush as fast as we could go, the bullets rattling around us, and the Yankees in hot pursuit. We nearly all lost our hats, and Will Dailey had his eye put out by a brush.

We had made no calculation for a fight after we captured the wagons. We knew our only chance was in flight; but if we had posted ourselves at the foot of the mountain we could have ambushed and repulsed them. We did not want to hurt any one, nor get hurt ourselves, if we could avoid it. We had made a good capture and wanted to get away with our booty. As we got near the top of the mountain our pursuers fell behind, and we made sure the other three had been captured at the foot of the mountain.

The horse I was riding happened to be the oldest in the outfit, and gave out before we reached the top. I had to dismount and lead him. The other boys wanted to wait for me, but I told them to save themselves, and I would try to take care of myself the best I could. So

they went on as fast as possible. After reaching the top I came to an open field, and seeing a thicket of pines off to my right, I thought I would hide my horse there and then hide myself until the storm had passed.

I went to the thicket and concealed the horse the best I could and then passed out. After going a short distance I saw the trail where my companions had just passed along. I thought I was leaving the trail and had come back on it again; but it was too late then to go back and move the horse. Seeing a small house not far off, I went to it, not knowing whether they were friends or foes. I went into the house and enquired how long since our boys had passed along.

"About half an hour," the man said dubiously

I sat there a few minutes when the dog commenced barking. On looking out of the window, I saw the blue coats coming over the hill. I jumped up instantly.

"Where will I hide?" I ask him.

"There is no place to hide here." he replied.

I knew then I was in the hands of a Union man. Seeing a door leading to another room,

I started for it, but recollecting I had left my gun outside I stepped to the door and got it, and then ran into the other room and crawled under the bed that was there and got behind some wool that was under the bed. By this time some of the Yankees were in the house, and I heard them inquiring about our fellows. They never suspicioned I was in there and soon went out on the porth; the man of the house following them. While they were talking out there I heard a little girl crying in the next room.

"Oh! mother, don't tell," she pleaded.

"Hush up! I am going to tell the truth if they ask me. This is no way of stealing horses from one another."

"Well," I thought, "I am gone up for ninety days, no Providence preventing."

But the Yanks never came in the house any more and what few stopped for information soon mounted and went on. As soon as they were gone the man came to the door and says, "You had better get out of here as quick as possible; they have gone now, but will soon return."

I felt considerably relieved for my heart was in my mouth all the time I was under that bed. As I came out I looked at this woman

as savage as I could, and said "you would have told on me would you?" She never looked up and I passed on out and went back and looked for my horse, but he was gone. He must have nickered as they passed by, and they probably took him.

Now I knew Lieut. Blue had left his horse at Mr. Jack Thompson's, about two miles from where I then was. Therefore I concluded, as he had been captured at the foot of the mountain, I would go to Thompson's and get his horse, and wait in the bushes until dark and then escape. I went on, and when I got there I found the family had all gone to church, except the blacks, it being Sunday. I told the black woman all about our adventure, and that I came for the horse, but that I wanted something to eat as I was hungry as a dog. She hurried around and soon had a dinner prepared, and just as I was commencing to eat who should step in but Lieut. Blue himself.

"Why, Lieutenant!" I exclaimed, "I thought you were captured!"

"I thought so too," says he, "but they happened to ride over me while I was hid in the laurels and did not see me."

He then told me that Montgomery had es-

caped in the same manner, but that McGraw was captured, and we had lost the finest horse of the bunch.

He said he came for his horse but that we had better eat some and then hide in the woods until night. So we sat down and ate a hearty meal leaving the black woman on picket at the door.

As soon as we were done we started out, when Blue remarked that he was "so tired."

Just then the black woman threw up her hands and exclaimed, "Lord God! men, here dey is."

We were just passing out the door onto the porch. and, sure enough, there they were close to the yard fence. They commenced firing at us and hollowing to us to halt, but we ran down the steps and around the end of the house. As we passed through the yard the little negroes there set up such a yelling and squalling as I never heard before in all my life. I thought they were all shot by the racket they made.

As we passed around the end of the house I said to Blue, "Oh! let's give up they will be sure to kill us if we run."

"They will kill us any how if they get us, and we may as well run for it," he replied. He kept on running and I after him. They had to

ride around the house to get a view of us, and by that time we were running along by a fence. We had to get over the fence and run across a large field to the woods. I can never tell how I got over that fence; whether I jumped over, rolled over, or crawled over, any way, I got over, and then we had to run the gauntlett, for by this time, there were forty Yankees ranged along that fence. Each one emptied his carbine and six-shooter at us as we ran across the field. They were so sure of killing us that they never attempted to pull down the fence and ride us down, which they conld have done before we reached the woods.

Now I will explain how I know all this to be true. They had McGraw prisoner at the time, and he was sitting on a horse and witnessed it and heard what they said. McGraw was sent to "Camp Chase," Ohio, to prison; and I saw him, after he was exchanged, when he told me all about it. He knew how many there were, and that they emptied their arms firing at us. He said he expected to see us drop every minute.

I expected it too for the bullets rattled around us on every side, and when we reached the woods they were spatting the trees. As

we ran across the field Lieut. Blue threw down his carbine; but I held on to my rifle.

The woods were very open, and we kept on running as long as we had breath to run. After we had stopped running and were walking along, all at once—bang! bang! bang! came from the rear. They were still after us. We started off again on the run and ran as quick as if we had not run any that day. I then undertook to throw down my Enfield rifle behind a log; but as I threw it, the hook in the gun strap caught in my overcoat, and it dragged along. Said I, "old fellow if you don't want to eave me I will hold on to you and we will both die together" So I picked it up and went on.

At last we reached some thick underbrush and lay down perfectly exhausted. We heard no more of the enemy then, but concluded they were surrounding the piece of woods we were in, and would have us anyhow. So we concluded we had had better try and get across the road, and then we would be in woods they could not surround.

We were sneaking along as cautiously as we could, and had nearly got to the road, when we heard horses feet. We dropped to the ground, when the command rode by, not one hundred

yards from us. They appeared to have given us up and were on their way to camp. There were eighty of them when they first came on us, but had afterwards divided.

We lay there until after dark, two of the worst demoralized lads that ever shouldered a gun. I came very near being captured three times that day, and I don't know how many times I came near being killed. I was afraid of my own shadow. To hear a brush crack would frighten me. Oh! I was terribly used up. If I had seen another yankee, I would have run all night, I think.

After it had been dark awhile we concluded we would slip back to Thompson's and see if the horses were still there, but we were afraid the yankees had left part of their force on the lookout for us. Finally, however, we started, and after going some distance, we heard some one talking. We jumped over the fence and lay down in the grass, but it was only some people going to church. We then ventured on, and when we arrived at Thompson's we found the horse was still there, and that the blacks had seen Lieut. Blue throw down his carbine and had gone out in the field and found it. We saddled up the horse and

left. We concluded to go to a Union man's house near there and stay all night. If they searched for us they would hardly search his house; and then we knew he was an honest Union man—a Union man from principle, not a Union man for devilment, as some were. He said we should stay all night, but if they came to search for us he would have to tell them we were there; but said he would manage that we should have a chance to escape first. We knew we could trust him, and we slept—"oh! how sweetly!"

It was one of the most eventful days of my life, and I always call it "Running the Gauntlett." The next morning we started on to Lost river to meet the balance of our party at the place we had appointed; but when we got there we found none but Will Dailey, who was suffering from the loss of his eye. They had all escaped safely, but had concluded that we were captured and so went on to Gen. Imboden's camp in Augusta County. It was therefore arranged that I should go to camp with Lieut. Blue, and he would make sale of our captures, and divide it equally. I was then to return with my share, and Dailey's, when Miller, Dailey and myself were to go to our own command in eastern Virginia.

XII.

AT IMBODEN'S CAMP—Joins his Command—Court-martialed Building Roadways—Gets Religion—How to get Extra Rations—Detailed in the Pioneer Corps.

We parted there, I going with Lieut. Blue, and Miller and Daily remaining. I have never seen them from that day to this, for reasons I shall relate hereafter. In a few days we reached Gen. Imboden's camp, when our captures were put up at public sale and sold to the highest bidder, and the money divided, which amounted to four hundred dollars apiece in Confederate money.

There was a soldier in camp who had a broken down horse, and he wanted to send him home to Hampshire to recruit, so he got me to ride him back. Two of the Pownell boys who had just returned from prison, were going home to recruit, so the three of us started back for Hampshire together. After two days march we stopped for the night at Mr Thompson's, in Rockingham County. After dark there were three other soldiers came to stay all night. While conversing around the fire that evening,

they inquired what command we belonged to. The Pownell boys told them they belonged to Imboden's command, and I told them I belonged to the 33rd Va., in Lee's army.

When we went to bed that night, Mr. Thompson told us that those soldiers were conscript officers and gathering up all absentees from Lee's army, and if I did not have a pass he was afraid they would arrest me in the morning, that I had better told them I belonged to Imboden's cavalry. I told him I would not deny my command.

Sure enough the next morning they told me as I had no pass, they would have to arrest me and send me back to my command under guard. I explained matters to them; that Sergt. Miller had the pass and I was on my way to report to him; but it all did no good; I had to leave the horse there and go with them to Harrisonburg, a distance of eight miles, and was put in the guard house. I hated it very much; not because I had to go back to the army, but because I had to go back under arrest. I knew my officers knew nothing of the circumstances of my absence so long, and that I would be court martialed, without Miller should appear and relieve me.

I was sent off from Harrisonburg in a few

days with about thirty other absentees from our division. We marched to Staunton and then took the cars for Guinea Station. After arriving there we were conducted about six miles, to Gen. Trimble's headquarters, who was com manding the division, when we were ordered to our respective brigade guard houses. I found two or three hundred in the guard house, and the court martial in full blast. Punishments of all kinds were being inflicted on the prisoners, such as shot to death, whipped, heads shaved and drummed out of service, riding wooden horses, wearing barrel shirts, and all other punishments' in the catalogue of military court martials.

I soon sent word to Capt. Wm. Powell commanding my company, of my situation, when he came to see me in the guard house. I explained to him how matters stood, and he said he would have me out in a few days; that I should not be punished much, but that I had been reported "absent without leave" and would have to be court martialed; but it should be done in the regiment and should not go to a Brigade court.

During this time Col. Edmond Lee, colonel of our regiment had died from sickness; Lieut. Col. Holliday, who lost his arm, was assigned to oth-

er duty, and Maj. Grace had resigned, therefore Capt. A. Spangler of Co. F ("Hardy Greys") was colonel of the regiment. So Col. Spangler, Capt. Herrell and Capt. Eastman composed the court martial and they all knew me personally. When I appeared before them for trial and explained to them where I had been and what I had done, and that I had never been home during the time that I was absent, (for my parents lived then in Frederick county,) they said they would make the punishment as light as possible. It resulted in my being put on extra duty for ten days, when I was released.

At this time the roads had become so muddy and bad between our camp and Guinea Station, a distance of eight miles, that it was almost impossible to haul rations for the army; so there was a detail of one hundred men made from our division to make pole or corduroy roads from camp to the railroad station. Some were taken out of each regiment and there were twenty-two regiments in our division. It fell to my lot to go and work the road.

We were put in command of Lieut. Cockerell of the 2d Reg. and camped about half way between our camp and the station. We would cut down pine poles, (there were thickets of them

close by,) and lay them crosswise, put some brush on top and then throw some dirt on that and make a splendid road.

At the time I left the brigade at Winchester the army was on the march to Fredericksburg, on the Rappahannock river. They arrived there and fought the battle of Fredericksburg the 13th of December, 1862, and defeated Gen. Burnside, commanding the Federal army. He fell back across the river and was relieved of his command, and another "on to Richmond" was upset by the superior generalship of Lee, Jackson and Longstreet.

During our raid in Hampshire county we remained on Jersey mountain, at different places, for some time. While there a Methodist revival was going on. We frequently attended church at night; and through the influence and earnest working of Miss Sallie Cain, afterwards Mrs. Sallie Harper (an old school-mate of mine) who was teaching school there, Lieut. Blue, Mart Miller and myself became seekers of religion and made a profession and joined the church. We soon afterwards separated, never to see each other again in this world. How Miller held out I never heard, but have heard that he died sometime after the war.

"Stonewall" Jackson mortally wounded, May 2, 1863.

As for myself, I have not lived up to the doctrines of christianity as I should. At times I have been wild and reckless, and continuing in the army as I did amongst wild companions, naturally retrograded considerably; but I never forgot the teachings of pious parents nor the good offices of Miss Sallie, nor the pleasure I experienced in trying to be good.

Lieut. Monroe Blue, as I afterwards learned, for I never saw him after parting with him in Gen. Imboden's camp, was shortly afterward, captured by the enemy and taken to "Johnson's Island," an officers' prison near Sandusky, O. As they were removing him and some other officers to Ft. Delaware, he jumped from the train in the dead of night while it was running at full speed, after having knocked down the sentinel who was guarding the door, and, by traveling at night and hiding in the day-time, finally reached Virginia. He went to his command, but was afterwards killed at the battle of New Hope in Augusta county. He lived faithful to his professions to the end; and a better soldier never stood in ranks. Peace to his ashes.

Gen. Lee's army remained in winter quarters near Guinea Station all winter picketing along the Rappahannock. The enemy were on the opposite side. Our detail continued to work

the road until about the first of April when we were taken down to the river at Skinker's Neck and commenced fortifying along the hills near the river between Fredericksburg and Port Royal. We drew plenty of rations and more sugar than we had use for, and would trade sugar to the negroes for corn meal. We drew plenty of flour but little corn meal. One day Bill Grady was "sick" and we told him to take our sugar (about ten pounds) and trade it off. When we came in at night and I saw the small quantity of meal that he had I asked him how he had traded. He said "pound for pound, of course." He thought that was the way to trade, he said. He never heard the last of "pound for pound." One pound of sugar was worth ten pounds of corn meal. The devices resorted to by the soldiers to procure extra rations may be interesting to those who never dream of want of "grub" in these times of peace. I will relate an instance.

Our rations were drawn from the commisary at Guinea Station. One day when the wagon went after flour, two of my mess went along to help. They were to get eight barrels of flour. Sewell Merchant, one of the detail, was in the wagon and when the first barrel was rolled in left it lying on its side, and the other eight he sat up on

the end. So when the commissary Sergt. looked in the wagon from the rear, he could see but eight. "All right," said he, and they drove off to camp, but before reaching camp they halted and rolled the extra barrel out and hid it in the pines. That night several of our mess took sacks and went to where the barrel was hid and carried the flour to camp, and we had extra rations for some time.

We were expecting the spring campaign to open most any time, and the army was making preparations to move or fight as the case might be. Lieut. Cockerell had orders to organize a regular pioneer corps of 100 men and to select the best workmen out of the force that he had; principally mechanics, who could build bridges, pontoons, etc., and was furnished a wagon load of tools. He had one man who was a shoemaker, to cobble up the shoes as they wore out. One day, as we were cutting down some trees that would be in the way of our artillery, a limb, as it fell hit the axe of the shoemaker and drove it into his leg, making a fearful wound. He was sent to the hospital and soon died.

The Lieut. said he must have another shoemaker in his corps, and some of them told him that I was a shoemaker, when he had me regularly detailed in the Pioneer Corps.

I did not want to belong to it for on the march we had to go in front of the division and carry our shovels, picks and axes, and repair the roads and bridges when necessary; and when a fight came off we had to go into the fight with a battery of artillery to cut out roads for them in the woods, or cut down timber in front that obstructed their view of the enemy, and remove blockades, ect. When lying in camp we had to repair roads and make breastworks, so it was all work and danger, and no play; although it was not as dangerous as being in the line of battle with a musket, for we had a chance to protect ourselves when at work. Sometimes also we had nothing to do during the fight; but we had to be there in readiness, should we be needed. We never let an opportunity slip to protect ourselves the best we could by digging holes to get into in case of emergency, or finding some gully that would protect us. As soon as a battle was over we had to bury the dead. Each division in Lee's army had a Pioneer Corps, from that time, until the end of the war.

XIII.

Battle of Chancellorsville—Jackson's Flank Movement—Receives His Death Wounds—Description of the Battle—Incidents—In Camp at Hamilton's Crossing Near Fredricksburg—Last Words of "Stonewall"—The Rappahannock Divides the Armies—From April 29th to May 11th, 1863.

On the 29th of April, 1863, we left our winter quarters and marched up the river to Hamilton's Crossing, near Fredricksburg, about twelve miles from Chancellorsville.

[NOTE.—Fredricksburg is on the Rappahannock river. Chancellorsville, a mere hamlet, is about twelve miles above, and to the northwest, and some two miles from the Rappahannock at its nearest point, where there is a shallow place called the United States ford.

Hamilton's Crossing a station on the Richmond & Potomac Railroad, is also about two miles from the river at Fredricksburg.

A turnpike road runs between Hamilton's Crossing and Chancellorsville, keeping at some distance from the river.

The country around Chancellorsville is high and rolling, and covered with timber interspersed with dense undergrowth, with an occasional farm; and on the south and west forming what was called the "Wilderness."]

We found the whole army on the move, and formed in line of battle. Gen. Joe Hooker,

("Fighting Joe,") commanding the Federal army, was threatening to cross the river and some artillery and skirmish fighting was going on.

We now had six divisions of infantry: Early's, A. P Hill's, D. H. Hill's (commanded by Gen. Rodes,) and Trimble's commanded by Gen. Colston,) all belonging to Jackson's corps; and Anderson's and McLaw's divisions, belonging to Longstreet's corps. Gen. Longstreet was down in southeastern Virginia near Suffolk with his other three divisions, and did not come to us until after the battle of Chancellorsville.

We maneuvered around near Fredricksburg until the 1st of May, when we all marched twelve miles up the river near Chancellorsville, (excepting Gen. Early's division,) as Gen. Hooker had crossed the main part of his army and fortified at Chancellorsville. Hooker had left Sedgwick's 6th corps at Fredricksburg to attract Lee's and Jackson's attention, while he massed his forces at another place. Stuart's cavalry, however, soon informed them of the movement up the river. If all Lee's army had marched against Hooker, the Federals could have crossed at Fredricksburg and come in on our rear So Gen. Early was left there to watch their movements. In the morning on the sec-

ond of May our army was lying in line of battle in front of Gen. Hooker, near Chancellorsville, facing westward.

Three divisions of our corps under Jackson started on the march and moved south for a while, and we could hear skirmishing on our right. We could not imagine where we were going. We continued marching through fields and woods, until about three o'clock in the afternoon. The day was hot, and we marched fast—the men throwing away their overcoats and blankets.

The other two divisions were in front of ours and we began to think Jackson was on one of his flank movements, when one of his couriers came back and told our Gen. to hurry up his command as Gen. Jackson was waiting for it to form in line. We knew then there was business on hand. Our Pioneer Corps always marched in front of the division near the Gen. and staff, and was under directions from the engineers; consequently we heard and knew more of the movements of the army than generally falls to the lot of a private.

In a short time about three miles southwest of Chancellorsville we came to a road leading from Orange C. H. through Chancellorsville to

Fredericksburg. We were halted and the three divisions formed in three lines of battle across the road to the right and left—one division in rear of the other. Gen. Rodes formed the first line, our division the second, and Gen. A. P Hill's the third, facing to the east, directly opposite to our position in the morning.

As yet not a gun had been fired ; everything was still and quiet; the troops were tired and moved about noiselessly; there were thick woods and underbrush on each side of the road with an occasional field or farm. While resting in this position a courier came to us who was acquainted with some of our boys, and said we were in rear of the Yankees, and that he could not tell how it was, but we would soon see the greatest move of the war.

In a few moments Lieut. Heindrix, one of the engineers, came and said he wanted ten pioneers to go with him to remove a blockade in the road. I was one of the ten. We moved down the road in front and commenced clearing the road of trees that had been felled across it. There were four pieces of artillery there waiting to move forward. They unlimbered one piece, and we helped them to get it over the blockade before we had it cleared. They then fired a shot

down the road, and moved on. At the same time the three lines of infantry moved forward at double quick with a yell. I learned afterwards that the firing of the gun was a signal for all to move; and move they did with a vengeance, and moved everything in front of them.

We soon got the blockade open and all the artillery through. We then came to another blockade and soon opened that. I heard two or three shells come tearing up the road from the enemy, but heard nothing else from them until we got to Chancellorsville after dark.

It was a running fight for three miles. We took them completely by surprise, and our three divisions got merged into one line of battle, all going forward at full speed. Our artillery did not have time to unlimber and fire, they had to keep in a trot to keep up with the infantry. We ran through the enemy's camps, where they were cooking supper. Tents were standing, and camp-kettles were on the fire full of meat. I saw a big Newfoundland dog lying in one tent as quietly as if nothing had happened. We had a nice chance to plunder their camps and search the dead; but the men were afraid to stop, as they had to keep with the artillery and were near a good many officers, who might whack them over the head with their swords if they

saw them plundering; but the temptation was too great, and sometimes they would run their hands in some of the dead men's pockets as they hurried along, but seldom procured anything of value.

I saw a wounded man lying beside the road and had got past him; but noticing he was an officer, I ran back to him to get his sword and pistol. I asked him if he was wounded badly. He said he was not. He was shot through the foot but thought he would lie there until the fight was over; that he was a captain of some Ohio regiment. I took off his belt and sword, which was a very fine one, but I found no pistol in the scabbard. I asked him where the pistol was, and he said he supposed he must have lost it in the fight, that he did not know it was gone; but I thought he had it hid in his bosom, so I unbuttoned his coat and searched him for it but could not find it. He declared he did not have it, but he had a fine gold watch and chain. I was looking at it, when he told me to take it along; but I would not do it. I told him that as he was wounded and a prisoner I would let him keep it; but I was sorry afterwards that I did not take it, for I saw him after the battles were over at the field hospital, when he told me that I had not left him ten minutes before some soldier came along and took his watch.

It was the 11th U. S. Army Corps that we first attacked, and demoralized. Another corps was sent to their assistance, but were likewise repulsed. Our army did not halt until dark when we came to the enemy's fortified position in and around Chancellorsville.

Our officers then commenced forming the men in line, and getting them in some kind of order, but the men kept up a terrible noise and confusion, hollowing for this regiment and that regiment, until it seemed that there were not more than three or four of any regiment together. They were all mixed up in one confused mass. The enemy could hear us distinctly by the noise we made. They located us precisely, and immediately opened on us with twenty pieces of artillery, at short range, and swept the woods and road with the most terrific and destructive shelling that we were subjected to during the war

Charlie Cross, Sam Nunnelly, Jake Fogle and myself were together in the road when the shelling commenced. We stepped to one side and happened to find a sink or low place, where a tree had blown down sometime in the past, and laid down in it. We filled it up even with the ground, and it seemed as if the shells did not miss us more than six inches. Some would

strike in front of us, scattering the dirt all over us. I believe If I had stuck my head up a few inches I would have been killed.

We could hear some one scream out every second in the agonies of death. Jake Fogle kept praying all the time. Every time a shell would pass directly over us Jake would say, "Lord, save us this time!" "Lord, save us this time!" Sam Nunnelly, a wild reckless fellow, would laugh at him, and say, "Pray on, Jake!" "Pray on, Jake!" and the two kept that up as long as the shelling lasted. Cross and I tried to get Sam to hush, but it was no use.

Our infantry and artillery did not reply, as we did not have a piece in position. It stood in the road just where they left it when they drove up, and every man of them was laying as close to the ground as he could get. They dug "nose holes" to get closer. The Yankees soon ceased firing, however, and the men commenced calling for their commands again, making as much noise as ever. Immediately we were treated to another dose of shells as terrific as before, and with fearful effect, but for some reason it was not long continued.

If the enemy had known our situation, and the good range they had on us, and had kept it up, they would literally have torn us to pieces

and nearly annihilated our corps that night. It was fortunate for us that they kept it up no longer; but it was fearful while it lasted. It was sometime during the shelling that Gen. Jackson was wounded, which resulted in his death one week afterwards.

I happened to hear of it that night, but it was not known to many of the soldiers. I was standing near some officers who were on horseback, and heard them say something about Gen. Jackson being wounded, and it surprised me so much that I stepped up to them and asked them if he was wounded badly. One of them replied that he was slightly wounded, and told me to go on to my command.

The next morning that road was covered for some distance with dead men torn to pieces; dead horses, cannon wheels, cannon broken off at the trunions, cassions overturned, and desolation generally

That night, it seems, Gen. Jackson and his staff had gone in front of our line of skirmishers to reconnoiter, in order to throw his corps between the enemy and the river, when he met their line of skirmishers advancing. He wheeled at once and came back rapidly. Our line, mistaking him and his staff for the enemy,

fired a volley into them with fatal effect, killing several of them and wounding others. Gen. Jackson was shot throught the right hand and received two balls through the left arm. He had to lie there during the shelling, and nearly bled to death before his wounds were staunched.

They finally got him on a stretcher and started to the rear, when some of the bearers were cut down and he fell heavily to the ground opening the wounds afresh. They finally got him to the ambulance, and he was taken to the field hospital, where Dr. Hunter McGuire amputated his left arm near the shoulder.

The battle that day was only a prelude to what was to follow on the next two days. Gen. Hooker had massed his troops that night and strengthened his works and constructed new ones. The next morning, the 3rd of May, Gen. J. E. B. Stuart took command of our corps and attacked the enemy on the flank, while Gen. Lee attacked in front.

Before Gen. Stuart took command of the corps he saw Jackson and attempted to ascertain from him what his plans were.

"Form your own plans, general" said Jackson.

What Jackson's plans were at the time he was wounded was the subject of speculation at the

"STONEWALL" BRIGADE MARCHING INTO PENNSYLVANIA.

time, and has been ever since. It was discussed among the soldiers in the field who generally believed that if Jackson had succeeded in getting in the rear of the enemy, between Chancellorsville and the river (and it has been claimed this was his object) he would have been powerless to prevent Hood's retreat across the Rappahannock at United States Ford; and that an attempt to hold the Ford would have been disastrous.

But I am not writing a history of the war, only of my experiences in the army. I will leave that to those wise men who are presumed to know all about it. But I am satisfied no one but Jackson himself ever knew exactly what his plans were at that time.

It would be well also to remember that couriers are soldiers taken from the ranks; that couriers have opportunities to learn more military secrets than even staff officers; that they have comrades in the army, and that intelligent soldiers composed the rank and file of both armies. The reader can form his own conclusions.

It was charge after charge through thick underbrush, as the cry of, "Remember Stonewall Jackson," ran along the lines, until the works

were gained; the enemy driven off the field and our troops in possession of his strongest position. But at what cost? The loss of life was fearful — some of our regiments being decimated.

A large brick house was fired by our shells, and it was said that Gen. Hooker was standing by one of the columns of the porch when a shell struck it and exploded. A Federal battery of six or eight guns, near the house, was entirely disabled, not a live horse, or whole cannon being left. Many of the cannoneers were found dead.

We fortified that night in order to hold our position, as we did not know how Gen. Early would succeed in driving the enemy back at Fredricksburg. Several brigades had been sent to his assistance and we soon learned that the enemy, under Gen. Sedgwick, had been compelled to retreat across the river.

Meanwhile Gen. Lee was not idle, but kept hammering away all day at Chancellorsville, driving the enemy back at some points, and holding his own everywhere. That night, Gen. Hooker, finding all his plans frustrated and his army defeated at both points, hastily retreated across the Rappahannock, leaving a good many prisoners, arms, artillery, etc., in our hands.

Our pioneer corps then went to work burying the dead, when I witnessed the most horrible sight my eyes ever beheld. On the left of our line, where the Louisianna brigade had fought the last evening of the battle, and where they drove the enemy about one mile through the woods, and then in turn fell back to their own position, the scene beggars description. The dead and badly wounded from both sides were lying where they fell. The woods, taking fire that night from the shells, burnt rapidly and roasted the wounded men alive. As we went to bury them we could see where they had tried to keep the fire from them by scratching the leaves away as far as they could reach. But it availed not—they were burnt to a crisp. The only way we could tell to which army they belonged, was by turning them over and examining their clothing where they lay close to the ground. There we would usually find some of their clothing that was not burned, so we could see whether they wore the blue or gray We buried them all alike by covering them up with dirt where they lay. It was the most sickening sight I saw during the war and I wondered whether the American people were civilized or not, to butcher one another in that manner; and I came to the conclusion that we were barbarians, North and South alike.

Three of our Pioneers were badly wounded by shells during the battle, and Lieut. Pownell who had lately been elected lieutenant of my company, was mortally wounded, and died at the field hospital. I had given him the handsome sword I got at the first days fight; but never saw him or the sword afterwards.

After everything was quiet we moved down in the neighborhood of Hamilton's crossing and went into camp, and the doctors were busy for sometime, embalming dead bodies and sending them to their friends south by rail.

Our loss was estimated at ten thousand five hundred; the enemy's at eighteen thousand; but we lost Jackson who was a whole corps in himself. Gen. Lee's force was fifty thousand men, Gen. Hooker's army was estimated at one hundred and twenty-five thousand. The Federal army was better prepared to continue the fight than we were, for the difference in numbers was greater after the battles than before. Gen. Hooker's army lay on the north side of the river with pickets along the bank, while ours was on the south bank. The picket guard of each army would go in swimming together, and trade coffee and tobacco, and be as friendly as if nothing had happened. Such is war.

Gen. Jackson was taken to a private house near the crossing, the best physicians attending him, and his wife and daughter, (Miss Julia then two years old,) came to see him. Our old brigade would inquire after him every day, and the news was that he was doing well, and we thought that he would soon be with us. But alas! vain hope! death is no respecter of persons, and we were doomed never to see him again. He suddenly got worse, and died on the 10th of May, 1863. We were terribly shocked, for we thought from what we had heard that he would surely recover.

A great many of the boys said then our star of destiny would fade, and that our cause would be lost without Jackson; as there was no general who could execute a flank movement with so much secrecy and surprise as he could. So it proved to be; but the war might have ended the same as it did had he lived. Though the destiny of a nation may appear to be in one man's hands sometimes, yet there is One above all who control both men and nations.

But I believed at the time, and believe now, and always shall believe, that if we had had Jackson with us at the battle of Gettysburg he would have flanked the enemy off those heights

with his corps, if he had to take one day's rations and go around by Washington City to get there. He would have found his rear if he had any.

Gen. Jackson would order some other general to hold some position at all hazards, and the general would reply that he was afraid he could not hold it if the enemy should press him. Jackson would say "you must hold it; my men sometimes fail to drive the enemy, but the enemy always fail to drive my men."

Gen. Stuart had reported to him that a considerable force had crossed the river above Chancellorsville, and threatened his left. He then sent one brigade up there after dark with orders to form a line when they came in view of the Federals, to fire three volleys and then return and take their place in line of battle. They did so, and the consequence was the force of Federals at that ford remained there during the next two days' fight, fortifying their position for fear of an attack. Such was the strategy of "Stonewall." Shortly after he was wounded, and when the enemy were rushing up fresh troops, Gen. Pender told him that his men were in such confusion that he feared he would not be able to hold his ground.

"Gen. Pender," said Jackson, "you MUST keep your men together and hold your ground."

"This was the last military order ever given by Jackson. The last sentence he ever uttered was "Let us pass over the river and rest under the shade of the trees."

Before his death he sent Gen. Lee word that he had lost his left arm. Gen. Lee replied that he (Lee) had lost his right arm in losing him.

After his death orders came to the "Stonewall Brigade" to be in readiness to march to the house where Jackson lay a corpse and escort the procession to the railroad depot, to be sent to Richmond. The brigade, rigged up in the best they had, cleaned their arms and were anxious to go, and kept waiting impatiently until, finally, the order was countermanded and we did not get to see him.

We all thought very hard of it, for we wished to show our respect for our beloved commander, and gaze on his face once more; but that small privilege was denied us. His only escort was some doctors and officials who never saw him in battle, while the men who had followed him from Harper's Ferry to Chancellorsville, had to lay idly in camp.

XIV.

RE-ORGANIZATION—The Army of Northern Virginia—To Culpeper, Front Royal, Winchester, Shepherdstown, Williamsport, Hagerstown and up the Cumberland Valley to Carlisle—The Fight at Winchester---Stragglers Capture a Brigade---Grotesque Cavalry Company---Incidents of the March into Pennsylvania.

Gen. Paxton, commanding the Stonewall brigade, was killed at Chancellorsville, and Gen. Walker, who was Colonel of the 13th Va., was put in command. Gen. Trimble, division commander, being unfit for service by reason of sickness, Gen. Ed. Johnson took command of the division—Gen. Colston, the former commander having been killed at Chancellorsville. Johnson always carried a big hickory club or cane; and when he got mad could work his ears like a mule, so he had the name in the army of "Clubby Johnson."

Our army lay in camp near Hamilton's crossing; nothing of interest transpiring, except a thorough re-organization of the troops.

There were nine divisions in the first and second corps, five in Longstreets, and four in Jackson's, up to the time of the re-organization.

After Jackson's death, about the 20th of May, 1863, the army was formed into three infantry corps, of three divisions each. The first corps was composed of Hood's, Pickett's and McLaw's, divisions, and commanded by Gen. Longstreet; the second of Johnson's, Early's and Rodes', commanded by Gen. Ewell; and the third of Anderson's, Pender's and Heth's divisions, commanded by Gen. A. P Hill.

The cavalry was formed into one corps, commanded by Gen. J. E. B Stuart; the artillery corps by Gen. Pendleton (formerly captain of the Rockbridge artillery), and the whole army by Gen. Robert E. Lee.

The different divisions, brigades and regiments, previous to this time, had been scattered over different portions of Virginia, and had been called at different times "the army of the Monongahela," "the army of the Potomac," and "the army of the Shenandoah;" but was now consolidated and called "the army of Northern Virginia;" although there were detachments often sent away to operate at different points.

Our division, commanded by Gen. Edward Johnson, consisted of four brigades, nearly all Virginians. The 1st and 3rd North Carolina

regiments were in the 3rd brigade, and part of the time the "Maryland Line" was attached to that brigade The fourth brigade was composed of the 1st, 2nd, 10th, 14th and 15th Louisiana regiments.

The second division was composed of Virginians, North Carolinians and Louisianans, and commanded by Gen. Jubal A. Early.

The third division was composed of Georgians, Alabamians and North Carolinians, and commanded by Gen. R. E. Rhodes.

The infantry and cavalry were always casting jokes at one another, as they passed. The infantry would ask them how long it took for "them things to grow out on a man's heels" (referring to their spurs); and "who ever saw a dead man with spurs on?" They would reply: "If it was'nt for them things you'd lose your wagon trains;" intimating they would have to protect them while we retreated. We would ask the North Carolinians if they had any "tar" and call them "tar heels." They would reply that they were just out, as they had let us Virginians have all they had to make us *stick* in the last fight, and call us "sorebacks," as they had knocked all the skin off our backs, running over us to get into battle.

And so it would go; but all in the best of humor, knowing that all did their duty.

About the first of June we got orders to cook three days rations and be ready to move at a moments warning. Our pioneer troops were in camp a short distance from the station, and did not get orders for rations until near night, as they had neglected us. So, when the orders did come, we had to be in a hurry. We had to draw our rations from the commissary at the "crossing" and cook them that night. Therefore, in order to lose no time, our sergeant detailed about twenty of us to go with him to the commissary and carry them to camp. When we got there all hands were busy weighing and packing up, and we had to wait some time. While waiting, Sam Nunnelly of the 21st Va. and myself, noticed a large pile of hams lying there with no one guarding them. We soon stole a ham a piece, and hid them, and told some of the other boys about it. When we drew our rations and got back to camp we found we had nine extra hams for our trouble; which was a fine treat, and kept us in extra rations for sometime. The bacon the soldiers drew, was side meat, the hams being reserved for the officers. We never let an opportunity pass to get extra

rations no matter if we had to steal them—never forgetting the motto that, "everything is fair in war."

On the third of June our army, Ewell's corps, took up the line of march. Our corps went west through Culpepper C. H. and into camp a few miles beyond, where we remained but a few days. We were soon ordered to fall in, and were marched in a hurry back through Culpepper. We heard the enemy's cavalry had recrossed the Rappahannock, and that there was fighting at Brandy Station, about twenty-five miles up the river from Chancellorsville. We were soon halted and remained there about an hour; then marched back to camp. We found out that it was a general cavalry fight, and one of the hardest cavalry engagements of the war.

The enemy's cavalry had crossed in force, and took our cavalry by surprise. They had some advantage at the start, but we soon rallied and were reinforced by other brigades. It was a desperate hand to hand conflict; but our cavalry soon got the best of them and they retreated across the river.

I saw more men cut with the sabre that day than I ever saw before or have seen since. My uncle, R. S. D. Heironimus, belonging to Ros-

ser's brigade, was severely wounded by being cut on the head with a sabre, laying the skull bare, but he recovered. The enemy lost four hundred prisoners, three pieces of artillery and several stands of colors, besides killed and wounded.

The next day we resumed our march, and crossing the Blue Ridge, proceeded to Front Royal. We then turned towards Winchester. We then began to understand what was up. The federal Gen. Milroy occupied Winchester with a considerable force, and was well fortified. He had a strong position. As we waded the Shenandoah river that evening I told the boys that we would get no rest that night until our line was formed around Winchester; we having been so accustomed to Gen. Jackson's flank movements, we knew if he were in command there would be no halt; but we soon went into camp. I then remarked that Milroy would hear of our move, and would either retreat to Harper's Ferry, or be prepared to give us battle, as we could not surprise him.

We were on the march the next morning, the 13th of June, and soon heard our cavalry skirmishing with the enemy. We moved on to near Winchester when our troops were disposed

around in battle order, but there was no engagement of any consequence by our division.

That night our division was marched around to the east of Winchester by Jordon Springs, and came on to the turnpike leading from Winchester north to Martinsburg. We were now at Stephenson's depot, about four miles from Winchester. We were not quite soon enough, for as the head of our column got in sight of the road, we saw the enemy retreating. We were in their rear; and if we had been one hour sooner we would have had our line formed across the road and captured the whole "outfit."

Some had already got through; but it was a running fight as it was. A large number were captured, and others dispersed and demoralized. My old brigade captured six regiments, and got six stands of colors. The Gen. gave one to each regiment and kept one himself.

The Louisiana brigade was running parallel with a brigade of the enemy trying to head them off; but they made such good time that they were about to get away, when they happened to meet about twenty stragglers from our army, who had fallen behind during the night, and who while coming on, seeing the Yankees rushing along at such headlong speed, and knowing that

"Stonewall" Brigade at Culp's Hill, Gettysburg, July 2, 1863.

we were in their rear, formed across the road and called on them to halt. The enemy thinking it was another detachment of our infantry, halted and surrendered. But the Louisiana brigade was near by and took them in charge. That was one time stragglers came in good play. The enemy's column would doubtless have escaped had it not been for the stragglers in their front.

Our cavalry were on the flanks and we had none there to follow the retreating enemy. So the infantry gathered up the wagon horses and mules and mounted them, bare-back and in every way, as best they could. They were the hardest looking cavalry regiment I ever saw, with their knapsacks and blankets around their shoulders; with their long rifles and no saddles, and blind bridles, and mounted on mules and horses promiscuously. Away they went down the pike as hard as they could go, yelling and firing, as if it were big fun for an infantry man to be mounted in any shape. They were after the wagon train ahead of the infantry, and made a fine capture.

Hays' Louisiana brigade charged the enemy in their forts around Winchester, driving them out and capturing their guns, and turning them

on them. Early's division charged and ran them out of Winchester—our division heading them off and capturing them. Rodes' division was at Berryville to cut off their retreat in that direction, and went from there to Martinsburg and captured a great amount of stores. We followed them on to Harper's Ferry, when they crossed the Potomac and occupied Maryland heights.

Gen. Milroy escaped with about 300 cavalry Our captures amounted to 4000 prisoners, 29 pieces of artillery, 270 wagons and ambulances, 400 horses and a large amount of military stores. Our loss was small.

Gen. Ewell was a good officer, and our corps preferred him to any other after we had lost Gen. Jackson. He did well in routing Milroy from Winchester, but Jackson, (in my opinion,) would have marched all night the night we went into camp, and by daylight would have had his line of battle around Winchester and captured the whole command. Our corps was rather anxious to capture Milroy as he had tyrannized over the citizens of Winchester, insulting ladies, (so it was reported,) and rendering himself obnoxious in different ways—more so than any Federal General had done during the war; and if he had been captured by some of our men, he would have fared badly.

All this time Gen. Hooker's army was laying on the north bank of the Rappahannock opposite Fredricksburg; Gen. A. P Hill remaining there with his corps to watch him. Longstreet had remained in Culpepper, while Ewell moved on Winchester; and as Ewell had cleared the valley of the enemy. the key to Washington City was open, consequently the Federal army fell back to Washington to protect it.

This was Gen. Lee's object—to draw the army out of Virginia on northern soil. A. P Hill followed up and took Longstreet's place east of the Blue Ridge, and Longstreet crossed the Blue Ridge at Snicker's Gap and came into the valley, while Ewell, with our corps, crossed the Potomac at Shepherdstown into Maryland. We then went to Williamsport, from there to Hagerstown and on to Greencastle Pa., through Shippensburg and many other villages and towns on to Carlisle Pa., about one days march from Harrisburg, the capital, and then halted.

When we crossed the Potomac we thought we would have a fine time, plundering in the enemy's country, and live fine; but Gen. Lee had orders read out that we were not to molest any of the citizens or take any private property, and any soldier caught plundering would be shot.

The infantry did not have much chance to plunder as we were kept close in ranks and marched slowly. We would camp every night near some town; but there would be a guard in town, and we could not get in without a pass, and after we got in we were not allowed to disturb anything. Of course we could go to the houses and get all we could eat without money for they did not want our money and were glad to give us plenty through fear.

But our quartermasters managed to gobble up everything they came to. They would take the citizen's horses and wagons and load them up with provisions and goods from the stores; consequently we accumulated an immense train. The cavalry were in front, and on our flanks, and they had a good chance for plundering and getting good horses. They made good use of it too, and came out well supplied; but the infantry got nothing but what we could eat, but we got plenty of that. As soon as we would go into camp in the evening some of the soldiers would strike out into the country before they had time to put out a guard, and would come back loaded with "grub." As we would march through the towns the ladies would usually be at the upstairs windows, waving their Union

flags at us. We would laugh at them, but never disturb them. If the ladies of the south had done what I saw them do in Pennsylvania it would not have been tolerated by the Federals.

Some of them would look very sour at us, when we would ask them for their names so we could write them on a piece of paper, so we told them, and put it in water as we knew it would turn to vinegar.

One day there was a very red-headed one at a window who was very insulting, when the boys got to making sport of her calling her "brick top," and such names. She got so mad she fairly frothed at the mouth, and threatened to fire into the ranks. We then tried to pursuade her to assume male attire and join the army and get satisfaction fighting us. They would make sport of our dress, when an Irishman in our troops replied "bejabbers we always put on our dirty clothes when we go hog killing."

Cherries were ripe while we were in Pennsylvania and there were a great many trees along the road. We stripped them both of cherries and limbs leaving nothing but the trunks. Otherwise we were kept close in ranks and not allowed to plunder or destroy anything. Gen.

Lee was more strict on us than while in Virginia.

One day there was an old farmer standing by his gate talking to the boys, saying he was a "copper-head" and a rebel sympathizer, and had quite a crowd around him. He had a fine farm and a fine house, and was well "fixed," but when any of them attempted to go in the gate he would say they had nothing to eat as the soldiers ahead of us had already eaten him out. I listened to him awhile, but soon "tumbled to the racket," and saw he was giving us that kind of *taffy* to keep us out of the house. So I told my chum to come on and we would soon see what was in there. When we were about to go in at the gate the old man said there was nothing in there to eat. I told him that was too "thin;" that we would go in and see; that if he was such a good rebel he could sacrifice a little for us; that he might never have another opportunity of feeding the rebels, and that he ought to embrace this chance, as this was our first trip into Pennsylvania and in all probability would be the last. We went on to the house and found plenty to eat by simply asking the ladies for it. When we went back to the road we told the other boys that the old

woman said we were to "come on" and get what we wanted, and they went. The old man saw his game was up, but I expect he raised a racket with the old woman afterwards.

As we lay in camp near Carlisle one day. and I saw we were not going to march, I told Charlie Cross, of the 10th La., a messmate of mine, that we would go out to some farmhouse and get a good dinner, and some cherries. We went about one mile when we came to a large farmhouse. A picket was posted there, and they would not let us go any farther. We then went in the house and found the family were Dutch; an old man, his wife and daughter. We asked them if we could have some cherries. He said we could have all we wanted except from two trees that stood near the house; that he wanted them for their own use. When we examined the other trees we found very few cherries, as the soldiers had stripped them. We then got up in the trees the old man had reserved and ate what we wanted, and broke off several limbs, and went to the house and sat down on the porch where the old folks were and asked them if they would not have some cherries, but they declined. We then asked them if we could get dinner. They said no, the soldiers had eaten all they had.

While sitting there conversing with the old people we heard a terrible racket around in the back yard, and did not know what to make of it. The old woman jumped up and ran around the house and soon came back with both hands up. By the expression of her face we knew something terrible had happened. She kept on talking Dutch all the time. So we all ran around to see what was the cause. We found one of the horses had fallen into the cistern and there lay doubled up all in a mass at the bottom.

The old man then explained that he had run all his best horses off to the mountains when he heard the rebels were coming, except this one which was an old family mare that they prized very highly for the good service she had done them, and as she was getting old he thought the rebels would not take her. He had turned her in the yard so he could watch her, but as there had been no horse in the yard for years, and the old cistern was not used any more, and had no water in it, it was only covered with some loose plank. The old mare had stepped on them when they broke and precipitated her to the bottom.

The cistern was very wide and about twelve feet deep. We felt sorry for the old folks, as they appeared so distressed about the fate of

the old mare. They would doubtless rather have lost their best horse that to loose her. Cross, who had been an old sailor soon climbed down the wall to see what could be done. He found her doubled up considerably but still alive and asked the old man if he had any stout rope. He replied that he had a block and tackle out at the barn. We told him to go and get it and to tell two of the soldiers at the picket post to come and help. He went to the barn and got the rope. He also found some other soldiers there stealing eggs, and got them to come along.

We then got the ropes around the old mare and fastened one end around a tree near by and commenced hauling away and as we would raise her we would dig down the bank and fill up under her and in this way finally got her out, and lifted her up on her feet. We rubbed and worked with her some time until she stood up and commenced eating grass.

The old folks were very much rejoiced. When we all went around to the porch the old man took me to one side and told me and Cross to remain awhile and they would have something to eat. The pickets went back to their post and the others went off, and then we were in-

vited in to dinner. We sat down to the best meal we had had in many a day.

We parted good friends, leaving the impression that rebels were not such a detestable set as he had been led to believe.

XV.

On the March to Gettysburg—Battle of Gettysburg—In Position at Culp's Hill—In Line July 4, 1863—Retreat to the Potomac—Building Pontoons—Cross into Virginia—Incidents.

Rodes division, and ours, (Chubby Johnson's,) had marched direct from the Potomac to Carlisle, while Early's division had crossed the mountains east, and gone to York, where they captured some ninety-day men who were guarding the place, whom they paroled and sent home. Longstreet's and Hill's corps had not advanced far into Pennsylvania at this time.

After lying in camp one day at Carlisle we started on the march and returned towards the Potomac, when we met the paroled prisoners that Early had captured at York. Gen. Johnson made them pull off their shoes and give them to his men that were barefooted. Some of our men thought it was cruel, but Johnson said they were going home and could get other shoes quicker than he could, as he had work for his men to do.

We marched on until one day we turned abruptly to the left and crossed the South Mountain to the east. We had not heard a gun fire, nor heard anything about the Yankees until we

had reached the top of the mountain, when we heard some artillery firing a long way off. Some of the boys remarked that "Old Early" had found some of the Yankees some place. We had no idea that the two armies were closing together, and that the greatest battle ever fought on the American continent had virtually commenced; but, of course, our officers knew.

We marched on down the mountain and heard the battle raging louder and fiercer; and just before sundown we reached the battle ground and saw some of the wounded and a great many prisoners. We learned that Early and Hill had attacked the advance corps of the enemy and driven them (with great slaughter on both sides) from the field and through the town of Gettysburg onto the adjoining heights of Cemetery Ridge. Our division was marched over the battlefield and around to the east of Gettysburg, and took position that night on the extreme left of our army. We soon heard that the two armies had concentrated at that point and that the ball would open in earnest at daylight. This was the night of July 1st, 1863.

The battle raged with increasing fury for the next two days. It commenced on the 1st of July, 1863, and lasted three days—the whole of both armies being engaged on the 2nd and 3rd.

Our pioneer troops had a good time during that battle. We had to remain near our division, but were not in much danger except from a few shells that would pass over us occasionally.

Lee's army was the attacking party, and the enemy were strongly intrenched on the ridge, and acting on the defense. Gen. Lee wanted to turn their left, the hardest fighting was on our right and center. Our whole division had less to do and was in less danger than any other portion of the army, as we had in our front the rugged and steep ridge of Culp's Hill, covered with trees and huge rocks. As the men advanced they could protect themselves. They had to fire at an angle of about forty-five degrees to reach the breastworks on top of the ridge, and it would have been fool hardiness for any troops to attempt to charge the works at this point. The main object of our division was to make a bold front and keep up a continual firing, with an occasional charge where the ground would admit of it, in order to attract the enemy's attention while Longstreet was to charge and turn their left.

The enemy had every advantage of position, and would repulse every charge that was made. Our troops would at different points drive them

from their works, but could not hold them, for want of proper support.

The charging column would be nearly annihilated, and if a position were taken, would not have men enough left to hold it. During the evening of the third day all the artillery on both sides opened fire, (about 400 pieces,) and it was the most terrible cannonading I ever heard. I was in a position where I could see the smoke from both sides along the whole line, which was in a crescent shape, and it was one continual roar I could not distinguish one report from another

Night closed the terrible havoc with nothing accomplished; both armies resting on their arms in the same positions they occupied the day before. That night our army withdrew quietly from its position in front of the enemy, and fell back beyond Gettysburg, and formed a line of battle in a good position, and laid there in line all day the 4th of July, expecting to be attacked by the enemy. His position was too strong for our army to successfully attack, and Gen. Lee did not have ammunition enough to risk another engagement, except on the defensive. But I suppose the enemy had enough of fighting too, or they never left their works during the day, and every thing was quiet.

Thus ended the battle of Gettysburg; and as Gen. Lee had failed to drive the enemy from their position there was nothing left for him to do but to retreat into Virginia.

During the second day's fighting we were rather short of rations, and as all the people in the neighborhood had fled for safety, leaving everything in their houses, we found plenty to eat by going to them and helping ourselves.

There was one large farm house close by where we pioneers were placed, and we went to it and found a bountiful supply of provisions. The family must have left in haste, as the table was still set, with the dishes on it, just as if they had left their meals and run for dear life. We found several barrels of flour, a smoke-house full of bacon, a spring house full of milk and butter, the garret full of crocks of apple-butter and everything eatable that is kept in a well-to-do farm house of a Pennsylvania dutchman. If we did not live well for two days and fill our haversacks full of good things there I don't know a good thing when I see it. We would build fires in the stoves, and out side, and bake bread, cook meat and chickens, milk the cows, and run the plantation generally. We told the boys in the regiment about it and some of them

came over and cooked rations and carried them back for the others. But in the evening of the third day, by some carelessness, the house caught on fire in the second story, from the stove pipe.

I was on the hill watching the artillery duel and happened to look towards the house and saw the smoke coming out of the roof and knew it must be on fire. Several of us ran to the house. The men that were cooking inside did not know it was on fire. We then ran up stairs and found it all in flames and too far gone for us to save. We then went to work and carried everything out of the lower story, and basement, except the stoves, and put them in the garden near the barn. The house was soon reduced to ashes; but it was done accidently and we regretted it very much. There must have been several young ladies living there, for we found their pictures and clothing in the bureau drawers, and also letters from their sweet-hearts in the army.

I suppose when they came back and found their house burnt they thought it was set on fire by the shells as several had hit near there and one had gone through the barn. They could see by the things we saved, that it was not burnt intentionally.

That night when the army fell back our pioneers never received any orders to leave, and we remained there all night. The next morning, as some of our cavalry were scouting around, they came to us and asked our officer what we were doing there, and if he did not know that our whole army had fallen back beyond Gettysburg that night.

Our Lieut. replied that he did not know it, and that he had no orders to leave; but the cavalry man told us that there was nothing between us and the Yankees and that we would soon be captured if we did not get away in a hurry; that they were just on a scout to see and watch the enemy's movements.

But we had been moved around so much, and moved in the night sometimes, that we did not know where to go, nor which way to start. One of the cavalry offered to pilot us out, when we started, and, by making a considerable circuit, we arrived at our division in safety. If the Yanks had pushed out from their front that morning they would have picked up many a straggling rebel; but they did not appear very anxious to see any rebs. They remained quiet all day

The night of the 4th we started on the retreat towards the Potomac. We had such an im-

mense wagon train that we traveled very slowly, keeping the wagon train in our front. The next day our rear guard and the enemy had several little skirmishes, but we were not bothered much except at one place. The Federal cavalry dashed into our wagon train as it was crossing the mountain, and turned over about twenty wagons down the mountain side. The citizens would run out of the woods in some places and cut the spokes of the wheels until one or two of them got killed for their trouble, when they ceased.

One day we were out of rations, and our officers let us kill any stock we found to get something to eat. We had stopped near a mill and large farmhouse, and some of the men were searching through the mill for rations. Down amongst the wheels they found a large lot of store goods that had been hidden there from a store near by, so they loaded themselves down with them and carried them off. I went to the house and found some of the soldiers carrying off the bee hives but the bees stung one fellow so bad that he had to throw his hive down. Just then Gen. Walker rode up and reprimanded them for taking the bees, and made them leave them.

I saw a beautiful young lady and her mother on the porch of the house, the only occupants about, and they were weeping so bitterly at the losses they had sustained from the soldiers that I had no heart to take anything. Just then I saw a soldier crawling out of the window with a ham of meat, and as the young lady saw him, she commenced crying again, and said: "There goes the last mouthful in the house; what will we do?" and gave me such an imploring look and asked me if I could not do something for them. I knew it was no use for me to interfere, but recollecting that Gen. Walker was near by I ran around the house and told him the situation of affairs, when he rode around and made the man give the ladies the ham of meat, and they thanked us so kindly on their bended knees, the tears flowing down their cheeks, that it made such an impression on me as I shall never forget. I went back to my command as well satisfied as if I had eaten a hearty meal. The looks of that beautiful lady imploring me for mercy, did me good all over, although I knew our own dear women in Virginia had suffered ten times more from the brutality of soldiers than those ever did.

When we arrived at Hagerstown, Md., our

army halted, formed a line of battle and made breastworks, in order to give battle should the enemy advance. Their cavalry had got between our army and the river in order to destroy our wagon train; but Gen. Imboden with his cavalry and the wagoners had repulsed them and driven them back, and saved the train.

The pioneers of each division were then sent on to Williamsport on the Potomac river, a distance of six miles, and put to work building a pontoon bridge. We had brought pontoons along when we first crossed the river, and left the bridge there while we were north; but the enemy's cavalry had made a raid in our absence, and had cut the bridge loose and a great many of the pontoons had floated off, consequently we had to build some rough ones. We went to a lumber yard and carried the lumber to the bank of the river, and in two days had built sixteen pontoon boats or scows. The lumber man remarked, as we were taking his lumber, that the lumber was worth five dollars per hundred in gold. I told him to charge it to Jeff Davis & Co.—that Gen. Lee's army was worth more than his lumber in gold. The river was full and past fording when we arrived at it, and the ferry boat was kept busy taking men across

and bringing ammunition back for our army. The cavalry were swimming their horses across all the time we were at work; the army lying in line of battle waiting for us to get the bridge built. When we got the boats made, we got some tar and borrowed the wash kettles around town to boil it in. The old women wanted to raise a row when we took their kettles, but we promised to bring them back; but we didn't. We then caulked and pitched the boats, launched them in the river, loaded them with lumber and went down the river to Falling Waters, five miles below, and put in the bridge. We there gathered up ten of the original pontoons that had been cut loose by the Yanks, and that had lodged along the river for a distance of five miles. The ten good ones we had saved and the sixteen new ones, made twenty-six in all. It took all of them to reach across the river. When the bridge was completed the army commenced crossing the river, but the bridge was kept full all the time with ambulances, medical wagons, ordnance wagons and artillery; and such things as had to be kept dry, consequently there was no room for the infantry to cross, except one division that was guarding the bridge. The rest waded the river at Williamsport. The greater portion of the wagon train had to ford

at the same place. The water would come up under the arms of the men, but by crossing in a body and using their guns to steady themselves they all got over safely.

We brought out 5000 prisoners and had paroled 2000 on the field. We also had an immense wagon train. We lost but few wagons and only one or two pieces of artillery that had broken down. The enemy's cavalry made a charge to capture the bridge, not knowing there was infantry lying behind the brow of the hill, until they came close upon them, when the infantry poured such a volley into them at close quarters that they were nearly annihilated; and horses without riders were seen running in every direction. As the last ones crossed the bridge they cut the cable that held it on the Maryland side and the bridge floated around to the Virginia side.

That night when everything was quiet with sharp-shooters on each side of the river, and the rain pouring down, we pioneers slipped down to the waters edge and drew out the ten good pontoon boats, loaded them on the wagons and sent them to the rear, and at the same time scuttled and sank the ones we had made up at Williamsport; but we worked very quietly and

made no noise for we expected a volley every minute from the other side, but there was not a shot fired.

So ended the Pennsylvania campaign and the battle of Gettysburg. Our loss has been estimated at ten thousand—the enemy's at eighteen thousand, besides the prisoners on both sides. Capt. Wm. Powell of my company was severely wounded, which was all the loss our company sustained; but there were very few in the company at that time. In one of the charges on our left a color bearer in one of the Louisiana regiments in our division was cut off from his command and found that he would be captured, so he tore the flag from the staff, pulled off his clothes and wrapped the flag around his body, then put his clothes on over the flag. He was captured and went to prison. When he was exchanged and arrived in Richmond he took off his clothes and unfurled the flag. Soldiers love their colors with such devotion, that they will die in defending them, and consider it a disgrace to have them captured, and especially the color bearers.

In a few days our army moved on up the valley and, crossing the Blue Ridge, went into camp in Orange county, with the Rapidan river as our line of defense.

XVI.

THE ARMY MOVES TOWARDS ORANGE COURT HOUSE—The Division in Camp at Montpelier—Takes Leave and Visits Home—The Conscript Officer—Arrested—Escapes—Interesting Adventures—Back in Camp—Soldier's Tricks—Deserters Shot to Death—Description of the Execution.

My father and family were living in Frederick county, about fifteen miles west of Winchester, and as we had given up all hope of emigrating to Missouri they had concluded to move to Rockingham county, Va., the first opportunity. When our army drove the enemy out of Winchester and went on to Pennsylvania, my father came on after the army to see me. He overtook us the night we camped on the line between Maryland and Pennsylvania, and stayed all night with me, when we consulted what had best be done. I advised him to return home at once and move as soon as possible to Rockingham, as we did not know how long our army would remain north of Winchester, and if we fell back before he got moved the chances were that he might not be able to get through for another year, as the enemy would occupy Winchester as soon as

we left. He then left me, to return home and move further south.

When our army reached Winchester on our way to Orange county I had not heard a word from my father—whether he had moved or not—and was very anxious and uneasy about the family, and thinking perhaps they did not know that we were falling back, and would be caught and captured while moving. I therefore stated the circumstances to our lieutenant, and asked permission to leave the army, and go to my father's that I might assist them if they had not left; and if they had moved I would return to the army the next day.

The lieutenant said that he could not give me permission to go as it would have to come from higher authority, and that a pass from him would not amount to anything anyhow; that he could not take the responsibility on himself to grant me leave of absence; but if I went he would not report me, and if I returned as soon as possible without being arrested he would not have me punished; but if I was arrested for being absent the martial law would have to take its course, andI would have to take the responsibility on myself.

So, with that understanding I started for

home, and by keeping the by-roads I arrived there that night. I found my mother and sisters in a great state of excitement and fear. They had heard that our army was falling back, and told me father had taken one load to Rockingham, a distance of seventy miles; and had returned and started with another; and if he went on he would not be back for several days, and that my sister Mary had gone on horseback with my uncle, who belonged to the cavalry. But while we were pondering over this state of affairs my father drove up with the team. He heard that our army was falling back and had unloaded the wagon at Strasburg in Shenandoah county, and made all haste to return for the family.

So we loaded up in a hurry, and by daylight were on the road to Winchester with the wagon, and a one-horse buggy. When we got within nine miles of Winchester we heard that our army had already passed through, and there would be no troops between us and the enemy. We were then afraid to go on for fear of being captured and losing the team, especially if I was with them, so we concluded to take a by-road and keep near the mountains until we arrived at Strasburg.

That evening the rain poured down in torrents, and when we arrived at Hog Creek, a small stream that crossed the North-western turnpike, we found it so swollen from the rain that it was impossible to cross. I did not like the idea of remaining there in that public place all night, for I wanted to travel on during the night; so I waded into the stream to see if we could risk it, but found it impossible to do so. I waded until the water reached my armpits and found it getting deeper and swifter. There was no alternative but to camp on the bank of the creek all night.

At daylight the waters had receded so that we could cross in safety, and we did so. As we neared Winchester we heard that some few of our cavalry were still in the place, and that the enemy were not advancing. We then concluded to risk it by going through Winchester, as we would have a good macadamized road to travel, while if we took the by-road it would be rough and muddy. But in crossing a small wash-out in the road, one of the hind wheels chucked down in a hole, and as the wagon was very heavily loaded it strained and cracked the axle. We passed safely through Winchester, but when we arrived at Middletown, five miles from Stras-

burg, we found the axle had given way so much that we could go no further.

My father then went to Maj. Crisman's, a farmer near by, with whom he was acquainted, and borrowed a large wagon of him so we could get on to Strasburg. We unloaded the contents of our wagon into it and proceeded on our journey. When we arrived at Cedar Creek we found the bridge burnt and had to cross the creek at a miserable ford. The wagon being a four-horse wagon, with a heavy load on it, our two horses could not pull it up the bank on the opposite side; so we had to camp another night on the bank of a creek and run the risk of being captured. But by good luck, with all the bad luck mixed with it, we arrived safe in Strasburg the next day. We felt considerably relieved, as no enemy had yet been heard of in the neighborhood.

We then unloaded Maj. Crisman's wagon and my father took it back, and returned with our wagon, when we had a new axle put in. We loaded up and proceeded on our journey safely, nothing of interest transpiring until we arrived at Lacy Springs in Rockingham county where my father had rented a house of Mr Barly and where he had left his first load of goods.

We found that sister Mary had arrived there in safety. I remained a few days at home helping them to fix things up, when I filled my haversack with good "grub," bade them farewell, and started across the mountain on a by-path to the army in Orange county.

The first night I stayed with a farmer in Swift-run-gap at the foot of the Blue Ridge. The next evening I arrived at Standardsville on the east side of the ridge in Greene county and there found several soldiers on their way to the army—some of them musicians belonging to the 10th Va., band. They wanted me to stay all night with them but I went on.

After traveling about two miles, I met a man on horseback and two soldiers walking. He halted me and wanted to know where I was going. I replied that I was "on my way to my command."

"Have you a pass?" said he.

I told him I had not. He then said he would have to arrest me and take me to the army; that he had orders to arrest every soldier that had no pass or furlough and take them to headquarters; that he had arrested the two men that were with him; and told me to turn around and go back to Standardsville with him, and he would take us to the army the next day.

It surprised me very much, for he was dressed in citizens clothes, and did not look like a soldier that had seen any service. So I sat down by the side of the road and wanted to know who he was, and what command he belonged to. He replied that he was a "conscript officer," and that he did not belong to the army, but that he lived in Standardsville.

I then told him that he could not arrest me; that I was an old soldier and was on my way to the army; that my home was many miles behind me, and that I would arrive at the army the next day. I then commenced abusing him for keeping out of the army, and told him he had better take a musket and go in ranks instead of hunting up men that were in the service; and that I did not intend to go back with him.

He then said he would make me go, and pulled out his pistol and threatened to shoot me. I just dared him to shoot, and told him that I would bet that he never shot at a Yankee or any one else in his life; that he was a coward or he would not seek for such an office in order to keep out of range of bullets. I then scolded the two soldiers who were with him for being arrested by such a "puke" as he was.

One of the soldiers then came to me and

FEDERAL AND CONFEDERATE TROOPS TRADING TOBACCO AND COFFEE IN THE RAPPAHANNOCK.

whispering, told me they were Louisianians, and for me to come on and go back with them, and we would put the "fixens" on our bold conscript officer that night. I knew then they had some plan to escape; so after quarrelling awhile longer with him, I told him that I was very tired after walking all day, and if he would dismount and let me ride back to town, I would go; but if not, I would remain where I was.

He concluded that was the best he could do, and I got on his horse and rode back; but I abused him so much he threatened, if I did not stop, to make me walk. I told him if he did I would not go a step further, so that settled it. When we arrived in town it was dark and he took us out to the edge of town and put us in a small brick jail, (the county jail.)

But before leaving us we made him promise to bring us some thing to eat. I then told him there were several more soldiers up there at the hotel and to go and bring them also and we would have a fine time. He said he would; but I knew some of them had guns, and if he went to fooling around them they would kill him. I did not care if they did; but he never brought them down, neither did he bring us anything to eat, and we never heard of him afterwards.

As soon as he left us we inspected our room by the aid of matches, and found it had two windows with iron grating across, and a fireplace in one corner. There happened to be an old musket standing in one corner. So we soon formed our plan, which was that when he brought us something to eat we would knock him in the head with the musket, and then make our escape. But we waited in vain. After a long time we commenced hallooing, and yelled as loud as we could; but no one came. We then concluded to try another plan. We tore out all the sash in the windows and made a fire in the fire-place. I divided my rations with the others and as we had table knives in our haversacks we commenced digging the mortar out between the bricks near one window. As soon as we got one brick loose, we took the stock off the gun, and using the breech pin for a pry, we soon made a hole large enough to crawl through, but still prepared, if any one came, to adhere to our first plan. But everything remained quiet.

The jail appeared to be in an isolated place, for we made as much noise as possible to attract some one there. When the breach in the wall was large enough, one of the Louisianans

got out and I passed him the gun barrel. He surveyed the premises and found no one about. We then handed out our baggage and left. After going a short distance we held a council of war. The other two soldiers said they had deserted the infantry and were going to join Maj. Harry Gilmore's command. That they were tired of the infantry, but would go into the cavalry. and insisted I should go with them, but I would not consent. I told them I was going on to the army. They said that fellow would arrest me again. I told them he would not. I then parted with them—they going one way. and I another. I then walked down the road about two miles and laid down and slept until daylight.

The next day I kept in the big road and went on to the army unmolested. I never saw nor heard anything more of my bold "conscript officer." I arrived in camp that evening and told everybody of my adventures, but was not punished in any way.

Our division was camped at Montpelier, President Madison's old homestead, a few miles from Orange Court House. As the weather was hot and dry we did not have any work to do, but lay idle in camp and took a good rest and recruited up after our severe campaigns.

There was a large cornfield between our pioneer camp and where our brigade was camped, and the corn was in roasting-ears; but there was a guard kept stationed around the field to keep the soldiers from stealing corn. There was a road through the field, and on one side the Rapidan River. Every day some of us would go though the field to the brigade, and as we came back we would steal a few ears of corn and then hide them under our jackets, so the guard could not see them. On the river side there were no guards stationed. We would go above the field and go in swimming, taking sacks along, and swim down the river until we had passed the guards, and gotten opposite the cornfield, when one would get out of the river and fill our sacks with corn, and then swim back, keeping the sacks under water. We managed in that way to steal about half the corn that was in the field, although it was guarded night and day as long as we remained in that camp.

Directly after we arrived at this camp there were abovt thirty soldiers belonging to the 1st and 3rd N. C. regiments in our division who deserted in a body and took their guns with them. They started for home in Norrh Carolina in-

tending to resist arrest if molested; but when they arrived at the James River they found every ford and ferry guarded and could not cross. They undertook to force their way with the result that some were killed and wounded on both sides; some escaped, and ten were captured. They were sent to Richmond and court-martialed immediately, and sentenced to be shot to death. They were then sent back to their regiments to be executed in the presence of the whole division, as a warning to the balance of us. When they arrived our pioneer corps were detailed to dig the graves, make the coffins, put up the posts, and bury them. We planted ten posts in the ground about three feet high and about fifty feet apart, all in line, boring a hole in each post near the top and putting in a cross piece We dug one large grave in the edge of the woods large enough to hold the ten coffins.

When everything was completed and in readiness, the division was formed in a hollow square around the field, except the side the posts were on. The prisoners were then brought from the guard-house, conducted by a heavy guard, accompanied by the Chaplain and surgeons. As the column entered the

field, they were headed by the fifers and drummers—the drums being muffiled—and playing the dead march. They had some distance to march before arriving at the place of execution and I noticed they kept step and marched as precisely as if they were on drill.

On arriving at the place they were halted, and the chaplain talked to, and prayed with them. Then an officer took each man, conducted him to his post, placed him on his knees with his back to the post, and his arms hooked over the cross piece, and his hands tied together in front of his body, and then blindfolded him.

One hundred and fifty men composed the detail for execution of the prisoners. They were taken from the different commands of the division. The posts before which the prisoners were placed were 50 feet apart. Ten men marched out in front of each prisoner—making one hundred in all in the front line. One half the guns were loaded with ball cartridges—having been prepared by some officer so the soldier would not know whether his gun was loaded with ball or not. In rear of each ten men five more soldiers with loaded guns, as a reserve, to finish the execution should any of the condemned

men not be killed at the first fire. At the command: "Ready! Aim! Fire!" one volley was heard, all the guns in the first rank being discharged. Then a surgeon stepped forward to each prisoner and felt his pulse. They found two of them not dead, when the reserve guard stepped out and fired again. When they were pronounced dead, the division was marched by them in two ranks in order that all might see them.

After the troops had gone to camp the wagons drove up with the coffins and it was our duty to untie them, place them in the coffins and load them in the wagons, The one that I helped to put away had received four balls in his breast, and the rope that his hands were tied with was cut apart by a bullet. We then buried them. The chaplain, being an Episcopalian, performed the services according to the ritual of his church.

It cast a gloom over the entire army, for we had never seen so many executed at one time before. But we knew it would never stop desertion in the army; for I believe the more they shot the more deserted; and when they did desert they would go to the enemy, where they knew they would not be found. One day the whole army was formed near Orange C. H. and

marched in review in columns and inspected by the officers. They kept us marching around all day and at night we returned to camp.

As we were cleaning up camp one day, we were divided into two squads, sweeping with brush brooms and doing police work generally. As we finished we met in rear of the camp, and each squad claimed they had done the most work, until, finally, one fellow belonging to the other squad, named James Roadcap, of the 10th Va., got mad at some remark I had made, and struck me over the head and face with his brush broom. I flew at him and we had a regular knock down for a few minutes until some of the others separated us, for fear the officers would see us, and put us in the guard house. But I mashed the knuckle of my little finger against his head, and it is in that fix today, although not the least in my way. I think every time I look at it, that it is one of the relics of the war. But Jim and I were soon good friends again. I I carried a crippled hand for several days and told the officers I had a boil on it.

XVII.

ON THE RAPIDAN—Digging Trenches--Incidents—Crosses the Rapidan to the Rappahannock—Flank Movement Towards Washington--Turned Back at Bristow Station—Building Winter Quarters at Brandy Station--Incidents—The Long Roll—Kelly's Ford--Retreat Across the Rapidan--Sam Nunnely Again—Meade Crosses the Rapidan--Mine Run--Re-crosses to the North Bank--Winter Quarters Near Orange Court House- End of the Campaign of 1863.

In September as the enemy had advanced their lines from the Rappahannock to the Rapidan we were moved down the river several miles north of Orange Court House, and camped at Pisgah Church and commenced fortifying along the south bank of the Rapidan.

The first day they took us out to work we reported to the engineers who were laying off some gun pits for artillery in a potato patch near a large farm house; and as the pioneers had to wait until they were laid off before we could go to work, we soon commenced digging potatoes.

I had gotten some distance from my squad and was very busily occupied with the potatoes, not noticing that they had gone to work at the pits, when Gen. George Stewart (Maryland

Stewart) Brigadier of the third brigade, happened to notice me and saw what I was doing, and came riding up to me, and, before I knew it, was alongside of me.

"What are you doing here?" said he. He took me so by surprise that I wheeled around, not realizing who had spoken.

"Digging a gun pit," I replied.

"The h—l you are," said he, "you are digging potatoes; now go back to your place and let those potatoes alone."

But I had my haversack full of potatoes and the boys joked me for a long time about it, and by the time those pits were done there wasn't a potato left in that patch.

The Yankee pickets were quartered in some houses along the river on the opposite side from us, and our boys would make up a volunteer party and wade the river at night, surround a house and capture the whole post, just for amusement, and get some good, genuine coffee. They had to get the consent, however, of some of the officers first.

They had made several successful raids of that kind when one day, as we were working near the river, we located a good post to capture, and as Gen. Ewell happened to come riding up

at that time, some of the boys asked him if we could not go over that night and capture the post. He remarked that it would not amount to anything, and that we would be running a risk that was not at all necessary, and that he had found that if a soldier did his duty in ranks he had enough to do without volunteering to do any more.

I often thought of his advice afterwards, and was pleased to think that he would not rush us into any danger unless it was necessary.

As we were making trenches for the infantry we would divide out in squads of three, one pick for two shovels, and as soon as we would finish one piece we would move on up the line. One evening the Lieutenant had gone to camp and left us in charge of Sergt. McGhee, of the 23d. Va., and when the time arrived to quit work, the squad that I was with had not finished our space. As they were all returning to camp I proposed that we should go too, and leave it unfinished. The others sanctioned my proposal and we went to camp.

On arriving there the Lieutenant inquired if the line was completed, the Sergeant replied that there were several spaces unfinished. He wanted to know then "who was working at

them, and who proposed leaving it undone. He was informed that I was the one. He ordered me before his august presence and commenced cursing me and wanted to know why I did not remain and finish it." I replied that we had done as much work as the balance of the corps, and had gotten that much ahead of them, and that I did not consider that we were required to remain there longer than the others, but that if they would have remained I certainly would. "And furthermore," said I, "you must not curse me or I will report you to headquarters."

He then ordered the Sergeant to take me out and make me pile brush for one hour. I went out with the Sergeant, but told him that I would not pile brush, that I would "go to to the guard-house first." That was one advantage a private had over an officer. An officer can punish a private but he dare not curse him.

The Sergeant then went back to the Lieutenant and told him what I had said. He then sent for me and talked very mildly and said that he did not want to punish me, that he knew that I was a good hand to work, and that he wanted that to be the last time I disobeyed orders. He knew that I would report him, and he wanted to smooth it over. He told me to go to my quarters, and he never cursed me afterwards.

Several days after that some one stole his watch out of his tent, and the next morning he had the long roll beat at daylight, and we were ordered to fall in and be ready to march at once. None of us knew that he had lost his watch but the one who stole it, and we were taken by surprise to think there was a move on hand. But it was a ruse of his to search the whole corps for his watch; and he had each and every one searched, and kept us in ranks until our bunks were searched; but no watch was found. He never did get it or hear from it. The fellow who stole it was as sharp as he was and made way with it. We always suspected Sam Nunnely stole it, but never knew. Sam would risk his life for a watch.

On the 9th of October the greater portion of our army crossed the Rapidan, and by a circuitous route, through Madison C. H., came to the Rappahannock river, west of where Gen. Meade's army lay; the object being to make a flank movement and get in rear of his army and between him and Washington city.

We met a small force of the enemy who wanted to oppose our passage across the river, but they were soon driven back by our cavalry. We had left some of our troops on the south bank of the Rapidan, and the enemy had

crossed there, but were repulsed and driven back.

By this movement Gen. Meade learned Gen Lee's intentions, and fell back towards Manassas junction. Our advance troops under Gen. A. P Hill attacked him at Bristow station, but were repulsed. He failed to get in his rear, and before the whole army was up and in line Gen. Meade had fallen back again beyond Bull Run and commenced fortifying. As Lee was too near Washington to effect a flank movement, there was nothing left for him to do but fall back across the Rappahannock. As we fell back we destroyed the railroad and burned the bridges.

As we were tearing down the stone abutments of a bridge one day several of us were sent to the base of the "butment" to roll the rocks in the river. Some of the men above, not noticing the party working below, threw off a large rock down on us, but fortunately no one was hurt except myself. One corner of the rock grazed my head and cut a gash about one inch long, and stunned me considerable; but I soon recovered and was all right, except a sore head for several days. It was a narrow escape, for if it had hit me squarely it would have fairly mashed me.

Building Fortifications on the Rapidan

The flank movement was planned all right, but failed in its execution, as the enemy found out our movements soon after we started. We did not have Jackson, with his secrecy and midnight marches, to take them by surprise. He was the only general in the army that could make a move of that kind successfully. It was the same kind of a move, and over some of the same ground, that he had made in rear of Gen. Pope previous to the second battle of Manasas. Our other generals were good defensive generals; but we never had a general that could execute a flank movement like General Jackson. During the balance of the war we had to fight the enemy when attacked, and fortify in order to hold our own.

After crossing the Rappahannock our division went into camp near Brandy station, and as the weather was getting cold, some of the soldiers commenced building winter quarters, although we had no orders to do so.

My mess hesitated in building quarters, fearing that we would have to move again and leave them; but as regiment after regiment continued to build and the officers were having permanent quarters put up, we concluded that we would build also Charley Cross, Sam Nunnelly, John

Hawkins and myself were messing together We went to work in earnest and put up a nice log shanty, covered it with clap-boards, went to an old barn near by and got some planks for a floor and bunks, built a stick chimney, and were prepared to live in high style.

The evening we finished it I built a fire in the fireplace to see how my chimney would draw. Hawkins cooked supper, and just after dark we were seated on the floor partaking of our evening meal and complaining of being very tired, as we had worked hard, when the unwelcome sound of the "long roll" aroused us from our reveries, and we had to fall in ranks, bag and baggage, and march off at a quick-march down the river to Kelly's Ford where Rodes' division was quartered.

We learned that the enemy had crossed in force, taking our troops by surprise and capturing the greater portion of two regiments. We were halted in Rodes' camp where his men had rushed out in line of battle in order to check the enemy, and had left everything belonging to them in their shanties, except their arms. We remained there about one hour, and plundered their camps thoroughly, taking whatever we could make use of. We then marched back,

passed our quarters, and continued marching all night towards Culpepper Court House. That was the last time I saw our shanty from that day to this.

That night, on the march, Sam Nunnelly came to me and gave me what he thought to be a bag of smoking tobacco, as I was a great smoker and he did not use the weed. So I filled my pipe to take a good smoke, but, after a few puffs, I found I had something else besides tobacco in my pipe, as it burned my tongue and seemed to set my mouth on fire. I then went to a light to examine the contents of the bag and found it to be cayenne pepper. I was going to fight Sam about it, thinking he had done it intentionally, but he declared he thought it was tobacco, as it was in a tobacco sack; but we kept the pepper all the same and used it on our meat.

General Early's division was guarding the river above our division, and had two brigades on the north side of the river and a pontoon bridge thrown across. They were attacked in the night, taken by surprise and nearly all captured. There were not many killed or wounded in these engagements, but we lost about two thousand prisoners and two strong positions,

and General Lee was compelled to fall back across the Rapidan to our old position that we had left in October. It showed a good piece of generalship on the part of General Meade, and neglect on the part of our division commanders, but as the enemy had never been known to make an advance in the night with such desperate and quiet charges, our troops were taken by surprise before they could realize the situation.

The second night of our retreat I laid down in a fence corner near Culpepper Court House, by a good fire made of rails, went to sleep with my feet to the fire and got to dreaming of having my feet mashed as in a vise, and awakened with so much suffering that I at once grabbed my feet and found that my shoes were burnt into a crisp and held my feet like a vise sure enough. I took them off in a hurry and could never get them on again. I had to go on to camp barefooted, although the weather was severely cold.

When we arrived in camp Sam Nunnelly was missing, and we thought he was captured; but some of the boys said they would bet he was out plundering some place.

Sure enough the next day Sam came riding into camp on a crippled cavalry horse he had

picked up, bare-backed and with a rope bridle. He had such a load of plunder that he looked like a Jew peddler. The boys all commenced teasing him and wanted him to "divide up." They wanted to know if he had joined the cavalry, and where were his spurs, and stripes, as we thought he ought to be a Brigadier.

Sam was as good hearted a fellow as ever lived; a brave soldier, and one of the best foragers in camp. If there was anything to be had for love or money or by stealing it, Sam would have it; but he was the greatest of all in plundering a battle field. Sam said he intended to keep that horse to forage with, but he soon had to turn him over to the quartermaster.

Our division was camped near, and guarding Germania ford on the Rapidan. On the 27th of November Gen. Meade crossed the river and undertook a flank movement around our army; but our division was marched out to intercept him, and as we were marching along the road near Mine Run we were suddenly attacked. The division was thrown into confusion for a few moments, but Gen. Johnson soon faced them in line towards the enemy, and charged them so vigorously that they were soon repulsed, and by the time the other divisions arrived the battle

was over. Our loss in killed and wounded was about four hundred and fifty; the enemy's must have been double that number, as we fought the Third corps (French's) and one division of the Fifth.

We were marching in front of the division as usual when all at once we heard firing in our rear on the road that we had just passed along. The attack was so sudden and unlooked for, that if it had not been for the presence of mind, and indominatable courage of Gen. Johnson, the other officers and men, the whole division might have been routed, and the flank of our whole army turned; our strong position taken and a repetition of the affair of Brandy Station and Kelly's ford enacted. But as it was Gen. Lee formed his line that night on the south bank of Mine Run, on a commanding position, and fortified.

For several days Gen. Meade lay in front of us with his whole army, and kept up a skirmish and artillery fight; but declined a general engagement. We heard, from some prisoners, that at one time he had ordered an attack, but thinking our position too strong, he countermanded the order, and fell back to the north bank of the Rapidan.

While we lay in line of battle on Mine Run two men belonging to the Louisana brigade were sentenced to be shot, and were taken out in front of the works to be executed, but they broke and ran to the enemy's line and escaped. The guards fired at them but did not hit them, and did not try, I suppose, for we did not want to see any of the soldiers executed, and would give them every chance to escape that we could so as not to criminate ourselves.

After everything was quiet we marched back and went into winter quarters near Orange, C. H. Our pioneer troops happened to get some good quarters, already built, that had been vacated by a battalion of artillery men. So we were repaid for the quarters we lost at Brandy station.

When we were camped at Pisgah church, early in the fall, John Hawkins, of the 23d. Va., was acquainted with a family named Kube, near Mine Run, and insisted that I should go on a visit with him one Sunday to see them. I readily consented as soon as he had informed me that there were two or three good looking young ladies there. We paid them a visit and spent a pleasant time. I was considerably smitten with one of them, Miss Mollie, and, being invited to

come again, we visited them at every opportunity, and I came nearer falling in love than I had during any time of the war.

When we were laying in line of battle at Mine Run we were near the house and several shells fell in their yard and, of course, Hawkins and myself sympathized with them, and watched every opportunity to offer them protection should they need it, as the family was composed of a widowed mother and three daughters ; their son and brother being in a different portion of the army and the husband and father dead.

After going into winter quarters we visited them several times and enjoyed their company hugely. The other boys would tease us and want to know when we were going again to "Cuba" We lay quietly in camp, nothing of interest transpiring and nothing to do except keep the roads in repair between our camps and Orange, C. H., where we drew our supplies. Thus ended the campaign of 1863.

XVIII.

In Winter Quarters—Battle of the Snowballs—Army Theatricals—Shoemaking Firm—"Susan Jane" and "Sawbuck"—Gen. Grant Takes Command of Army of the Potomac—Battle of the Wilderness—Burying the Dead—Eats Bloody Hardtack—Army Moves to Spottsylvania Court House—In a Hot Place May 11th—Laughable Scenes—Battle of Spottsylvania Court House May 12—Gordon and His Soldiers Force Lee to the Rear—Trees Cut Down by Bullets at the "Bloody Angle"—Wounded Furloughs.

Gen. Meade displayed better generalship than any general in the northern army that we had to contend with, except Gen. McClellan, and came nearer baffling Gen. Lee than any of the others by his vigorous and prompt movements, and his secrecy in every movement from Gettysburg to Mine Run.

The pioneer troops were divided into messes of twelve, and one of the twelve remained in camp to cook, while the others went out to work. During the winter of 1863 and '64 I was cook for our mess.

One day as they returned from work Sam Nunnelly brought a pig along that he had caught in the road near some negro shanties, and gave it to me to raise. I told him I did not want to

be bothered with it, but he insisted we should keep it, and as it was quite a pet, we adopted it and called it "Susan Jane." It would run around the quarters and eat the scraps and find some corn at the stables and get plenty to eat. At night we would let it sleep in our shanty under the bunks; but when we got up every morning it would be lying in the fire-place in the ashes to keep warm. Every wash day we would wash it clean in the suds, and then make it stand up on the bed until it got dry. It was a white pig and improved rapidly, and was as tame as a dog and would follow any one who called it. I had to tie a clog to it to keep it from following some of the soldiers to their camps.

One day it got loose from the clog and I could not find it; but some one told me they had seen it follow some Georgians who belonged to Rodes' division. I hurried over to Rodes' division, which was camped about one-half mile from us, and just got there in time to save its throat from being cut, and being made a feast of by the Georgians. It was a great pet in camp and I had to watch it continually to keep it from being stolen from me, as it would make good pork any time. Every one who knew it

said they never saw a hog increase in weight so rapidly.

About the first of April I concluded to butcher it and have a barbecue for the whole company, as it would weigh about two hundred pounds, and we did not know how soon we would have to start on a campaign. Lieut. Cockerell, of the Second Virginia, had spoken for the head for his mess; but we were all doomed to disappointment, for a few days before the slaughter was to take place "Susan Jane" turned up missing, and we never saw her again. I always thought the Louisianians stole her as they had made the attempt several times. Anyway I lost my pork.

Soldiers are very fond of pets as I think all persons are who are isolated from home. Nearly every separate command had some kind of pet. The Louisiana brigade had a medium sized dog, black and white spotted, very intelligent, called "Sawbuck." Nearly everyone in the division knew the dog. He would go into battle with the brigade, dashing up and down the line barking and making all the racket he could. One time he got wounded in the fore leg, and never would "go in" again. The boys said "Sawbuck" was playing "old soldier." If he would

happen to get lost from the brigade when they went into camp after a day's march, he would station himself by the road and watch for the stragglers until he saw one belonging to his brigade, then follow him to camp. He knew every man who belonged to Stafford's Louisiana brigade.

My father came from Rockingham to see me in this camp and brought me a new pair of boots and some new clothing; also a box of good things to eat, which were relished by my mess. He remained with us several days and then went home. Some of the boys would get up parties and dances in the country, and have a housefull of ladies. We would take the musicians from camp, and, altogether, spent a pleasant time that winter

Considerable snow fell that winter, and every time it snowed the soldiers would turn out and have snow ball battles. One day our division challenged Rodes' division to battle in a large field. They came out, and the battle raged with various success until towards evening, when a great many of our division got tired of it and went to camp. When Rodes' men saw our line weakened they brought up some fresh troops and made a charge and ran us into our quar-

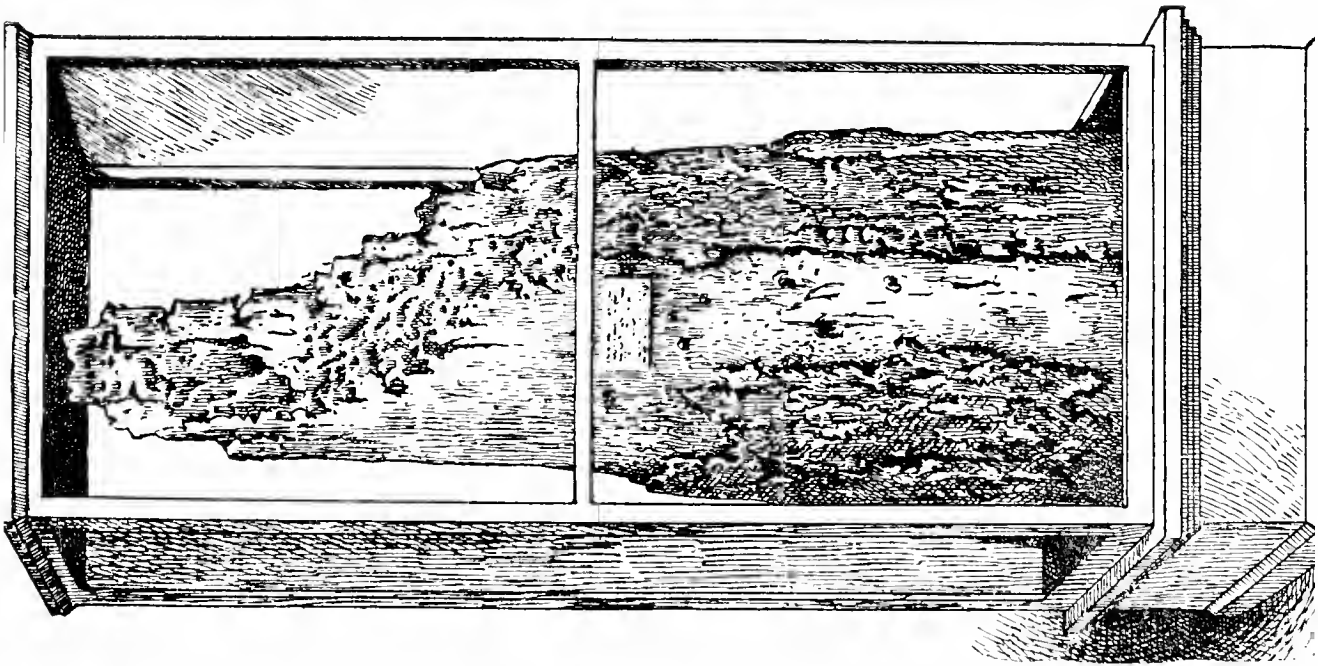
ters and then fell back, formed a line and dared us out. It looked rather bad for us to be defeated in that way, so some of the boys went to Gen. Walker and got him to come out and take command.

It was fun for Walker, so he mounted his horse, collected his staff, and sent conscript officers all over camp and forced the men out. We had the signal corps at work, took our colors out in line, had the drummers and fifers beat the long roll, had couriers carrying despatches and everything done like a regular engagement with the enemy.

In the meantime Rodes' men were making snow balls, and had piles of them along the crest of the ridge ready for us when we should charge. Some of their officers on horseback started on a raid to get in our rear and capture our wagon train. They did get in our rear and came across three wagons that were going to the station for rations, and rode alongside and commenced whipping the mules and started off with them at a gallop, the drivers not knowing what it all meant. But our officers got after them and recaptured the wagons and dispersed them, and they had to make a circuit of about five miles to get back to their lines. Several of them lost their hats and never did find them.

When Gen. Walker got everything in readiness, and the line formed, he ordered us to charge up close to Rodes' men and then wheel and fall back, so as to draw them after us and away from the piles of balls they had made. When the drums beat we were to wheel again and charge them and run them over the hill and capture their snow balls. We did so and the plan worked successfully At the same time the Louisiana brigade slipped around through the woods and struck them on the left flank, by surprise, and the route was complete. We ran them on to their camps and through them, and as some of the Louisianans were returning they stole some cooking utensils from Rodes' men and kept them. We captured several stands of colors, but we had lost several in the earlier part of the fight. Officers would be captured and pulled off their horses and washed in the snow, but all took it in good part. After the fight was over we went out with a flag of truce and exchanged prisoners.

It was probably the greatest snow ball battle ever fought, and showed that "men are but children of larger growth." The Richmond papers had several columns each giving an account of the battle. If all battles would terminate that



STUMP OF THE TREE CUT DOWN BY BULLETS AT SPOTTSYLVANIA COURT HOUSE, MAY 12, 1864.

Taken from "THE BLUE AND GRAY."

way it would be a great improvement on the old slaughtering plan.

Directly after we went into winter quarters, near Orange Court House, the Louisiana brigade and our brigade joined together and built a large log house, covered it with clapboards, erected a stage, organized a theatrical troupe of negro minstrels and gave performances nearly every night to a crowded audience. "Admission one dollar—nett proceeds to be given to widows and orphans of Confederate soldiers."

Noble T. Johnson, of the 5th Va., was one of the end men, handled the bones and was one of the most comical charters I ever saw He could keep the house in a roar of applause all the time. Miller, of the 1st. La., was banjoist, and a splendid performer. They would write some of their own plays suitable to the times and occasion.

One splendid piece was called the "Medical Board"—a burlesque on the Surgeons. The characters were a number of surgeons sitting around a table playing cards, with a bottle of brandy on the table, which was passed around quite frequently, until one doctor inquired how they came to get such good brandy.

"Oh! this is some that was sent down from

Augusta County for the sick soldiers, but the poor devils don't need it, so we'll drink it."

Then a courier would come in and inform them that there was a soldier outside badly wounded.

"Bring him in! bring him in!" said the chief surgeon. When brought in an examination would take place with the result that his arm would have to be amputated. Then the poor fellow wanted to know if when that was done he could not have a furlough.

"Oh! no,'" replied the surgeon. A further examination developed that his leg would have to be amputated.

"Then can I have a furlough?" said the soldier.

"By no means," replied the surgeon, "for you can drive an ambulance when you get well."

It was finally determined by the Medical Board, as he was wounded in the head, that his head would have to come off.

"Then," says the soldier, "I *know* I can have a furlough."

"No indeed," replied the surgeon, "we are so scarce of men that your body will have to be set up in the breastworks to fool the enemy."

Many such pieces as the foregoing were

acted—burlesques on the officers, quartermasters and commissaries, or whatever was interesting and amusing. Taking it all together we had splendid performances. I have never seen better since the war as we had amongst us, professional actors and musicians; and the theatre became a great place of resort to while away the dull winter nights.

As I was a shoemaker and had a few tools, such as an awl, claw-hammer, and pocket-knife, I was prepared to half-sole the boys' shoes. I made my own pegs, and a last. The next thing, and most important, was leather. Sometimes we could get government leather from the quartermaster; but in order to obviate that difficulty I formed a partnership with Sam McFadden, a messmate, of the Fourteenth Louisiana. Sam was to steal the leather, such as cartridge-box lids, saddle-skirts, and housings from the harness, as they were very common on the Virginia harness used in the army. We would then charge five dollars in "confed" for halfsoling, and divide, which kept us in spending money.

One night, as we were returning from a visit to our brigade, in passing the tent of the colonel of the Second Virginia, we noticed his Mc-

Clellan saddle hung up on the outside. Sam said that was a good chance to lay in a stock of leather, as the firm was about out. Consequently we clipped the skirts off and went on to our quarters; but as there were several soldiers in our shanty who did not belong there, we concluded to leave the saddle skirts on the outside until the coast was clear, knowing full well the colonel would raise a racket in the morning about his saddle being cut.

After the crowd had dispersed we went out to bring in our stock, but it was gone. Some one else had been as sharp as we were, and had stolen it from us. We never did hear of those skirts again, and were afraid to inquire for fear the colonel would hear of it and have us punished.

Our division was not called out for any active service during the winter of 1863–4 until in March, when the federal cavalry crossed the Rappahannock under Kilpatrick and Dahlgren on their raid to capture Richmond. They were repulsed, when our corps was sent down to the old battle-field of Chancellorsville to head them off, but they did not return that way. After lying there one day, our corps returned to camp. As I was cook, I was left in camp, and had

charge of the camp in their absence. The boys reported that the old battle ground was full of bones bleached white by exposure, as the bodies of the slain had been covered very shallow, and the rains had washed the dirt off.

We were kept busy fortifying along the Rapidan, making roads, and doing picket duty until May 4th, 1864, when we heard that Gen. Grant had taken command of the "Army of the Potomac" in person and was crossing the Rapidan at Germania and Ely's fords with his whole army intending to turn Gen Lee's right and march on to Richmond.

My old Company A was quite small at this time. It consisted of Sergeant William Montgomery, who had returned to the company from Imboden's Cavalry; James Gaither; William Sivells; Capt. Wm. Powell, who was not well yet from his wound; Jos. Carder, who was detailed as commissary sergeant; Elisha Carder, the drummer nick-named "Purty," and myself, detailed in the pioneer troops.

Lee's army left camp on the morning of the 4th of May and marched all day towards the enemy, passed by Mine Run and the house where Miss. Mollie Kube lived. I called in and gave her farewell and have never seen or heard

of her since. So that wound up my army courtship.

The next morning, the 5th, we were on the march again and soon heard the skirmishers engaged. It was not long until the battle of the Wilderness opened with great fury We pioneers were halted while the battle raged the hottest, but were soon ordered up to the front and commenced fortifying.

We found our troops had repulsed and driven the enemy some distance, and we were ordered to make a line of works in order to hold our position. We worked with the troops nearly all night and had a very good line by daylight.

I got a pocket diary out of a dead Yankee's pocket that evening and he had written in it that morning just after he had crossed the river. It ran thus: "May 5th, our corps has crossed the river safely and seen no rebels yet; have not heard a gun fired."

But the poor fellow soon met the rebels and lay cold in death. I kept the diary for a long time intending, if I ever had the opportunity, to send it home to his parents, as their address was in it. He was from Pennsylvania; but, having lost it, I have forgotten his name. On the 6th the battle raged again with fury, Grant making

the attack at different points along the line, but he was everywhere repulsed with great slaughter, as our men had gathered up all the guns from the dead and wounded, and had them loaded and ready for a charge. Towards night the troops on our right charged the enemy under Gens. Shaler and Seymour, capturing them and nearly all of their commands. They came near routing the whole army; but it was then dark and they did not know how successful they had been, and did not push on.

Gen. Grant, on the 7th, seeing that he was foiled and outgeneralled, commenced moving to the right. A portion of our army keeping on the move parallel with him, had considerable skirmishing and fighting. Our corps remained in the wilderness on the 7th to watch their movements and bury the dead. At one place in front of the third brigade where the enemy had made a desperate charge on the 6th, we buried five hundred of them that lay in line as they fell. Our troops at this place only lost two men, and one of them was shot accidentally.

Sergeant Bradly, nick-named "Doggie" because he could bark like a fice, of company F, was on the skirmish line on the fifth. He always held to the theory that if a man was

born to be killed he would be killed anyway and there was no use in trying to protect himself from the bullets. As the firing was heavy, and each man behind a tree on the skirmish line, some one hallooed to "Doggie" to get behind a tree or he would be killed. He replied that if he was "to be killed the tree wouldn't save him," and remained where he was. In a few moments he was shot dead. I never believed in such theory and would shield myself all I could.

One evening one of our officers was telling us that he had found a wounded Yankee officer down in the pines. That he had a fine gold watch and had taken it off and wrapped it up in a piece of paper and put it in his pants pocket; that he was mortally wounded and unconscious, and would soon die, when he would go back and get the watch, as he did not like to take anything from a wounded man. Sam Nunnelly heard him telling this. That was enough for Sam—he was soon missing. When he came back I asked him if he had not been down there and taken that watch from the Yankee. He said he had, as the man was about dead anyhow, and that the lieutenant would never see that watch.

As we started out to bury the dead there was one of the federals lying beside the road who had been killed about the first fire, and had lain there nearly three days. I had noticed him the first day I and another soldier started to bury him, when the other fellow said, "Hold on until I search him." I said that was no use, as he had been lying there so long, and thousands of troops had passed by him, and that he had probably been searched before he got cold. But he kept on searching and finally found forty dollars in greenbacks. I then wanted him to divide, but he refused to do so. After that I searched everyone I helped to bury, but found nothing but a few pocketknives.

We got out of rations during this battle and could not get to our wagons, but the Yankees had four or five day's rations of "hard tack" and bacon in their haversacks, and we would get them from the dead. I have been so hungry that I have cut the blood off from crackers and eaten them.

On the 8th our corps moved on down the line, as General Grant was concentrating his force near Spottsylvania Court House. But General Lee had headed him off, and there was considerable fighting that day. Our whole line

was formed in the evening, and that night we fortified again. General Longstreet's corps, commanded by General Anderson, fought them on the 8th, General Longstreet having been wounded on the 6th.

There was considerab'e skirmishing and artillery firing on the 9th, and General Sedgwick, commanding the Sixth U. S. corps, was bantering some of his men, so it was reported by prisoners, about dodging their heads at the whistling of the rebel bullets, and said that we could not hit an elephant at that distance. A moment afterwards he was killed, pierced through the brain by a rebel bullet. He was one of their best corps commanders.

On the 10th they made a desperate attempt to carry our works on the left of our corps, and succeeded in getting over the works at one point, but were repulsed and driven back to their lines. Each army would fortify at night, and through the day when not fighting, in order to hold the ground they had gained, and resist an attack. On the night of the 10th, Sam Nunnelly came to me and said we would get over in front of our works that night and plunder the dead, as he knew there were plenty of them there that had never been searched. I told him

I would not do it, as we would be in danger of being shot by our own men as well as the enemy. But he said he would go by himself and crawl around and "play off" wounded. So he went, and was gone all night, coming back at daylight. He got three watches, some money, knives and other things. He would risk his life any time for plunder.

On the 11th there was some skirmishing and heavy artillery firing from both sides, and every one who had to be near the front had a hole dug to get into. Our line in front of our corps was crescent shaped—our corps in the center—Hills and Longstreet to the right and left. We were exposed to shell from two directions and shells from one direction would drop in behind the works from the opposite angle. Therefore, on part of the line we had to throw dirt on each side of the ditch.

While making a ditch of this kind on the 11th they opened on us with artillery. Most of the pioneers ran to another ditch, which was already completed, for protection. Several of them, myself included, remained where we were working, and among the number was one great big cowardly fellow named Ayreshire, of the 10th Va., who always carried a big knapsack and

wore a No. 13 shoe. He was six feet high and could take half a plug of tobacco at one chew. At the first fire he fell flat to the ground. As the shells passed over he would attempt to rise to run to the works, but by the time he would get on his hands and knees another shell would pass over when he would fall flat and stretch out as before. He would then attempt to rise again, but never did get on his feet to run. He kept up that motion while the shelling lasted, which was about half an hour. He had nearly pumped himself to death and had the ground all pawed up with his feet—the balance of us laughing at him and hallooing to him to "run Ayleshire! run Ayleshire!" If I had known I would be killed for it the next minute I could not have helped laughing at him, it was so ridiculous. I was wishing a shell would take his knapsack off without hurting him. If it had I believe he would have died right there from fright.

On the night of the 11th every preparation was made for a big battle as both armies lay close together. The space between the two lines was thick with underbrush and little Jack oaks, which stood so close that we could not see twenty steps in advance. The artillery was

posted behind the works with the muzzles pointing over and the horses were all taken to the rear. The cannoneers themselves had pits dug to shield them. The ambulance corps, the bands and musicians, with the pioneers, all had pits to get into as at times the shells would fairly rain over us.

As the army had been marching, fighting, or working, night and day ever since the morning of the 4th, with but little sleep, one third of the men were allowed to sleep at a time, on their arms. The others had to keep on the lookout for an attack. We had a skirmish line a little in front of the works and a line of videtts on top of the works. A detail of pioneers was sent back to the rear to cook rations and bring them up before daylight.

But just at daylight on the morning of the 12th, it being so foggy that a man could not be seen ten feet away, and having massed their troops in front of our corps, and in front of the crescent, the enemy made a charge, and before the men knew it they were coming over the works in front of the second brigade of our division in solid column. They filed out to the right and left, firing at us behind our breastworks?

The result was they got possession of that part of the works held by our division, captured sixteen pieces of our artillery, and about two-thirds of our division, together with our division commander, Gen. Ed. Johnson, wounded our brigadier, Gen. Walker, and demoralized the balance of the division. All that escaped had to "run for it" some distance, but were soon rallied by Gen. Gordon, who took command and formed into line. The troops from the right and left of our line closed in and checked the enemy until Hill's and Longstreet's corps came up, when the enemy were driven back, and part of the works regained, but the battle raged with great fury at that point from daylight until dark; bullets rained and shells shrieked but we never did recover all our lines, nor our artillery.

The enemy had the key to our position, and if they had not been checked there by the most desperate fighting on record, the whole of Lee's army would have been routed, and General Lee knew it. He came dashing up to take the head of the troops in a charge, knowing full well that the men would follow him any place he went; but the soldiers caught him and held him back, when General Gordon rode up and made him go back, saying: "General Lee, you must go to

How the Soldiers Captured Hogs.

the rear ; we are Virginians and Georgians, and we will recover your lines, won't we, boys ?" They answered with a yell, when Gordon took them to the front, and General Lee was forced to the rear.

Sergeant Will Montgomery was captured, and James Gaither, after getting out some distance, as he turned around to look at the enemy. was struck by a ball in the eye and fell dead. That was two more of Company A gone, which left but two in ranks.

I was going to the front that morning with rations, but the fight opened before we got there. The firing with small arms was kept up during the whole night, and we had to form a new line across the angle and work all night through a thicket of pines. Some were building breastworks, cutting down trees, which fell in every direction, some carrying them and piling them up, others with picks, shovels, bayonets and tin-cups throwing up earth on top of the logs, it being at the same time so dark we could not see each other, and we so sleepy we could hardly stand up.

I was digging with a pick, and every time I would stick it in the ground it would get fast in the pine roots, which was very aggravating.

The bullets whistled around us all night, and every few minutes some one was hit with a ball. Daniel Hoffman, a North Carolinian, was shovelling after me as I was digging, and I heard a bullet "spat," when he fell over and hallooed out that he was "hit."

"Are you hurt bad?" I asked.

"No, I think not," said he, "I am hit in the leg." His brother George was working along the line some place, and I called to him and told him Daniel had a "furlough," and to come and take him to the rear. He did so, and I never heard of him afterwards.

It got to be a common saying among the soldiers, when a man got wounded, that he had received a "furlough," and the length of his furlough was rated according to his wound. If mortally wounded he had his "final discharge." A soldier who received a moderate wound was considered in luck, as he could go to the rear and get a rest and nurse his wound, wounded soldiers being the only ones furloughed.

Generals Lee and Ewell walked up and down the line all night encouraging the men to work, and telling us that "the fate of the army depended on having that line done by daylight," and I knew by the way they acted that it was a

critical time. At daylight the works were filled with troops expecting a charge; but everything was quiet. General Grant had withdrawn his troops from our front and we lay undisturbed all day.

XIX.

CLUBBY JOHNSON PRISONER—Objects to Bayoneting His Men—"Remember Ft. Pillow! Charge"—Early, Corps Commander—Hanover Junction—Back in Company A—Across the Pamunkey— A Terrible Night on Picket—To Sleep Was Death—Lee's Army Donates Rations to the Poor of Richmond—Battles of Bethesda Church.

That was one time I cannot help but think Gen. Grant displayed poor generalship, for he had gained a great advantage over us. If he had made a desperate attack that morning with the superior number of troops he had, he certainly would have driven us from the field and turned our flank and captured a greater portion of the army and compelled Gen. Lee to surrender then and there, instead of a year hence. But he quietly gave up all the advantage he had gained with such immense loss, being baffled again, and started on another flank movement. He kept up those flank movements until he arrived at Petersburg on the south side of the James.

Every move he would make brought him nearer Richmond; but he was going all the time in an oblique direction, with Gen. Lee's

army moving parallel with him, and every time he attempted a direct course he was headed off and confronted by Lee. After every battle Grant would dispatch north that he was so many miles nearer Richmond, and they, in the north, would think he was driving us straight back, when the fact was he was no nearer, so far as the army was concerned, when he reached the James river than he was at the Wilderness. He could have gotten that close, as respects distance in miles, on the 5th of May, without a battle; but he had lost thousands of men in the attempt, and was just wearing our army out by degrees, for what we lost could not be replaced as we did not have the men to draw from. No prisoners were being exchanged at this time, and Grant knew if he lost ten thousand men every day they could be replaced by new ones, while we could not get a man. General Lee had about fifty thousand men when the Wilderness fight commenced and Grant one hundred and twenty-five thousand.

During the battle on the 12th there were two trees cut down with bullets, that stood between the lines. One was eighteen inches across the stump, the other, a pine, twelve inches across. They were cut so near off that they fell, and

nothing but bullets hit them. I have heard that the stumps were taken up and taken to Washington and kept there as trophies.

It is related that as the Federals were rushing our prisoners to the rear and punching them with bayonets to hurry them up, "Clubby" Johnson, who was also a prisoner, halted in the road and waving his "club" in the air, cursing, swore he would not move another step, but die there if they did not quit bayoneting his men; and that he worked his ears backward and forward and was in a terrible rage. They then quit punching them with the bayonet and all were marched to Gen. Grant's headquarters. I was told this by Bob Kauffman since the war. Bob belonged to the 10th Virginia regiment and was captured at the same time.

We lay still for several days, with the exception of some skirmishing, until the 18th, when Gen. Ewell took our corps and moved in front of our works to find out what the Yanks were doing. If they kept still for a few days it was a sure sign they were making a move of some kind. We marched several miles to the front and found the enemy had abandoned the ground in front of us.

Our skirmish line, however, suddenly came to

their wagon train as it was moving along the road and captured a great many wagons; but as the balance of the troops were marching along the road some distance behind, the enemy sent some of their infantry back and drove off our skirmish line and re-captured them before our troops could be formed in line of battle. The enemy, thinking it was some cavalry, attempted to charge us, but was repulsed. They finally brought up more troops and it seemed at one time that there would be a general engagement.

Our troops lay silently in line, and just at dark we could hear the enemy ordering a charge. The command was "Forward, remember Ft. Pillow! charge!" But they could not tell exactly where our line was, as our men were ordered not to fire until they came close up. The enemy would charge a short distance, fire a volley, and then break and run back. We could hear the officers rallying them and ordering another charge. This they did three times —the command being the same, to "Remember Ft. Pillow! charge!" Our line never fired a shot and the enemy soon retired. We lay there for some time and then fell in and marched back to camp that night.

We had just heard of General Forrest killing

the negro troops at Fort Pillow, and it seemed to inspire the enemy with great bravery to have revenge.

Our troops had captured a whole company of federals that evening who had been stationed at Washington all the time of the war as heavy artillery men, and only a few days before had been ordered to the front and given muskets to guard the wagon train. They were captured the first engagement they were in, and without firing a shot, and were sent to Richmond. They hated it very much, but there was no help for it. There was one very clever fellow among them who took it so hard that I would have assisted him to escape, but had no opportunity

Gen. Lee, anticipating Grant's move, marched out and formed a line of battle between the North Anna and South Anna rivers before Grant reached the North Anna. Being baffled again, there being no fighting except some skirmishing, Gen. Grant swung around to the right, when he found Lee confronting him at Hanover Junction.

On the 23d, and again on the 25th, Grant made attempts on the confederates, but was repulsed. Gen. Grant then left the North Anna, and on the 27th and 28th his entire army was across the Pamunkey.

Gen. Lee formed his lines so as to cover all the wagon roads and railroads leading into Richmond from a distance of about ten miles. Gen. Ewell being now unable, from ill health and the loss of one leg, for service in the field, was assigned to duty in Richmond, and Gen. Early took command of the corps, Gen. J. Pegram commanding Early's division. Gen. Gordon commanded our division in place of Clubby Johnson, now a prisoner.

Col. Terry, of the 4th Virginia, mas made brigadier of our brigade. Our division having lost heavily in these engagements the three brigades were consolidated, and still made but a small brigade. It was recruited to some extent by putting in ranks some of the musicians, the wagoners and pioneers that belonged to the brigade, and calling in nearly all that were on different details. So I left the pioneer corps, took a musket and went to my old company, which consisted of Capt. Powell, Sivells, Will Pollard, from Rockingham, (who had to go into the infantry from the cavalry because he had no horse), and myself.

The day I went to the company they were laying in tl e breastworks across a level field and the enemy were in the woods a short distance in

front of us. Their sharpshooters would get up in the tree tops and fire at every fellow who showed himself behind the works. The sun was hot and we had to lay in the ditches all day and nearly suffocate, and when we would want water would draw straws who should go for it. The one whose lot was to go would take as many canteens as he could carry and run the gauntlett to the rear, to a small ravine. While filling them he would be safe, but he had to run back again, for the sharpshooters would open fire on him as soon as he started. Several got shot in this way.

Every move we would make we would fortify, and the enemy would do the same. The country was dug up along the whole line from the Wilderness to Richmond, and nearly every fight would come off in the open field or woods, for as soon as we were fortified the enemy instead of attacking us, except in a few instances, would undertake to flank us.

One day, about 1 o'clock, our division was ordered to leave the works we were in and move farther to the right, some of Hill's corps being ordered to take our place. We had our flags stuck up on the works, and the artillery pointing over; the horses being in the rear. When

Hill's men came they had sneaked down the line unperceived by the enemy, and being very tired they lay down to rest. When we left the works we made a rush for a piece of woods not far off, and the enemy saw us leave and fired at us.

After we had marched down the line some distance we heard terrific firing back at the place we had left. We were halted and formed along the works, expecting a general attack, but in a short time everything was quiet, and we soon learned the cause of the firing, as we were told by the prisoners. It seems the enemy had seen us leave the works in front of them, but had not seen Hill's men come in and take our places, and they concluded, as there was no infantry there, they would charge the works and capture the artillery. Consequently they formed in three lines and charged across the field; but Hill's men held their fire until they were close to the works and then opened on them with a deadly volley of musketry, and grape and canister from the artillery and nearly annihilated them.

They then came out of the works and charged them in turn, capturing nearly all that were left alive, and all without the loss of a man.

We were marched on that evening some distance, Pegram s division being in front, feeling for the enemy. Suddenly the division ran onto a full corps and had to fight terrible to keep from being surrounded before our division could arrive. We went forward double quick, and when we came up Pegram's men were falling back. We formed in line across an open, sandy field, and were ordered to throw up a hasty work in order to check the enemy.

There was a fence near by, and a large pile of cord wood near a house, and every soldier took a load of rails or wood and, laying them along the line, would dig up the sand with his bayonet and throw it over with a tin cup or tin plate, or with his hands, and in a few minutes we had a very good defense.

I never before saw men carry such loads of rails, or work so hard, as they did on that occasion. It undoubtedly saved our two divisions, for by the time Pegram's men got back to us they fell in behind our works, and the enemy, seeing a formidable line in front halted.

Gen. Terry complimented us very highly and said that he knew if men would not flinch under those circumstances, and under a galling fire, they could be depended on for anything, and

that he did not see a man shrink from duty. and that he was proud that he commanded such a body of men, although few in number.

That night we fell back about a mile to a good position and threw up a line of good works. We lay in this position several days, not much fighting being done, except on our extreme right. Our rations of corn bread and bacon would be cooked in the rear and brought up to the front, three days' rations at a time ; and as we were moving about so much and changing positions all the time we often missed our "grub."

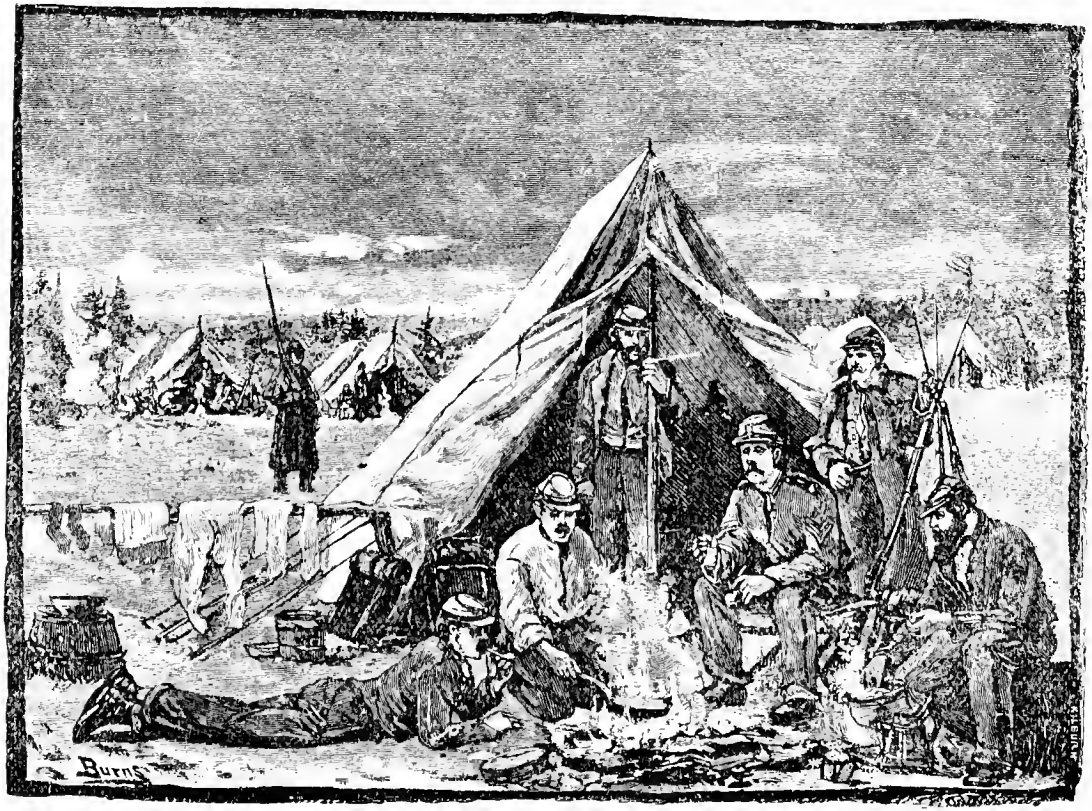
We were allowed one pint of corn meal (not sifted) and one-fourth of a pound of bacon for one day's ration, and as there was nothing in that country to steal, we were pretty badly off. The corn bread would get so hard and moldy that when we broke it, it looked like it had cob-webs in it. Numbers of the citizens came into our lines who had been robbed of everything they had and their houses burned besides, and we often divided our scanty rations with them to keep them from starving.

The poor in Richmond were suffering for something to eat, and when the soldiers heard of it the whole of Lee's army voted to give them

one days rations; and that was done several times to my certain knowledge. After being up and losing sleep for three nights, one evening I thought I would have a good rest, but was soon ordered to report to Gen. Gordon's headquarters with my gun.

When I arrived I found about two hundred soldiers there, detailed for special duty. We were then taken up the line and deployed in a swamp in front of our lines, in a shape to take the enemy by the flank. As soon as we were ordered to move forward it commenced pouring down rain, but we moved on and soon came to the enemy's line, and, taking them completely by surprise, they were thrown into confusion. As soon as our guns opened our main line from the breastworks moved forward, and we drove the enemy about two miles and captured about one thousand prisoners and took position at their works, but on the opposite side. We were kept awake all night long by false alarms and firing from the pickets. During this campaign if we got two hours sleep out of twenty-four we were doing well.

The next night I was put on picket in this swamp, and it came my turn to stand the first two hours. I was so near the enemy that I



IN CAMP.

could not light my pipe and so sleepy that I could not keep my eyes open to save my life, and I knew that if I sat down I would be fast asleep. I therefore braced myself on the ground and resting my chin on the muzzle of my gun would soon be fast asleep, only to be awakened by falling. In that manner I worried out the two hours—the rain continuing to pour down all the time. I thought it was the longest two hours I ever spent in my life. I never was so sleepy before or since. When finally relief did come I went back to the reserve and rolled up in my gum blanket and slept, oh! how sweetly —the rain pouring down all night—but an earthquake could not have awakened me. Those engagements were called the battles of Bethesda Church.

XX.

SECOND BATTLE OF COLD HARBOR—Grant Repulsed—The "Slaughter Pen"—At Lynchburg—Federals Retreat to West Virginia—Early's Advance Down the Valley into Maryland—Sick and Wounded—In Hospital—Visits Home—Incidents—Follows the Army to Winchester—Great Depletion of the Army—Brigades Consolidated—Slackness of Discipline—Officer of the Day and the Guard.

Gen. Grant then moved to Cold Harbor where he could have been the 1st of May without firing a gun; but that was McClellan's plan, and Grant did not want to follow any of his predecessors, but take a new route for Richmond by the Wilderness. But he had to adopt all of their old routes, and fail as they did.

On the 3rd of June he was determined to fight the decisive battle of the war, and massed his troops and rushed them on our works amidst a storm of shot and shell that it seemed no men could stand, but they were repulsed with great slaughter. The battle did not last more than half an hour.

It was the most destructive that had been fought during the war, considering the length of time the engagement lasted. It was estimated

that he lost ten thousand men in that short time, and his troops, it is said, seeing it was a useless slaughter, could not be induced to try it again. That place, the second Cold Harbor battle, was called "Grant's slaughter pen." The men were left there to rot as Grant would not bury them, neither would he allow us to do so.

There were fourteen different assaults made along the line in that short time and all repulsed with the above results, and but very few Confederates lost; but the enemy were no nearer Richmond than before, and Grant had to adopt another plan.

During this time Grant had sent an army under Gen. Seigel up the Shenandoah valley in order to destroy railroads in our rear and cut off our line of retreat; but Gen. Breckinridge came from West Virginia with his division, and gathered up some scattering troops in the valley, together with the cadets from the Virginia Military Institute, and met Gen. Seigel at New Market. Seigel was defeated on the 15th of May and retreated to Winchester. Gen. Breckinridge then left the valley and reinforced Gen. Lee at Hanover Junction and remained with us until after the battle of Cold Harbor. But in the meantime another army was sent up the

valley under Gen. Hunter, whose march was opposed by Gen. Jones, a cavalry commander with a small force of cavalry. Gen. Jones was defeated and killed at the battle of New Hope, in Augusta county.

The enemy soon had possession of Staunton and our railroad communication, and continued his march on through Lexington to Lynchburg. At the same time a large federal force was approaching Lynchburg from West Virginia under Gen. Crook. Should they form a junction at Lynchburg we would be cut off from our base of supplies. Therefore Gen. Breckinridge was sent from Lee's army to get between Hunter and Lynchburg and defeat him before he made the junction with Crook; but he failed to do so, and had to protect Lynchburg with his division, the cavalry and some militia.

It was a critical time, and as Grant, being defeated in his plans, had changed his base to the south side of the James river, our corps, under Gen. Early, was started out on a forced march to Lynchburg, two hundred miles distant. We marched one hundred miles to Charlottesville in four days. The night we arrived there it was my turn to cook rations. The wagons were late coming up, and by the time I drew rations and

cooked them the long roll beat to fall in. My feet were so sore that I had to crawl around the fire and cook on my hands and knees. I got no sleep the whole night. So when we were ordered to fall in I went to Dr. Baldwin, our surgeon, and showed him my feet and told him that it was impossible for me to march any further. He said we would not march that day as we were going to take the cars from there to Lynchburg. I told him I could stand that very well.

We loaded up and started out, the artillery, wagon train and ambulances keeping on the the wagon road. Some of the divisions also had to march all day as there were not trains enough to transport all at once. They had to go to Lynchburg, unload, and return and load up again.

We had a fine time until our engine broke down, when we had to unload and camp all night. When the train came we were crowded in, and just as we got on the high bridge over the James river at Lynchburg, the rear car jumped the track; but as we were going very slowly and the soldiers commenced hallooing to the engineer, he stopped. Some of the men had jumped off for fear the whole train would be pulled off the bridge. One or two were killed and some fell on the bridge, and some

caught in the timbers and were badly hurt. But they soon tumbled the rear car off the track and rushed on to the depot.

It was rushing times then as the Yankee shells were falling in the edge of Lynchburg. We unloaded and went double quick through the city and out to the fair grounds and formed a line of battle, threw out skirmishers, and went to our old trade—fortifying.

Our division and Pegram's were on the ground but Rodes' division was still behind and would not get up until that night. Gen. Gordon wanted to attack the enemy that evening, but Gen. Early would not consent to do so until Rodes arrived. Gen Gordon said the "Yanks" would be gone by morning. Sure enough at daylight we found they were many miles ahead of us, and all had gone towards Liberty, the route Crook had come.

We then started on a forced march to overtake them ; but I could not march, and Dr. Baldwin gave me a pass to remain in the rear and get in an ambulance when they overtook us, or else go back to Lynchburg to the hospital.

I did not want to go to the hospital just for sore feet, although they were raw and bleeding; but I thought they would be all right in a few

days, and I waited for the ambulances. When they came up I got in and arrived in Liberty, a distance of twenty-five miles, the next day. There we heard that the advance of our army had overtaken the rear of the enemy at Liberty near night, and had driven them onto their main line ; but they had the night to retreat in again. This was repeated every day until our army reached Salem, Roanoke county. Every evening our army would overtake them ; but night would again save them. As it was, they were scattered to the mountains and disbanded, and made their way to the Ohio river and points in West Virginia in small squads, and had to subsist off the country

The cavalry followed them up ; but Gen. Early, with the infantry, turned at Salem and started down the valley towards Staunton. When the ambulance I was in arrived at Liberty the doctors there had orders to put all the men in the hospital who were unable to march, and I was left at Liberty. I remained there seven days, and was nearly eaten up by the bugs at night, and did not know from which I suffered most, my feet or the bugs.

As soon as I heard the army had gone down the valley, I applied for my discharge from the

hospital. I could have stayed there longer; but as my parents and sisters lived in the valley at Dayton, I knew it would be a good excuse to get home for a few days. As the railroads had been destroyed, there was no transportation, and I had to "foot it" twenty-five miles to Lynchburg. I arrived there next day and took the cars, around by way of Charlottesville, to Staunton. There were a good many in the cars going on to the army from the different hospitals; also, quite a number of stragglers. We were to draw rations in Staunton, but when we arrived there Early's army was one day ahead of us, and had taken all the rations with them and we got none. The citizens had also been stripped of provisions, by having both armies to feed.

We started on down the turnpike, thinking we would get something to eat in the country; but after trying at every house for five miles without success, I told the boys I was going to kill the first thing I came across that would do to eat. I was anxious to get home that night, but knew I could not make it unless I ate something, as I had not eaten a mouthful since leaving Lynchburg. The first house I came to I went into the yard and commenced throwing my ramrod at the chickens, but the old woman

saw me and "fired" me out. We soon came across some hogs in the road. I loaded my gun, and as I was trying to slip around them to head them off they started to run, and I fired and hit one just behind the fore shoulder, and he fell over in the fence corner and never squealed. I had killed him dead. As we were not near camp we did not have to use the bayonet. We then saw some officers coming down the road, and we threw the hog over the fence and went and sat down on the opposite side until they passed. We then "skinned" a ham and cut out as much as we wanted, when we left. Some more soldiers coming up, we told them to draw their rations of pork; and I don't think there was any of that hog left but the hair.

The next point to make was to get some bread and coffee. I went to a house and inquired for bread; but, as usual, they had none. I was not to be baffled in this way, however. I went around to the kitchen and told the old negro woman that I would give her plenty of meat if she would give me some bread. "You bet" the bread was forthcoming immediately. We then cooked our meat, had a good square meal, and proceeded on our journey. I arrived at home that night after a twenty-five mile march and one meal.

I remained at home in Dayton a few days, hearing from the army every day. It was still marching on north down the valley toward the Potomac.

I did not like the idea of marching on after the army such a long distance, as the time had arrived in the progress of my soldiering that I was about "played out." I could not stand hard marching and was broken down other ways, and completely used up by hard service and severe exposure. I had no energy or activity left and just felt like laying down and resting in one place for months; but I knew I could not stay at home, and that I must follow on after the army or be arrested by the provost guard.

My sister, Sallie, at this time wanted to make a visit to our friends and relatives in Frederick and Hampshire counties; and as my father had a horse and buggy we concluded that we would follow up the army in that style, as it was more agreeable and comfortable to me than walking. I thought also that perhaps I could come up with the army near Winchester. So we started out, my discharge from the hospital and my musket being a good pass. When we arrived at Winchester, a distance of ninety miles, we heard that Gen. Early had crossed the Poto-

mac river into Maryland, and was advancing on Washington City. He had sent orders back to Winchester to hold all the stragglers and absentees from the army in Winchester until his return from Maryland, as it was not safe to follow on for fear of being captured by the enemy. My sister wanted to go fifteen miles west of Winchester to our uncle's. As I did not want to lay around Winchester, I wanted to go with her into the country and wait for the army ; but I knew I could not get a pass to go through the pickets.

We stopped at Miss Afflick's and I sent Sallie around to the provost marshal's office to get a pass for her and driver ; we determined to see if we could not run the blockade in that manner. When she arrived at the office she found an old acquaintance there, Mr. Tom Wilkins, from Dayton, who belonged to the 10th Va., and who was temporarily detailed provost clerk. She very easily got a pass from Tom for her and myself, and when she came back we proceeded on our journey to our uncle's unmolested.

I remained there several days, until I heard that Gen. Early had returned from Maryland and was in camp near Winchester. My uncle then hitched up his team and we started for

camp; but when we got near Winchester we heard considerable firing so we halted until we could hear further news. We stayed all night near Winchester and found out next morning that our army had fallen back during the night, and that the Yankees were in possession of Winchester.

I then came to the conclusion that I had better be making myself scarce in that neighborhood. I therefore started on foot by the mountain road, up the valley, knowing that I would soon get with them as they would not go far. I soon fell in with two other soldiers and we travelled on until we reached the valley turnpike at Woodstock, when we found we were ahead of the army, as they were camped at Fisher's Hill and were fortifying.

I reached my command the next day. I found them in camp on Cedar Creek, a few miles north of Strasburg; but found no Company "A," Capt. Powell had gone home, as he could not stand the service on account of his wound. Joseph Carder was in the hospital at Lynchburg and Wm. Sivells had gone home to Hampshire. Elisha Carder, with his drum, and I, with my musket, were all there was left of Company A fit for duty, and I felt considerably discouraged.

I was put in Company "F" under Capt. A. H. Wilson (the Hardy Company) but made up my mind that I would leave the regiment and go into the cavalry, or to some partisan ranger company the first opportunity. I hated to leave the old brigade as I had been with it so long; but I was of no use in the infantry. I could not stand marching any longer, and had no company, and I must either go to the cavalry or leave the service.

The officers in the regiment, and Capt. Martin, our commissary, gave me the name of "The last of the Mohicans." The whole division was considerably reduced, as we had lost about two thirds of the number, captured at Spottsylvania Courthouse, and kept losing men all the time, with no recruits except possibly a few from the hospitals. Our whole brigade did not number over 500 men. Each of the other brigades in the division contained about the same. There were not 100 men in my regiment, all told. The three Virginia brigades in our division were consolidated into one.

The soldiers and officers cared very little for exact discipline. We drilled very seldom, and dress parade was played out. Very little camp guarding was done, and when we did have a

camp guard they would sit on their posts unconcerned. In some ways the discipline was as good and strict as ever; but we were on the march or fight nearly all the time.

One day a soldier was sitting on his post as camp guard, and had taken his gun to pieces and was cleaning it when the "officer of the day" happened to come along and asked him "what he was doing there.

"Oh," said the soldier, "I am sort o' sentinel."

"Well," said the officer, "don't you know it is against orders to sit down on your post while on duty, much less to take your gun to pieces in that manner?"

"That used to be the law in the commencement of the war," replied the sentinel, "but its sort o' played out now."

"Yes, but I want you to understand that I am 'officer of the day,' going on my rounds."

"Are you?" replied the sentinel. "Well, just hold on 'til I get this old gun together and I'll give you a sort o' salute."

It showed how careless and indifferent the soldiers had become about technicalities; but in a fight, or on picket in "the front," they were as dutiful as ever.

JOHN O. CASLER, 1863.
"High Private in the rear rank"

XXI.

BATTLE OF MONOCACY—Gen. Early Returns to Virginia—Skirmish at Winchester—In Line at Cedar Creek—Fortifying at Fisher's Hill—Desperately Ill—Left in Hospital at Winchester—Battle of Winchester or Opequoin—Early Retreats up the Valley—Refugees in the Mountains—Discovers Capt. Stump Wounded in the Head—"Rather be Dead Than a Prisoner"—Carried Six miles up a Mountain Gorge—After a Doctor at Midnight in a Thunder Storm—Gets Lost in a Ghost-Haunted Thicket—Thrilling Adventures.

Gen. Early had marched into Maryland and fought a battle at Monocacy bridge, defeated the enemy, and continued his march to within four miles of Washington City. He laid there one day and then returned to Virginia. It was said that he could have taken Washington, as there were but few troops there; but the move was made to draw a large force from Grant's army and relieve Gen. Lee, which it did, as troops were sent to Washington at once.

After remaining in camp a few days, after I had reached the army at Cedar Creek, we started on the march towards Winchester. After getting below Newtown we were filed out to the left of the road and formed in line and ordered to load our arms. We were not thinking of a

battle and it took us rather by surprise when we heard the skirmishers firing. When I went to load my gun I found I had no cartridges; but in place of cartridges I had a withered boquet of flowers a young lady had given me at Dayton. I had thrown my cartridges away when I left the hospital and had forgotten about it; but I soon borrowed some from the others.

We were ordered to advance when the enemy gave way, and we had a running fight from there to Winchester. There they made a short stand, but were soon routed and put to flight. We ran through the streets of Winchester pell mell, at full speed—the ladies waving their handkerchiefs and cheering us on. We halted that night in the open fields below Winchester with the rain pouring down upon us in torrents.

We then manœuvered in the lower valley for some time, in and around Bunker Hill, Smithfield and Berryville, until the enemy advanced on us when we, in turn, fell back without a general engagement, to the south bank of Cedar Creek. That was the last battle I was in while belonging to that brigade; and I was the only man of Company A that was carrying a musket. My career in the Stonewall brigade was soon to terminate.

The next day we lay in line of battle in the hot, broiling sun of August, without a particle of shade, from daylight until dark. The enemy was lying in line on the hills on the opposite side of the creek, and considerable skirmishing was going on all day along the banks of the creek. At times it was very heavy on our right, the enemy opening on us once in a while with artillery We could see the smoke from their guns, and occasionally a shell would come whistling by ; but we seldom heard the report, although we were not more than a mile apart. The same reports from the artillery, we afterwards learned, were heard more than fifteen miles away. I suppose the reason for our not hearing the reports so near can be accounted for by the peculiar shape of the country and direction of the wind ; but it appeared singular to us.

After dark our army fell back to Fisher's Hill, about two miles south of Strasburg, to our intrenched position. That night I was taken desperately sick, and I thought I would surely die. I had them get the doctor and he said I had the cholera morbus. He gave me some relief, but I was very sick the next day It was the worst attack I ever had in my life. It was occasioned, they said, by lying in the hot sun all day.

The second day the army started on the move again, towards Winchester, as the enemy had fallen back. I was put into an ambulance and taken to Winchester and there left at the hospital. I got permission in a few days to go to my uncle, J. H. Heironimus, who lived in the country. I remained there one week, but was afraid of being captured, as the Yankees were scouting everywhere. My uncle took me to Winchester, and got permission from the surgeon of the hospital to let me stay at a private house, which I did, but had to report to the hospital every day for medicine, as I had the chronic diarrhoea. I remained there until the 19th of September, the day the big battle of Winchester was fought.

Gen. Sheridan attacked Gen. Early at daybreak down on the Opequoin creek. As Gen. Rodes' division was down near Bunker Hill, there was no chance for Early to fall back until Rodes formed a junction with him. By that time the troops were so hotly engaged that retreat in good order was impossible. Gen. Rodes' division was nearly cut off; and as he was bringing them into action he was killed, which was a severe loss.

I was in Winchester at the time, and it was

thought there that it would be a short fight, and I went to the hospital to see what orders they had, but found they had none to move. I knew I would have to ride if I got away, and I did not like the way the battle was raging, for it appeared to me that the musketry was getting closer and that our right was being turned. Just before sundown the enemy's cavalry had flanked our cavalry, and the whole line was going back. I could see them on the hills west of Winchester

I then started out of town on foot, but soon got into a wagon, and when we reached the south end of town we found all our wagon train parked there, and the army routed. Our wagons, ambulances and artillery commenced dashing up the pike, three abreast, and the infantry in the fields on each side were running—every fellow for himself. Every few minutes a shell would go tearing through the wagon train and make the camp kettles and things fly; but dark soon put a stop to the rout.

If the enemy had pushed on a little longer they would have captured nearly the whole command, for Early's army was completely routed, and there is no use in denynig the fact, It was the first time I ever saw it routed and

stampeded; but the army had fought well all day.

Gen. Early had about 15,000 men and Gen. Sheridan 40,000 and our line never gave back until both flanks were turned. Gen. Early was to blame for the defeat. He displayed poor generalship. He ought to have fallen back to Fisher's Hill in time, and not fought a general battle with such odds, in that place, where the valley was so wide and open. The corps never had any confidence in him afterwards, and he never could do much with them. He was as brave a general as ever lived, and did well when he commanded a brigade or division under some other general; but when he had command of a corps, and was operating by himself, he displayed no strategy whatever. He would fight the enemy wherever he met them and under any circumstances, no matter if he had but one brigade and the whole Northern army came against him. He would always show fight. It was a critical time with our army and it required generals that knew how to strike a blow and at the same time save their men.

This may appear unusual criticism coming from a private in the ranks; but after three years' service in the thick of the fight, under various commanders, and under every variety

of circumstances, and with opportunities of observation such as fall to the lot of pioneers and picket guard, it would seem that a man of ordinary intelligence might have opinions which are entitled to consideration.

The next day the army arrived safely at Fisher's Hill; but we had lost considerably. It was said, however, that Gen. Sheridan lost more men than Early had in his whole command.

I was sent on with the sick and wounded to Harrisonburg to the hospital. When we got there we were ordered on to the Staunton hospital, as the Harrisonburg hospital was overcrowded. There was a young soldier in the wagon with me who belonged to an Alabama regiment, from Wetumka, Ala, and who was wounded slightly in the neck. After we passed through Harrisonburg I told him we would get out of the wagon and go to my home in Dayton and stay there until we got well; that I did not intend to go to a hospital as long as I had a home that near to go to. We then got out of the wagon and went across the fields to Dayton.

We had been there but three days when we heard that Gen. Early had been defeated again at Fisher's Hill, and was falling back towards Staunton, and the "Yanks" would soon be in Day-

ton, so we took my father's horse and started to "refugee" towards the mountains. The roads were full of citizens "refugeeing" with their stock and valuables.

When we arrived at Hansberger's farm on Muddy Creek, we found Capt. Stump, from Hampshire county, who belonged to Imboden's command, lying there very badly wounded through the head He insisted that we should take him along with us and take care of him, as he would rather die than be captured.

He had one of his company with him and a black boy waiting on him, we told him we would do all we could for him and would defend him to the last. So we hitched our horses to Hansberger's carriage and took him on six miles further to a friends house.

After remaining there a few days we heard that Early was still falling back and that Sheridan's cavalry was scouting the whole country. We then moved him farther back to the foot of the mountain on Briery Branch and stopped at a small house. I rode out in the settlements every day to get rations and find out the news.

We could still hear that the Yankees were spreading their scouting parties farther and farther into the country every day, and Capt. Stump was fearful they would come across us

and that we would be captured. We told him there was no danger and that we would move him if it became necessary; but one day they came within two miles of us and we concluded to move farther in the mountains. We found out from the man we were stopping with that by going up a deep hollow or gorge in the mountain about six miles we would find an old vacant house; but there was no way to get to it but by a bridle path.

So nothing would do Capt. Stump but we must go to that house. He was suffering terrible from his wound, as he was shot through and through the back part of the head, and could sit up but a short time. We had to pour cold water on the wound every few minutes out of a coffee pot to relieve the pain; but he repeated he would rather die than be captured and would try and ride the distance on horseback.

We then started on the march, but had to stop every mile and get him off the horse and let him rest while we bathed his wound. He had more fortitude and endurance than any man I ever saw before or have seen since. We finally arrived at our rendevous and made him as comfortable as we could under the circumstances.

The second night we were there his wound pained him so severely that we were afraid he would have the lockjaw. He said he could not stand it till morning if he did not get relief of some kind, and insisted that I should go to Sangersville, a distance of ten miles, for a doctor. We tried to persuade him that it would be useless, as no doctor would come, and could do him no good if he did come, and that by pouring water on the wound continually it would give him relief. But he still insisted that I should go, and if the doctor would not come, he could send some morphine, which would give relief.

I then procured a pine torch, as it was very dark, saddled the best horse, and started down the mountain. I got along very well for two or three miles until it commenced thundering and lightning in a most terrific manner. In a short time the rain poured down in torrents, putting out my light and leaving me in darkness as dense as in a cave. But I still kept on, the horse folllowing the path by instinct, until I reached the settlements and got into the wagon road. It was still raining, but not so hard, and was not quite so dark. I still had four miles to go, but with great difficulty, and loosing the road several times, I finally reached Sangersville about twelve o'clock and found a doctor.

It was as I expected; he would not go. He said he knew the place very well and it would be impossible, in the rain and darkness, for us to find our way back that night, and insisted that I should stay until morning and he would go with me. I pleaded with him my best to go with me, but in vain. I then told him to give me some morphine and I would return, or make the attempt. He did so, and said he would come to see the captain in the morning.

Under these promises I started to return, but it seems the horse was bewildered and could not keep in the road where it led through the woods, and I often found myself out of my path in the woods. I would then get down and strike a match and feel my way to the road. In this manner I proceeded until near the mountain, when I came to a branch. I thought I would ride up the bed of the branch until I came to the place where the road re-crossed it; that by so doing I could cut off about one mile, and that I could keep in the bed of the branch better than in the path. But I found it a difficult task, as the branch was obstructed by drifts, logs and rocks. The water was shallow, and by the aid of the streaks of lightning I could manage to get around them.

Finally my horse came to a stand just as I had gotten out on the edge of the bank to get around some logs, and with all the whipping and spurring I could do I could not make him move. Just then, by the aid of the lightning, I saw that the horse was standing on the edge of a perpendicular rock, and I could not see the depth below. I quietly dismounted and turned the horse around and got him on solid ground. I then tied him to a tree, took off the saddle, rolled myself in the blanket and slept until morning. It rained, thundered and lightened the whole night.

Under most circumstances I would have felt some fear and lonesomeness; but, strange to say, nothing of the kind entered my mind. The next morning at daybreak I resumed my journey, and the first house I came to, which was the last one I would pass, I stopped and got my breakfast, and told them of my adventure of the night.

They all remarked that they were not surprised at me not getting through that place, as that thicket of pines was haunted, and there had never anyone been able to go through there after dark, as they would invariably get lost, see ghosts, and hear unusual noises, groans, etc.

There had been a man murdered there once, they said, and no sum of money could be laid down that would induce them to sleep there as I had done. I had heard nothing of the kind, however, and paid no attention to their ghost stories. I was too mad all night to think of fear, and to have met a well-disciplined ghost would have been company and amusement for me.

When I arrived where Capt. Stump was, I found him considerably better. He said he got relief directly after I had left, and was sorry I had gone, and that if he lived he would do anything in his power to help me. But, alas! like many a dear and near friend that I have had in old Hampshire county, he never lived to see the war over. Many of my old time friends and comrades who survived the war, also, have passed over the river and are quietly resting under the shade of the trees, while I still live (but in a far distant state), and seldom see anyone that I ever knew in my younger days.

The doctor never came the next day, as he promised, nor did I ever see him again. In a few days we persuaded the captain to go down in the settlements, as there was no danger of capture, for if he were to die in that lonely place

we would be unable to give him a decent burial. After placing him in kind hands we heard the enemy were falling back down the valley, when we bade him farewell and started to Dayton.

MANNY BRUCE AND JNO. O. CASLER CAPTURING MCFERN, A FEDERAL QUARTER-MASTER.

XXII.

SCOUTING NEAR DAYTON—Death of Lieut. Meigs, U. S. A.—Sheridan's Order to Burn Dayton Countermanded—A Gallant Ohio Regiment—Desolation in the Shenandoah Valley—Refugees Going North—Battle of Cedar Creek—The Truth About "Sheridan's Ride"—The Fiction of "Barbara Frietchie."

When we arrived in Dayton we saw a distressing sight—ruin and desolation on every hand. The enemy in falling back had burned all the barns and mills on their line of retreat.

The greater part of Sheridan's army had been camped around Harrisonburg and immediate vicinity. One regiment at that time was camped at Dayton, four miles south, and several regiments were camped in the advance at different points. His cavalry had scouted the country and done picket duty near Gen. Early's lines. Some of our cavalry would scout inside of the Yankee lines and in their rear to find out their movements, strength, etc.; principally men who were acquainted with the country and knew every by-road.

One day Frank Schaffer, of Rosser's brigade, and two others were passing along a by-road

between Dayton and Harrisonburg, when they unexpectedly came upon four Yankees. It was either fight or be captured; and as they preferred fighting the ball soon opened. In the affray one of the "Rebs" was wounded and three of the Yankees killed, while the other one made his escape and returned to camp. The "Rebs" left in a hurry, taking their wounded man with them. It so happened that one of the killed was Lieut. Meigs, a promising young officer of Gen. Sheridan staff and greatly beloved by the General.

He was so enraged about his death, particularly as the one who escaped had reported to him that they were ambushed by bushwhackers, that he issued orders that Dayton should be burnt to the ground and also all the habitations for five miles around. Consequently the torch was applied to houses and barns in the country, and the citizens of Dayton given one hour to move out of their houses into the fields. But the Colonel of the Federal regiment camped at Dayton knew they were regular soldiers who did the killing, and thinking the order inhuman, refused to fire the town until he could prevail upon Gen. Sheridan to countermand the order.

A petition was sent to him signed by the

whole regiment to that effect. In the meantime citizens, who were all old men, women and children, had to remain out in the fields during that day and night. No orders came during the next day, when my mother and another lady went to the Colonel's headquarters and begged him to relieve them of their suspense by either burning their homes or permitting them to move back into them. The Colonel told them that he was looking for a courier from Gen. Sheridan every minute and he thought the order would be revoked.

An order to that effect soon came and they all removed back into their houses, the soldiers helping them as kindly as they could. It was an Ohio regiment, and the citizens all spoke highly of them as they were treated kindly by them during their stay and never molested anything. But for that gallant Ohio regiment Dayton would have been laid in ashes and the citizens rendered homeless.

But not so with the country, for nearly every house and barn within the circle of five miles was burned. It was a rich neighborhood, with fine residences and outbuildings, and their barns full of grain and farm implements. They were not even allowed to save their household prop-

erty. Oh! those who never saw war have no idea of the ruin, desolation, death and suffering it brings. My mother, father and sisters went through this ordeal, and related the scenes to me when I arrived at home.

In a few days after this burning took place our army began the advance on the enemy, when he in turn fell back to Winchester, burning all the mills and barns on the route. Gen. Sheridan had orders from Gen. Grant to reduce the Shenandoah Valley to such a state of poverty that a crow, in flying over it, would have to carry his haversack to keep from starving; and it looked like such would be the case. The mills and barns were full of grain, and Grant knew the valley was a rich store house for Gen. Lee's army. If he could not whip us out he would starve us out. Such is policy in war.

Poverty stared the citizens in the face, as this was in the fall season of the year and too late to raise any provisions. Their horses and cattle were all gone, their farm implements burnt and no prospects of producing anything the next year Thousands of them "refugeed" with the Federal army, as all were furnished transportation any where north they choose to go.

There lived a family by the name of Baugh on the valley turnpike, two miles north of Harrisonburg, consisting of father, mother and seven children—five daughters and two sons. Four of the daughters were grown. When the Federal army passed their house on their way back to Winchester they told this family they had better get in their wagons and go with them and they would be given transportation to any point north they wish to go. That there were hundreds of families going, and that they were going to burn up the valley so that no one could subsist there. It had that appearance, for hundreds of barns and mills were then burning ; so the old people consented to go, as it looked like starvation to stay

They then gathered up some clothing and bedding and got into the wagon ; but the grown girls would not go and determined to remain where they were. The Federals then told them if they did not go with them they would have to burn their house down over their heads, and they would be compelled to go. The girls told them they could burn if they wanted to, but remain they would.

Consequently the house was fired and burnt to the ground; the girls trying to save what

they could by dashing into the house, rescuing what they could carry out. Some of the Federals, seeing their determination, assisted them and saved most of the property.

After the Federals had left one of the girls went across the field to Mr Armentrout s, a neighbor about one half mile distant, procured a wheelbarrow and moved their goods to his house. They then lived with their relatives and friends until the war closed

After the war I married Miss Martha E. Baugh, one of those same girls, and she is still my devoted wife. We still have a mirror frame that was saved at that time, but the glass was broken and I had a new glass put in after my marriage, and keep it as a relic of other days.

But thousands preferred to remain, let the consequences be what they would. It caused hundreds to take up arms for the South who had up to that time remained out of the army. Our cavalry followed close after the burners and dealt out vengeance with a vengeful hand. Whenever they caught a party burning they would take no prisoners, but shoot them down; and often threw them in the fire alive, when they caught them burning their own homes.

The main body of the enemy's infantry marched down the main road, our infantry fol-

lowing, while the enemy's cavalry were scattered over the country in small squads, doing the burning.

Some of the Federal soldiers would burn the property with fiendish delight and not let the people save anything, not even wearing apparel, while others, more humane, would not burn them if they could possibly avoid it, and would tell the women that they would set them on fire in order to shield themselves and obey commands; but that they would fire them in such places that it would not do any harm for some time, and as soon as they got out of sight they, the women, could extinguish the fire. I saw several barns after the war that were saved in that manner, but they were very rare cases.

As to the battle of Cedar creek, the 19th of October, 1864, where Gen. Early attaked Gen. Sheridan's army, commanded by Gen. Wright, I will make this statement as told me by a relative of mine, Mr. Sewell, Merchant, of the 2nd Virginia, who was wounded in both legs and had one amputated on the field. I took him from the hospital in Harrisonburg to my father's house, where he remained until he got well. He said that our army attacked the Federal army at daylight, routing them, capturing

their camps and a great amount of baggage. That after the Federals were driven off our army was halted and in a short time the whole army were plundering, and had nothing in line of battle but a thin skirmish line. That when the Federals returned there was nothing in shape to resist them but this skirmish line, which soon gave way, and the whole army went pell mell back to Fisher's Hill.

Now whoever was to blame for our army not pushing on when the enemy were routed, and for being allowed to scatter and plunder, it is not for me to say But it was a terrible oversight, and was the cause of the disaster in the evening. It was reported that Gen. Gordon was anxious to push on after the enemy, but that Gen. Early objected. The enemy, finding no one in pursuit, halted at Newtown, eight miles from Winchester.

Now, I wish to correct some erroneous statements in regard to Gen. Sheridan's "twenty mile ride," made in one hour, and which has been repeated in song and story until it is believed to be true by the rising generation.

I will prove by Gen. Sheridan's own words that he only rode *eight* miles in *one hour and a half*, and only five of that at a lively gait. In

"Personal Memoirs of P H. Sheridan," page 68, Vol. II, he says: "Toward 6 o'clock on the morning of the 19th the officer on picket duty at Winchester came to my room, I being yet in bed, and reported artillery firing from the direction of Cedar Creek." Again, on page 71, says: "We mounted our horses between half past eight and nine." Then on page 80 he says: "I returned to the road, which was thickly lined with unhurt men, who, having got far enough to the rear to be out of danger, had halted, without any organization, and begun cooking coffee, and I arrived not later, certainly, than half past 10 o'clock." On page 88 he says: "Between half past 3 and 4 o'clock I was ready to assail."

Cedar Creek is fifteen miles south of Winchester, where the battle commenced. The enemy fled to Newtown, seven miles from Cedar Creek and eight miles from Winchester, where Gen. Sheridan arrived at half past 10 o'clock; then consumed the time until 3 or 4 o'clock in forming his troops ready to advance, with no enemy nearer than five miles. Now suppose Gen. Early had followed on instead of halting, where would Gen. Sheridan's ride come in?

Any reasonable person would say between

Winchester and Harper's Ferry, thirty-two miles north of Winchester.

I am a great admirer of the truth, especially in relation to historical facts. Let the truth be told, no matter who it hurts, for the benefit of the rising generations.

Another fictitious poem is "Barbara Freitche," of Frederick City, Md., wherein it was said that Stonewall Jackson was indifferent about the actions of the soldiers in regard to threatening to shoot the ladies for waving the "Stars and Stripes" until he saw this old lady, when he ordered them to desist. No such circumstance as related in that poem of Whittier's ever happened. It was too un-Jackson like. On the other hand, if one of his soldiers had attempted such a dastardly outrage, Jackson would have had him shot on the spot. Jackson's men were soldiers in every sense of the word, and had mothers, wives, sisters, daughters and lovers at home, and knew how to protect and defend defenseless females regardless of their politics.

XXIII.

THE LAST OF COMPANY A—Joins the Cavalry—Must Have a Horse—Interesting Adventures—Attempts to Wade the Potomac—Pressing Horses Into Service—Capture of McFern.

I remained at home in Dayton for a few days, but had to report to the hospital in Harrisonburg. The doctor in charge there would not give me permission to remain at home, although it was only four miles, but said I was not fit for duty in the field, and that I could do duty in the hospital as Ward Master of one of the wards.

Our army was so "hard up" for men that as soon as one was fit for duty he would be sent to the front, and a sick one, as soon as he was convalescent, would have to nurse or be Ward Master until he was fit for active service.

I remained there as Ward Master until some time in January, 1865, when our corps that was in the valley was placed under command of Gen. John B. Gordon and ordered to Petersburg. Gen. Early was left in command of the valley, with a few regiments of infantry and some cavalry. As the army marched through

Harrisonburg I bade farewell to a great many of the boys that I knew in the brigade, and in the old pioneer corps, but there was not one man of Company "A" there, and but few of Company "F." Elisha Carder, our drummer, was the last man that ever was in Company "A," and he had been given a musket and was wounded at "Fisher's Hill," and had gone home. So he has the credit of being the last representative of that noble little band from Hampshire county.

When I saw there was no Company "A," and never would be, I told Capt. Wilson, of Company "F," that I intended to go to the 11th Virginia Cavalry, Company "D," from Hampshire.

"Well," he said, "you can go so far as I am concerned, and I wish I could go myself." But as he was an officer he could not go, but he said if I went he would never report me.

In a few days we had orders to move the hospital to Staunton, and as I was fit for duty I got my discharge to report to Company "A," 33d Virginia Infantry. But as I was familiar with the hospital office, I got some blank discharges and filled one out to suit myself, which was to report to Company "D," 11th Virginia Cavalry,

Rosser's brigade. It was camped then at Swope's depot west of Staunton.

I went home and stayed one day and then went to Staunton and reported to the provost marshal and he furnished me transportation to Swope's depot. I was soon with the 11th cavalry and found Lieut. Parsons in command and several that I knew. Kennison Taylor was there under the same circumstances, as he was an old member of the 13th Va. John Dailey, Eph. Herriott, and a good many that I cannot recollect now were there, also a great many that I did not know, but they were all Hampshire boys, and I felt at home. I told Lieut. Parsons that I came to join his company. He advised me to go and see Major McDonald. I did so and told him my situation; that I had no company, but did not want to desert the cause and would like to be in his command, and if I could not join it I would go to some partisan ranger company. He replied that he would like for me to remain, and that I should do so; but if Gen. Lee called on him for me he would have to give me up, as it was his orders to deliver up an infantry man when caught in the cavalry.

I told him what Capt. Wilson said, and that I

had no fear of being called to go back to the infantry. But there was another difficulty in the way ; I had no horse, and each soldier had to furnish his own horse ; but I knew I could get one some way or other. The third day after I arrived in this camp the brigade was disbanded for the winter, and sent to different portions of the country to get provisions for their horses.

The squadron I was with, composed of the Hampshire and Hardy companies, were ordered to Lost river, in Hardy county. John Dailey happened to have an extra broken down horse that he wanted to send to Hampshire to recruit and he gave it to me to ride. So I fastened a good lot of blankets on him and mounted. We happened to go by my father's house and I got his saddle, but it was a citizens saddle ; so when we arrived at Brock's Gap I exchanged his saddle with Bud Peterson for a Confederate cavalry saddle and went on to camp. The squadron went into winter quarters near Mathias' on Lost river.

After remaining there a few days and helping to build quarters, Ken. Taylor and myself started to Hampshire to capture each of us a horse. The others bid us farewell and said we were

JNO. O. CASLER'S CAPTURE BY THE "JESSIE SCOUTS," FEB. 5, 1865.

bound for Camp Chase. We continued on until we reached Joseph Pancake's on the "South Branch" of the Potomac, where he turned over the horse he was riding and I delivered Dailey's horse to Joseph Patterson. We were now both afoot, but determined to go to the Yankee camp and capture a horse apiece.

We then went to Romney, where Taylor's parents lived. We maneuvered in that county as far down as Springfield for some time and finally fell in with Wm. French, of the 13th Va., Edward Montgomery, of my old company, and Manny Bruce, of McNeil's rangers, and formed a plot to watch the road for a squad of straggling Yankees, capture them, take their horses and turn the prisoners loose. But the weather was very cold, with snow on the ground, and the "Yanks" did not venture far from camp.

We finally heard that there was a cattle speculator, quartermaster or government agent, or something of the kind, by the name of McFern, who came out from Cumberland, Md., every week on Patterson's creek. He bought all the cattle he could find; and if a Southern man would not sell to him he would take them anyhow, or if he heard of their selling them to go south he would take them, and he

generally had a good pile of greenbacks with him.

We did not care who or what he was; it would be a picnic for us to get him and take him "in out of the wet." Therefore we marched across Middle Ridge early one morning in the cold and snow and posted ourselves in a school house that stood near the road leading from Frankfort up the creek. We would keep one man on post near the road while the others would remain in the schoolhouse; but we were afraid to make a fire for fear of attracting attention. We waited and watched all day, but in vain, for our man never came. At dark, being cold and hungry, we went to a house near by, and the gentleman gave us a good drink of apple brandy, a good supper and a good, warm fire to set by, which was quite refreshing.

We then held a council of war to determine how to proceed next. Montgomery, French and Taylor were in favor of going to the mouth of Patterson's creek on the "North Branch" of the Potomac, cross over into Maryland and get horses out of a camp of condemned cavalry horses that were there recruiting. Manny Bruce, who was raised in Cumberland and whose father lived there, was in favor of going into

Cumberland and getting good horses, as he did not want any of the old broken down ones.

Now, there were about twelve thousand troops camped in a.d around Cumberland, Md., and it was quite a risky business wading that river and going into that camp; but Bruce said he knew every hog path and he would pilot us safely. I was indifferent about which route we took, and Bruce, seeing this, insisted that I should go with him to Cumberland, and if we failed to capture some horses he would go to his father's who was quite wealthy, and have him give us money enough to purchase a good horse a piece. So things were arranged in that way. Bruce and I started for Cumberland and French, Montgomery and Taylor for the Potomac to the condemned camp. We gave each other good bye. We did not know whether we would be killed or land in prison or be hung as spies. It was a critical and dangerous move, but we were hardened to such work, and did not care.

After traveling through the snow for several miles Bruce and I came to the conclusion that we could not make the trip on foot, as it was about twelve miles, and get out safely by daylight, so we concluded we would stop at some

farm house and get horses, ride them to the river and turn them loose. At the next house we came to we stopped and wakened the old man and told him that we had a very important trip to make that night and that we were "given out" entirely and could not make it on foot, and that he should let us have horses to ride and we would return them safely We did not tell him which army we belonged to, but pretended we were Yankees, as we had on English-grey overcoats which appeared blue after dark. He told us he had but one horse and he could not think of letting it go for any consideration. We offered to pay him for it, but it was "no go." I then told him it was a case of necessity, and if no persuasion would do we would take the horse anyhow.

So we proceeded to the stable and got the horse, and both mounted it, bareback, and rode to the river at the place where we expected to wade it, as Bruce said there was a "riffle" there and we could wade very easily. The weather was very cold, but the river was not frozen over.

When we got to the ford we learned there was a picket post on the opposite side. We could see their fire and see the men standing around. So we were foiled and did not know

what to do, but concluded to go down the river until we could find another rift or bar, and then wade.

After going some distance we thought we had found the desired place, and made preparations to take water. We each procured a long stick and as we were armed with six-shooters we kept our belts on. When we started into the water it was very cold and kept getting deeper every step. When it reached our waist we unbuckled our belts and swung them over our shoulders to keep them dry; but as we proceeded it got deeper and deeper until nearly up to our armpits. As I was in front I halted and told Bruce we could not make it, as I could tell by feeling with my stick that it was still deeper further on, and that we would get so chilled that we could do nothing if we got across safely, and that if we got down with our overcoats on we could not swim with them, and would be sure to drown. He said, "No, we cannot make it, and will have to give it up."

We then came out of the water and went to a house about one-fourth of a mile from there, and by that time our clothes were frozen stiff. We wakened the man of the house, not knowing whether he was rebel or union, and told him

"for God's sake" to make a fire, as we were nearly frozen to death. He got up and made a roaring fire, which felt very comfortable to us. After drying and warming ourselves we lay down by the fire and took a short nap. When I awakened I had burnt my boots so badly that the whole front came out of one of them. I told Bruce we must get out of this before daylight or we would be captured. We then tried to hire the man of the house to take us a few miles on his horses, but no go; he would not do it. So we drew our pistols and informed him that we would make him go. We then marched him to the stable and got two horses and mounted them, taking him along.

We had not proceeded more than one mile when we came across the old horse we had ridden to the river, and turned loose. We then discharged our man and sent him home; giving him a five dollar bill on a broken bank in Michigan that I had gotten while in Maryland. We mounted our old horse and arrived at the house where we had procured him by daylight. We found them perfectly delighted at the return of their horse, as they never expected to see him again. They insisted we should remain and have a good warm breakfast, which was very

acceptable. During our travels in the night we passed by a house where a sleighing party from Springfield and Frankfort were having a dance. I knew several who were there; but we did not stop or make ourselves known as we were engaged in more pressing business at that time than "tripping the light fantastic toe."

After partaking of our breakfast we traveled on until we arrived at Joshua Johnson's, who had several sons in the Confederate army—one, William Johnson, was lieutenant in my old company, and had died at Charlottesville, Va.,—and we knew we would be welcomed. We needed rest and sleep. Mr. Johnson gave us a good drink of brandy and put us up stairs, to sleep, promising to keep a lookout for us if any "Yanks" should pass along, and to waken us about 4 o'clock, as we wanted to get out of that neighborhood that night for fear the boys that went to the condemned camp may have stirred up the enemy and they would make it red hot for us.

We slept sweetly until Mr. Johnson roused us up from our peaceful slumbers, gave us another good dram and a good supper, when we sallied forth for fresh adventures. We proceeded up the creek until we came to the path that led across Middle Ridge to the South

Branch. There was a negro cabin there and Bruce was acquainted with the colored man who lived in it, as he had lived in Cumberland with the Lynn family Bruce made him believe that he was Sprigg Lynn and that I was Johnnie Fay He "took it all in" and believed it firmly, as Bruce could relate to him many incidents of his boyhood days.

We then inquired of him if McFern had gone up the creek that day, but he did not know, as he had been away all day himself; but he could find out by going to the next house. Bruce went on to the next house, while I stood picket in the road. We still had it in our heads to capture him if we could. So when Bruce returned he brought the joyful news that McFern had gone up the creek that morning and was still up there buying cattle. We then determined to have him if it took us all night. There was a lady in that neighborhood who requested us, if we captured him to hold him as a hostage for her father, whom the Yankees had in prison as a citizen; and it was my full determination to do so.

As we proceeded up the creek we were overtaken by a man in a wagon, and we got in and rode a short distance. We soon found out he

was a rebel, and we divulged our plans to him. He told us we would find McFern at one of two houses that he located. We then got out of the wagon and waited some time in order to keep suspicion from our friend, and then cautiously proceeded to the first house and inquired for our man, but they said he was not there; that we would find him at the next house, a Mr. Johnson's. (There are several families of Johnsons along that creek.)

We then knew how to lay our plans. I was to arrest him while Bruce was to watch that no one else interfered. We belted our pistols, already cocked, under our overcoats, walked up to the front door of the house and knocked, passing ourselves off for Yankees. A young lady came to the door and we asked her if we could stay all night. She said she supposed we could, and asked us to come in. We then walked into the front room. She sat some chairs up to the fire and requested us to be seated. There was no one else in the room.

We had no sooner taken our seats than the young lady left us and went into the dining room. As she opened the door I saw several men seated there. I tapped Bruce on the shoulder and told him to come on. We went

into the other room and found some seven or eight men, mostly citizens. We bid "good evening" to them and took our seats side by side. They seemed a little surprised at our abruptness, but said nothing, and soon resumed their conversation. In a few minutes we knew which one was our man, and Bruce touched my foot as a sign to proceed. I then opened up the conversation.

"Your name is McFern, is it not?"

"Yes, sir."

"You are buying cattle for the United States government," are you not?"

"Well, not exactly. I am butchering them."

"Well, Mr. McFern, you can consider yourself our prisoner," I said, at the same time rising and walking up to him with pistol drawn, Bruce at the same time standing up with his pistol ready McFern, thinking we were Yankees, wanted to know very insolently, what he had done to be arrested in this manner, and what authority we had to arrest him.

"Simply" says I, "because we are Rebels and you are a Yankee, or working for the government, and we want those cattle you have to take to the Southern army, and you along with them."

If a cyclone had struck the house it would not have more surprised him, and all that were there, as they did not think there was a Rebel under arms within forty miles of that place.

He commenced begging at once, and as I was standing by him holding my pistol in hand with the muzzle pointed to the floor, my finger on the trigger, and searching him for arms with my other hand. My pistol, I suppose, from the numbness of my hand, accidentally went off and bored a hole through the floor. He then plead "for God's sake" not to kill him, and the women commenced screaming and begging me not to shoot him, I explaining all the time that it was an accident and that he should not be hurt. One of the men in the room spoke up and said he saw it was accidental. We finally got quiet restored.

He declared he had no arms but a pocket knife and gave that to me, but as I was searching him I felf a big fat pocketbook, but did not take it just then. We then made preparations to go. He said he had twenty-four head of cattle in the yard, but had let the young ladies of the house have his horse to go sleighing that evening. We gave him his overcoat and, as we stepped out of the door, I told him he had bet-

ter let me carry that pocketbook for fear of an accident, and that I would trade gloves with him also, as he had a nice pair of lamb's wool gloves and mine were quite worn.

XXIV.

LETS MCFERN ESCAPE — Procures Greenbacks — New Clothes—Attends Dances—Captured by the "Jessie Scouts—On the Road to Prison.

I guarded him while Bruce, after pressing two or three of the young men who were there into service, drove the cattle out of the yard and counted them. There were twenty-four big, fat cattle. My old school teacher, Ziler Chadwick, was in the room at the time, but I did not let it be known that I knew him, and he avoided recognizing me. A young Mr. Herriott was there also. Chadwick was teaching school in the neighborhood.

After starting the cattle, I told Bruce to take charge of the prisoner and I would take charge of the cattle, as it would be difficult to drive them. It was my full determination to bring the cattle and prisoner out south, for we had made arrangements with the colored man to help us drive them across the ridge from his house. But after we had proceeded about one mile Bruce came running to me and told me that the prisoner had got away from him, and we had better "skip out," as he would give the

alarm and have the Yankees after us. I was vexed considerably and upbraided him for being so careless, when he said it made no difference, as there was plenty of money in that pocket book to get us all the horses we wanted. I asked him how he knew what was in it. He said that McFern had told him there was nearly nine hundred dollars in it and he knew he had told him the truth, and if we had captured him in the morning we would have gotten $2,500. So there was no other course to pursue, and we left the cattle in the road and departed.

We hurried on down the road to the old colored man's and gave him five dollars to take us across the ridge on his horses, which he did. For fear of getting separated we went to a cabin in the woods and aroused them. By the light from a pine torch on the hearth, we divided the money and found it as McFern had said, nearly nine hundred dollars in greenbacks. Bruce then told me he let him go on purpose, as he did not want to be bothered with him.

We then went on the "South Branch" to Vause Herriott's plantation and aroused him up and asked him to let us stay the remainder of the night. It was arranged before we got there

that I was to buy Vause's fine bay horse, and Bruce was to buy a fine black mare from Frank Murphy.

So after we had gone to bed I asked Vause what he would take for the horse. He said two hundred and twenty-five dollars in greenbacks, but as I wanted him for service, and he was afraid the Yankees would take him, I might have him for two hundred. We had not told him of our capture and he did not think we had any money, but I told him I would take him. He then wanted to know where we had made a raise. Bruce told him we had been to Cumberland and his father had given us money But in the morning when I handed him two hundred dollars and took the horse he was very much surprised. We then told him how we got it and he became very uneasy and wanted us to leave immediately, as he said the Yankees would be sure to be a ter us, and if they found us there they would burn him out. We told him we were as anxious to leave as he was to have us, and to help us across the river, as it was quite high.

I swam the horse across, and Vause took Bruce across in the canoe, when we both mounted and started for Romney We did not

stay at Romney long, but went on to Mr. Pancake s. I left nearly all my money with Mrs. Sallie Pancake and went to Patterson's and got the saddle I had left there, and mounting, I began to feel like a cavalryman. Bruce went on to Frank Murphy's, and bought the black mare, when he, also, was well mounted.

I intended to go right on to the company, but meeting William French and George Arnold at Pancake's, they persuaded me to go back with them to Jersey mountain, as some more of company "D" were coming in and we would make a raid on the railroad and capture a train of cars. I concluded to do so.

We first went to their stronghold up in the mountains, called "Fort Defiance," and from there on down the mountain to Frank Ewer's place, and then down on the "Levels"to Swisher's, where I got Mrs. Swisher to go to Paw Paw Depot on the B. & O. railroad for me, and run the blockade with some grey goods to make me a new suit, also a pair of boots and a bolt of calico. I wanted to take the calico out south, as it was a great object at that time. A young lady who could sport a calico dress those times felt rich, as all the wear was homespun. As Bid Leopard used to say, we could board a

week in the valley for a yard of calico or a Hagerstown almanac. He and Bill Herbert, both cavalrymen, once took a load of almanacs to the Page Valley and made a fortune in "Confed." But I an digressing, and will return.

I had left some money with Mrs. Scanlon to run the blockade for me and get some clothes also, thinking if one failed the other would not, and if they both succeeded I could very easily dispose of all I could carry at a handsome profit, when I got south. I wanted the clothing mainly for myself and father's family. Wm. French and I were together for some time scouting around to see what we could pick up.

At Swisher's I met my old chum and comrade in arms, Mr. Charles French, but he was only with us a short time. We went from there up the South Branch one night and learned that a sleighing party was having a dance at Mrs Brooks', across the river. So we left our horses at Forman Taylor's and crossed the river on the ice and engaged in the dance until nearly daylight. We had to do our traveling at night and lay by in the daytime for fear some scouting party of the enemy would capture us. At those dances I would meet girls and young ladies that I had been raised with and had gone to school with, and enjoyed myself hugely.

One night I was in Springfield and sat up at a wake with a dead child of John Seeders, and before daylight James Parsons and myself left and stopped at Geo. Johnson's, a tavern stand, where we remained a short time. Just as we were leaving at daybreak and going through a little passage way between the main building and kitchen, Parsons, who was ahead, just as he got to the gate, wheeled around to me and said, "run for God's sake, the Yankees are right here." So I wheeled and run and went up the steps and into the ice house. By that time the "Yanks" were in the house, but did not not see me. They proved to be a squad of infantry from Green Spring Station and did not stay long; but I thought I would freeze to death while they did stay as I had to remain in that cold ice house.

Every time Johnson came out of the door he would shake his hand at me, as he knew I was looking out of the latticed window They would not trouble Parsons as he was staying at home. Finally they left and I came down; and they were not out of sight of town before I was down on the square.

Wm. French and myself went to several dances and had a fine time with the girls, and I

never enjoyed myself better in my life. But those happy days were soon to be over and days and months of misery to follow.

There was no chance to capture a train and I had made all my arrangements to go on to the company. I had got my money from Mrs. Sallie Pancake, had bought a good cavalry saddle from John W Long, had bought a pistol, (as the one I was using was borrowed) and had got my clothes from the tailor. I had to make a trip to Mrs. Scanlon's to get the things she had bought for me, and had intended to go out by the Grassy Lick road ; but as there were several of the company going in another direction they insisted that I should come back and go that way which I did. I was induced to do so, however, more from the fact that some young ladies, the Misses Murphys and some others, wanted to send some valentines by me to the boys.

The day I started out I met John Lynn, Manny Bruce, M. Lovett, of Company "D," and Capt Stump at Frank Murphys. Lynn and Bruce were going to McNeils company, Lovett was going to stay at Murphys, and Capt. Stump would have me go home with him and stay all night as I had been so attentive to him when wounded. I spent the night with Capt. Stump.

Lovett was to meet me at Stumps at 9 o'clock the next morning. We were to go together and after we got up the road a few miles take a bridle path across the mountain. I spent a pleasant night with Capt. Stump at his sisters, Mrs. French, and it was the last night for him on this earth. The next day he was murdered in cold blood.

The next morning after breakfast we saddled up our horses and waited awhile for Lovett. When the hour had passed that he was to meet me, and as Capt. Stump wanted to go down the river, near Romney, to his father's, I concluded I would ride on slowly and I told him to tell Lovett to hurry up and overtake me, and thus we parted. When I reached the place in the road where the path led across the mountain I left word at a house there for them to tell Lovett that I had gone on up the road, as I was not acquainted with the bridle path.

After going some distance I came to where the roads forked, one road leading to Morefield, the other through the Bean settlement to L[illegible] river. I took the latter road, but they ran nearly paralell with each other for some distance, gradually widening out. There had been a little thaw the day before, but it had frozen

that night and the roads were one sheet of ice; and my horse being smooth shod, it was difficult to get along. I had the goods that I had bought under the saddle and the boots tied behind, and was carrying the saddle that I had borrowed from Bud Peterson at Brock's Gap.

As I was riding along, thinking I was safe from the enemy, my horse pricked up his ears and threw up his head, and I knew he saw something. Looking ahead I saw a man riding across from the road I was in towards the other road, with the cape of his overcoat thrown back, and could see the red lining. I halted for a few seconds, but thinking it was some of Major Harry Gilmore's command, or Capt. McNeil's men, as I knew they were camped near Moorefield (and our men wore such coats,) I rode on; but had not gone far until I saw several men riding about in the woods in a suspicious manner, and concluded, whether they were Rebels or not, that I would get out of there. So I wheeled my horse around, threw down the extra saddle I was carrying, and put spurs to my horse and went down the road as fast as I could go. I could see no other way of escape. But as soon as I wheeled and started they commenced firing at me, and the bullets whistled by, but I

kept on. I knew my horse was fast, my greatest fear being that he might fall on the ice; but when I got to the forks of the road I saw ten or twelve men just ahead of me. I dashed in amongst them, as I could not check my horse.

One fellow grabbed the reins of my horse, while another had his pistol leveled at my head, when some of the others pulled me off the horse and commenced taking my things. I was quarreling with them all the time, thinking they were rebels, as they were dressed like rebels, and talked like them. I kept asking them what they were. They said they were rebels and belonged to Gilmore's command, and that I was a d—d Yankee spy.

I told them I was a rebel and had papers in my pocket to show them where I belonged. They replied that if I was all right I would get all my things back again; that Harry Gilmore was coming on behind. They wanted to know if there were any more soldiers down the road I told them there was one coming behind me (meaning Lovett.) They said if I told them a lie they would kill me.

One took my hat and gave me an old one about three sizes too large; one took my overcoat and vizer, and gave me a citizen's coat; another took my haversack and pocket book, with

one hundred and twenty-five dollars in it; another pulled at my boots, but I held my foot so it would not come off, when he called on a companion to take hold of the other boot, which he did, throwing me flat on my back and straddle of a small tree. Each man continued pulling at a boot until they pulled them off. One of them put on my boots and gave me his old ones, which were one size too small. I could not get my heel any further into them than the top of the counters. They took my fine horse and gave me a young horse they had picked up along the road, and a citizen's saddle. In a few minutes all that change was made, and as it was a bitter cold morning, I felt the change very perceptibly. They then left one man to guard me and the balance rode on.

They were the "Jessie Scouts" and numbered about thirty men, under command of Maj. Young—as desperate a set of guerillas as ever graced a saddle. They dressed like rebels and would go in advance of the command, which was some distance behind.

After they had all left I asked the one who was guarding me to tell me the truth, what they were, whether they were "Yanks" or "rebs."

"Oh, we are all rebs," he said, "and belong

to Gilmore, and you will get your things all back."

I then began to think perhaps they were rebels; but in a short time the main column came in sight and as soon as I saw them, all dressed in blue, my guard hunched me and asked me what I thought of those fellows. I told him he need not tell me any more lies, that I knew where I was now. So when they came up, about four hundred of them, he turned me over to the guard, and, sure enough, Maj. Harry Gilmore was there, but he was a prisoner, and his cousin, Hoffman Gilmore also. They had thirteen prisoners, and among them John Lynn and Manny Bruce. They made the prisoners ride single file, with a guard on each side of each prisoner.

They had come out from Winchester by the Moorefield road, piloted by a deserter from Gilmore's command, for the express purpose of capturing Harry Gilmore. They captured him at a house where he had his headquarters. As soon as that was accomplished they started back to Winchester by way of Romney, picking up all soldiers they met. We had not gone far until they brought Lovett in. He blamed me for his capture because I did not take the path

across the mountain, and I blamed him for our capture for not being on time as he had promised. If I had been fifteen minutes sooner, I would have been beyond the turn of the road and would have escaped; or if I had been fifteen minutes later, I would have been with Lovett and we would have gone the bridle path and both escaped capture. So my fate at that time hung on fifteen minutes of time either way. What a trivial circumstance often changes the tide of a man s life!

I was uneasy all the time after I was captured about Capt. Stump, as I knew that he had gone down the road and would be deceived by them; and I had often heard him say that he would rather die on the field of battle than fall into their hands. But as we went on and they did not bring him back I began to hope that he had given them the slip, and especially after passing his father's house. But we had not passed the house far when I saw him lying dead in the road with nothing on but his pants and shirt, and his face all black. But I knew him by his home-made pants, and remarked that there laid Capt. Stump. John Lynn said it was not Stump; but I was sure of it, and it proved too true.

The scouts said they had killed the chief of

all the guerrillas, as he was heavily armed, having two or three six-shooters, besides a carbine.

One of them told me that when they rode up to the house Stump came out and attempted to get on his horse and they shot him through the leg; and after they captured him he said he could whip all of them if they would give him a chance, and that when they got out in the road they gave him a chance, and commenced firing on him until they killed him. Another one told me that after they left the house and got in the road their commander said that he was an old guerilla chief and told them to kill him, which they did; and I believe that part is true.

That was the last of Capt. George Stump, a good and brave soldier. He always carried several pistols, and his command called him "Stump's Battery." One of the scouts told me that when they captured me, as I dashed up into them, he had his pistol cocked and pointed right at my head with his finger on the trigger and was in the act of firing, when he saw I could not check the horse and did not fire. I was just that near death at that time.

XXV.

PRISONERS ON THE MARCH—Two Escape—Arraigned Before Sheridan—Treated as Guerrillas—At Fort McHenry—In the Cells—Eats Soup Out of a Hat—Receives Money From Friends—"Black Jack" the Terrible—Sutler's Checks Only.

It was a very cold day when we were captured—the 5th of February, 1865—and they kept on the march all day, and until about 9 o'clock at night, when they halted on the road leading from Romney to Winchester, to feed their horses. I had suffered terribly from the cold, having been warmly dressed when captured, but now nearly stripped. The change was as sudden as taking a cold bath.

When they stopped to feed I was in hopes they would stay all night. While our guards were building a fire, I whispered to Bruce that now was our time to escape. He said, "hush." I was more anxious for Bruce to escape than myself, for they had captured him once at home in Cumberland, and he had taken the oath and afterwards went into service, and I knew if they found that out it would go very hard with him. When they took Bruce's coat away from him they gave him a Yankee blue overcoat and

gave me a black one. As some of the guards were busy making fires, others kept us huddled up together and kept counting us; but Bruce and I kept stirring around to confuse them. Directly afterwards I saw Bruce walk out of the ring and mix up with the men that were feeding the horses. As soon as the fellow commenced counting us again, I began stirring around to confuse him and to make two men out of myself if I could to give Bruce as much time as possible; but he soon found there was one missing and gave the alarm.

Some two or three of them ran down in the woods and fired several shots; but they did not get Bruce and I never saw him since, but heard that he went a short distance in the woods and laid down behind a log until the command moved on. I would like to see my old partner once more on earth and talk over our adventures; but I do not expect to ever have the opportunity.

After the horses had been fed, and had rested a short time, we resumed the march As we were crossing one of the mountains we were suffering so intensely with the cold that I asked the officer in command if we could not walk awhile as our feet were nearly frozen. He said

we could if the guards would walk with us, which they were glad to do as they were nearly as cold as we were. So we all dismounted; but I happened to be in the advance and could see no chance of escape. We had not been walking long, however, until the rear man in the line broke ranks and jumped down the side of the mountain and made his escape. The guard fired several shots after him, but without effect.

They then made us mount, and were more strict than ever, for they made one of the guards take the rein of each prisoners horse and lead him, and they had orders to carry their pistols cocked and to fire on us if we made an attempt to escape. One reason why they travelled in the night was they were afraid that the different commands camped around Moorefield would rally and head them off between Romney and Winchester and release the prisoners. Our guards had orders, if the command were attacked, to kill the prisoners.

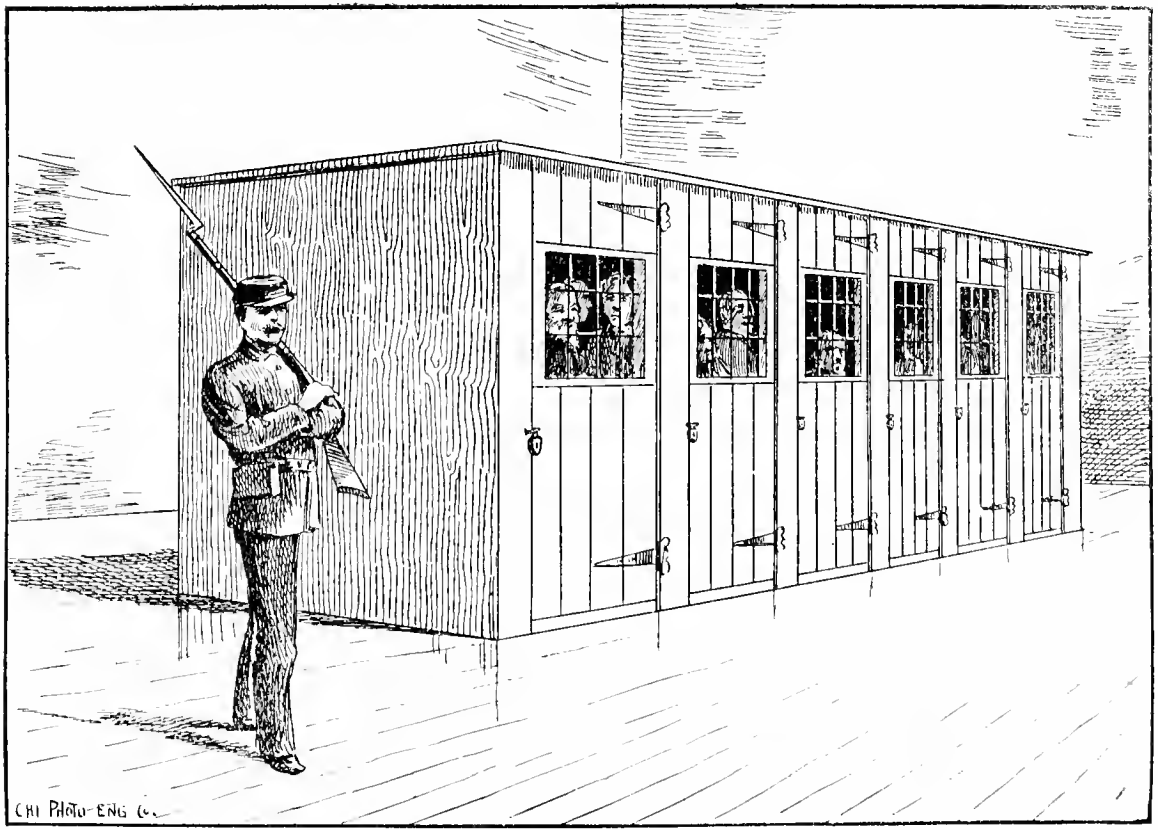
Finally, about 3 o'clock in the morning, we arrived at Capon Bridge and went into camp. They put the prisoners in a house where we had a fire and we got thawed out. I stole a pair of gloves out of the pocket of one of the guards who slept in the room with us that night and

wore them the next day. Directly after daylight they saddled up, and during that day we arrived in Winchester. We were taken to Gen. Phil Sheridan's headquarters and brought into his august presence. When we were arraigned he pronounced sentence on us to the effect that we were "guerrillas of notorious character and should be kept in close confinement at Ft. McHenry, Baltimore, Md., during the war, and not to be exchanged."

He had issued orders a short time before that all rebel soldiers captured inside of his lines should be "treated as guerillas." He claimed his lines extended up to our picked posts; when sometimes the pickets of both armies would be twenty miles apart. He claimed the intervening space. We were then assigned to the guard house in Winchester.

I was very uneasy for fear they would find out about us capturing McFern; but they never, as long as I was a prisoner, said a word about it. They knew such things were customary in both armies at that time. I never expected anything else, if I got captured, but to be stripped and robbed, and vice versa.

I was uneasy about another thing, which was that I had two discharges in my pocket from the hospital. One ordered me to report to Co.



IN THE CELLS AT FT. MCHENRY, MD.

"A", 33d Virginia Infantry, and the other to Co. "D", 11th Virginia Cavalry. As I was a cavalryman when captured, I told them that I belonged to the cavalry, and it went on record that way in the prison. When I got my discharge I was put down as a private in Co. "D", 11th Virginia Cavalry, and they never knew I belonged to the infantry. So when I landed in the guard house at Winceester, I had an old hat, old boots, pants and an army jacket. That was all the good I ever got out of over four hundred dollars that I had captured from McFern, except two canteens of apple brandy.

The officers at the guard house in Winchester called us out, one at a time, made us strip and searched us all over and searched our clothing. I told them they could find nothing on me after those "Jesse Scouts went through me." They laughed and said, "they guessed not, for they were worse than a dose of salts."

The next day after landing in Winchester, we were taken out of the guard house and marched through a blinding snow storm to Stephenson's depot five miles below Winchester, and put in a cattle car and taken to Harper's Ferry. There we had to stand in the snow for four hours, waiting for a train to take us to Baltimore. I

had no blanket nor overcoat, and I got so cold that I borrowed a blanket from one of the guards and laid down in the snow and rolled up in it. At last the train came and we were put in a good warm car that had a stove in it, and sometime that night we arrived in Baltimore and were taken to the slave-pen prison. The next day, which was the 8th of February, we were mustered in line and marched out to Ft. McHenry They made us march in two ranks in the middle of the street, while the guards marched on the sidewalks. There being a thaw that day the water was running considerably, but we had to wade every place where the water ran across the road, and were wet above our knees.

When we arrived at Fort McHenry we were taken to the provost marshal's office, and our names, company and regiment taken down, and also had to undergo another strict search. There we met the crossest, most tyranical man, for a provost marshal, that we had encountered yet. He cursed us black and blue, and wanted to know where we got those blue clothes we had on. I told him that their soldiers had taken ours from us and given us those in return. He said, "that's a d——d lie, you stole them off of our dead soldiers on the battle field."

We were then conducted into the prison, a large brick building that had been used as a stable before the war, and put in a room where there were about 250 prisoners. There was one large stove in the room, and two rows of bunks on each side, with a hallway through the center. The bunks were not divided, but all in one; the second tier being just one floor above the other at a distance of about five feet. It was about ten feet to the ceiling. We were put in there about dark, cold, wet and hungry, and would draw no rations until 12 o'clock the next day.

We began to look for some place to lie down, but found every foot of space occupied except the hallway, and that was about two inches deep in mud and slush. There was a small yard to each prison. and the prisoners could go out and in when they chose until 8 o'clock at night. We then tried to get to the stove, but could not even get near enough to see any of it except the pipe. It was terribly cold, the thermometer registering below zero. There were a great many crippled soldiers in there who had been captured on the battle field at Winchester, some of them one legged and one armed, and they had the preference at the stove.

We were wondering what we would do, as we

were "fresh fish," and did not know the "ropes" yet, and were thinking our only chance was to lie down in the mud, when the door opened and a sergeant called for "that last batch of prisoners that came in." We eagerly went forward and wanted to know his wishes. He said we were too thick in there, and he would take us to another room where we would be more comfortable. We were pleased with that idea, but alas, vain hope! many of us went to our doom.

As each one's name was called he was ordered to step outside. When my turn came, and I stepped out, I was escorted between two guards through that yard, into another, and into a building that was full of cells, with a narrow passage way, against each wall, and was handed over to a sergeant, who had a big bunch of keys hung to his arm. He opened one of the cell doors and told me to walk in.

"What is the meaning of all this?" I inquired.

"You will find out before you get out," he replied.

I had no blanket and there was no fire in the whole building, and it shocked me so to think that I would freeze to death in that terrible

hole that I nearly sank to the floor Presently they opened the door to put another one in with me. He had a blanket, but seeing that I had none, he started back and asked the sergeant to put him in with a man that had a blanket; but I grabbed him and pulled him in my cell and said, "for God's sake come in here." At the same time the sergeant shut the door and locked it.

He proved to be Hoffman Gilmore, cousin to Maj. Harry Gilmore, and was courier for his cousin. His home was in Baltimore and he had not been in service long, neither had he seen any hardships, so when he was placed in the cell he gave up, and broke down entirely, and said we might as well conclude to die, that we never would get out alive.

Presently there was another prisoner put in our cell by the name of John Rafter He belonged to McNeil's company of rangers and had not seen much service. They were both younger than I was, and as I was rather hardened to privations and dangers, I thought it would not do for us all to give up, so I commenced trying to cheer them up, and put on a lively air and told them we were worth a hundred dead men yet. By that means I inspired some vigor and confidence in them and myself too.

The prisoners were all distributed in the cells in that way. three in a cell. The cells were five feet wide and eight feet long, made of two inch oak plank doubled, with a hole in each door ten inches square with iron bars across, and ventilator holes just opposite in the brick wall. The cold wind blew right in on us, and it was the coldest spell of weather during the winter of 1864 and 1865.

We finally lay down on the floor close together, and, covering ourselves over head and heels, tried to sleep, but we just laid there and shivered. We were afraid to go to sleep for fear we would never waken, as in that way people freeze to death.

I said to the boys: "This willl never do," and I jumped up and commenced dancing and singing and running around for exercise. I made them get up, and we walked around the cell for hours in single file by holding to one another's coats, for it was dark as a dungeon, and we took that precautiun to keep from running against each other. Then, when we got tired we would lie down awhile and rub our feet and limbs, for we were very scantily clothed. We kept that up until 12 o'clock the next day, when we drew some rations which consisted of

a piece of bread and a piece of meat; and small at that. And that was our rations while we stayed there.

Every day at 12 o'clock we would get a slice of bread and piece of salt pork; and every third day we would draw a quart of bean soup, with about three beans to the quart; but if we had no cups to put the soup in they would pass on and not give us any at all. None of us had any cups at first, and as I saw I was about to loose my soup, I grabbed up my old hat and, by sinking in the crown from the outside, I made a depression large enough to hold my soup, and, soaking by bread in it, ate it that way. The other boys said they could not do that; but I took notice they "tumbled" to it the next time soup came round, and continued to do so until we procured cups.

We had no money, no tobacco or pipes and no writing material. I had some acquaintances in Baltimore before the war, but did not know whether they were there now or not. Hoffman Gilmore had scores of wealthy relatives in Baltimore, but to get word to them was the question.

The second day I was there I got one of the guards to give me a paper and he brought me

the Baltimore Gazette. I scanned it over in a hurry to find by the advertisements some one that I knew, and soon found the firm of H. K. Hoffman & Co., wholesale grocers, No. 45, South Howard Street. It was like a beacon light to me. If some one had entered the prison at that time to release me it would not have filled me with more joy than to see that well known name of H. K. Hoffman. He was once a merchant in Springfield, had boarded at my father's house when single; had married there and had always been a fast friend of our family. I did not know his politics, but it made no difference, I knew he would help me in distress. I then begged the guards for paper, envelope and stamp, and wrôte to him to please send me a little money. The next day I received a letter from him with five dollars in it. It was a God send to us; and I don't think five dollars ever did so much good to any one in this world as that did to us. I divided with my comrades. I did not get the money, but the amount was sent in to me by the Provost Marshal in Sutler's checks, and we had to spend it with him. The Provost would not let us buy anything to eat, but would let us buy tobacco, etc. The first thing I invested in was pipe, tobacco, matches,

paper, envelopes, stamps, candles and quart cups. It was quite dark in our cells in the daytime, and the candle made it more cheerful and we even imagined it made the cell warmer.

Hoffman Gilmore then wrote to his friends and soon received a check for twenty dollars, and we were then well fixed with respect to funds. As I had cheered him up in his first distress, and relieved his wants with money, he became one of the best friends I ever had and remained so during our sojourn in prison. He often said that if it had not have been for me he believed he would have died in that cell.

Our prisons were located outside of the main fort near the water. There were three large, long brick buildings, each one divided in four rooms, two below and two above. One room was full of cells on the ground, the other room on the ground floor of the same building was used as a guard house for their own men. One room above had Confederate officers confined in it, while the other was full of bounty jumpers. Each room had a small yard attached to it. The next building in the row, which was the one we were put into, had "Rebel" prisoners in one room; the other room, on the ground floor, was full of "bounty jumpers," while the one above them was full of Rebel citizen prison-

ers. The room above the Rebel prisoners was full of negroes, they had picked up wherever they could find them, and they kept them there until they got two or three hundred when they wou'd ship them to the front, and fill up again. I never knew what was in the other brick building. I give this description in order that the reader may fully understand what transpired afterwards.

Around each prison and yard there was a high plank fence with a parapet on top with sentinels walking day and night. At night they were placed in the yards also. A sentinel walked in front of our cells all the time and one stood in the door of the building. If a prisoner wanted to go out in the yard he would inform the guard, when he would sing out, "Sergeant of the guard cell No. 10," or whatever number was called for. The Sergeant would then come if it suited his convenience, (if not he would not come for one or two hours,) unlock the door and take the man out—but one man at a time—and then have two guards conduct him out and back.

The regiment that was doing guard duty there was the 91st New York, and they had never been to the front and did not know what war was and consexuently did not know how to treat

prisoners, although there were a few who treated us kindly There was one sentinel who, whenever he got on our post, would slip us some coffee, or do any favor he could, unperceived; but he was the only one and I have forgotten his name. The provost marshal's name was Capt. McDermott, a perfect tyrant even to his own men. They had given him the name of "Black Jack," and he went by that name among prisoners and soldiers alike.

I would sing songs, hymns, and dance; any thing to make it lively and pass off the time. One night I was in a big way singing some religious hymns, when all at once old "Black Jack" stuck his nose in the door and said: "I don't want so much d—d piety in there." The sentinel remarked that he had told me to hush and I wouldn't do it (which was a lie.) Black Jack then said: "If they make any more noise fire in among them and that will settle them." He would come sneaking around to see what he could hear at night, and would always give us a cursing. I sent word to him the second night we were there to send us some blankets. He sent word back that his government did not furnish rebel prisoners with blankets, and that we should stay in there until we froze or rot, he

didn't care a d—d which." I sent word back that I would not die there for spite, unless he took me out to that gallows and hung me. There was a gallows erected out near the fort where they had hung Leopold as a spy a short time before we went there, and they all called us "gorillas" and "cell-rats." Every few days some of them would come in and say: "Three of you 'gorillas' are to be hung tomorrow." Sometimes they would say five or ten, just as it suited them.

After we had been in there about one week the weather moderated some, and they would let us out in the yard to walk around for one, two or three hours, and we would have an opportunity to talk with the other prisoners, as they would put us in their yard. One day we saw them fixing the trap door to the gallows, and at the same time they told us there would be ten "gorillas" hung the next day. It made us feel rather bad that night, and we began to think there was some truth in it. I believe old "Black Jack" would have hung us, but was afraid our government would retaliate. In a few days after we were put in the cells the men commenced getting sick, and there were fresh prisoners put in every few days until there

were seven in each cell. They happened to put Ned Bonham in our cell. He belonged to the 12th Virginia cavalry and was an acquaintance of Gilmore's and myself, and we three messed together during the remainder of our stay in prison.

When we lay seven in a cell we laid crossways, and the seven of us would fill the cell from one end to the other, and we had to all lay spoon fashion at that. There were two of the seven that were six feet, and as our cell was only five feet we had to "spoon" considerably to get the six-footers in. When one turned over we would all have to turn. There was not room enough for one man to lay on his back. Sometimes some of them would want to turn and the others would not turn, and then we would have a row and punching of ribs, until we all got in one notion.

But we did not remain crowded long, for they began to sicken and die, and our cell was soon reduced to four. They would take the pneumonia, and die in a few days. One man in a cell next to me died in twenty-four hours after he was taken sick. The sergeant would come along in front of the cells in the mornings and want to know if there were any sick. If there

were any that were able to walk, he would take them up to the hospital to the doctor, who would prescribe for them, give them some medicine, and send them back. If they were not able to walk, they would lie there until they died, or were nearly dead, and then be carried to the hospital on a stretcher By that time the disease would have such a hold on them that they were almost sure to die. But few got well. Out of eighty prisoners that were in the cells, forty died or were sick in the hospital in thirty days.

I told the sergeant one morning that I was sick and wanted to go the doctor. There was nothing the matter with me, but I wanted to go out of curiosity, and to have a walk and some exercise. He took me along, with a number of others, and we had to stand on a long porch in the cold until the doctor got through with his breakfast, which I thought, was about one hour. Finally, when he came and examined us, and asked me what was the matter with me, I told him I had the itch, as a great many had that complaint, and it was the best excuse that I could offer. He gave me some medicine for it, which I threw away on my way back to my cell. That was the last time I volunteered to go to the hospital.

United States of America.

I, John Castles Pvt 11th Va Cavalry of the

County of Rockingham State of Va, do

solemnly swear, in presence of Almighty God, that I will henceforth faithfully support, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States, and the Union of the States thereunder; and that I will, in like manner, abide by and faithfully support all acts of Congress passed during the existing rebellion with reference to slaves, so long and so far as not repealed, modified, or held void by Congress, or by decision of the Supreme Court; and that I will, in like manner, abide by and faithfully support all proclamations of the President made during the existing rebellion having reference to slaves, so long and so far as not modified or declared void by decision of the Supreme Court: So help me God.

John A Castles

Subscribed and sworn to before me, at Fort McHenry Md, this 22nd day of May, A. D. 1865.

John E Smith
Major Com of Pris

The above-named has Light complexion Black hair and Grey eyes and is 5 feet 6 inches high

FAC-SIMILE OF OATH.

One night about midnight, they opened the door of our cell and put a fellow in who was yelling and screaming and crying like he was scared to death. He laid down on the floor and kept crying and moaning at a terrible rate. We began to make sport of him, and wanted to know what regiment he belonged to. He said his name was James Glenn Gatelow and that he did not belong to the army at all, and he "never done nothing," and he did not know what they put him in there for.

Finally we found out all about him. He was an idiot they had picked up near Winchester because he had some soldiers clothes on. He was more a fit subject for a lunatic asylum than a prison like that. But we had a great deal of sport out of him while he remained in prison.

XXVI.

THE LOUISIANNA SERGEANT—Released From the Cells—A New Provost Marshal—End of "Black Jack"—Working in Prison—Chew of Tobacco for a "Hardtack"—Making Rings, Breastpins, Etc—Uncle Sends Clothes—Miss Dora Hoffman—Prisoners' Court Marshals—Royston and the "Red Sergeant"—Lee Surrenders—Lincoln Assassinated—Released From Prison—Oath of Allegience.

One day when we were out in the yard with the other prisoners, we heard there were some sick and wounded who were going to be exchanged, and the other prisoners had thought it terrible that we were kept in the cells. One man, a Louisiana sergeant, who was going to be exchanged, took down all our names, the company and regiment to which we belonged, and put them in his boots. When he got to Richmond he reported our treatment to President Davis and Commissioner Ould and had our names published in the Richmond papers. My parents happened to get one of the papers, which I saw after I got home. Our authorities at Richmond sent word to the United States authorities that we were no guerrillas but regular soldiers, and if we were not released from the cells, and treated as other prisoners of war,

they would put a like number of Federal prissoners in close confinement during the war.

So one day, as they were returning us to our cells from the yard, the sergeant told us we could get our things that we had in the cells, as we were not to go back there any more, but should remain in the barracks with the others and be treated better. Then such a shout of joy as went up—it made the very walls shake. We knew nothing then of this order from Richmond, but heard about it afterwards through some of the guards.

About this time the 91st New York was ordered to the front, as it was a large regiment and had done no service except guard duty. Then Capt. McDermott, alias "Black Jack," received a furlough to go home to New York. While there, on a big spree, one night he fell down a considerable flight of steps and broke his neck, as reported to us by the guards. That ended his career.

The 91st New York was replaced by the 5th Ohio, a regiment that had been in service during the war and was considerably reduced in numbers. It was sent to Ft. McHenry to do guard duty and recruit. Capt. McEwan was made provost marshal. He was a perfect gentle-

man and treated us like human beings. He soon came into our prison and said: "Well boys, how are you getting along." I saw that he would do to talk to, so I stepped out and told him that we were doing very well except that we were not allowed to buy anything to eat, and that some of us had money, or could get it from our friends, and as our rations were short we would like to buy some. It seemed to surprise him that such was the case, and he said we could buy whatever we wanted. I then told him the sutler had no bread and the baker wanted money. He said he would have some bread checks issued and when we received any money we could take part in sutler checks and part in bread checks.

After that we fared and were treated as well as a prisoner of war could expect. The change was great indeed. The room was not crowded, we had a good place to sleep, a stove to sit by, and could buy some extra rations, and had plenty of blankets. We were in the cells thirty days, and during that time saw no fire and had but one blanket, and were allowed but one scanty meal in twenty-four hours. They can talk about the Libby Prison and Andersonville, but I will guarantee that there never was greater

suffering or a greater death rate in any prison than in the cells of Ft. McHenry during the war. I look back upon my experience there with horror to this day, and wonder how I came out alive.

When we were in the regular prison they would take forty of us out every day to work, and clean up about the fort, which was light work and good exercise and they could always get plenty of volunteers to go out to work. I often went out, would rather do so than lie around the prison. Sometimes they would take ten or twelve out in the edge of the city to a rolling mill to load wagons with cinders and haul them back to the Fort to make roads and walks. We would meet Rebel sympathizers at the mill and they would give us money and the guards would go with us to a grocery and we would buy corn meal and molasses, and such things for about one-half what the sutler would charge us.

Sometimes some of the boys would give the wagon drivers some money and a canteen and they would go and get some whiskey but did not let the guard see them. I got some once that way and took it in prison and gave my chums a dram. One of our fellows got to bold

about it and brought some in prison several times that way and would sell it to the bounty jumpers at a fabulous price, and was making a speculation of it. In one corner of our prison we had a hole cut in the partition between us and the bounty jumpers, and would carry on a trade with them—a chew of tobacco for a "hardtack," two chews for a quart of coffee, and so on. They never had any money, and the most of our prisoners had some and could buy tobacco.

Those who had no friends to send them money were always making rings, breastpins, fans, watch chins, etc., out of gutta percha, and put silver and gold sets in them. It was like a manufactory every day; and we could sell them to the guards and they would sell them again down in the city for double what they gave for them. There was a continual trade going on all the time. We never drew any coffee and the jumpers could get all they wanted.

One day one of our fellows traded them some whiskey and two of them got a little tight and beat one of their comrades whom they had a grudge against nearly to death. About midnight the guards rushed in, but could not find the men; but they got them at daylight and took them to

the provost marshal, and he kept them tied up by the thumbs for three days to make them tell where they got their whiskey. They refused to tell, but he suspicioned that it came through our prison. After that, when we were brought in from work our canteens were searched, and that broke up the liquor traffic.

I had written to several of my friends who were inside the lines ; but the provost marshal had to read all letters that were sent, and all that were received, and if they did not suit him he would destroy them.

I had an uncle, S. M. Heironimus, who was a merchant in Webster, Taylor county, W Va., and a strong union man. I wrote him for some money and clothes. I had, also, another uncle there at the time, but I did not know it, H. W Heironimus, and he sent me a suit of clothes in a box, with some apples and chestnuts, and two dollars in money. I received all but the apples and chestnuts. They were confiscated, as our friends were not allowed to send us anything to eat. My uncle also wrote that he would be in Baltimore in a few days to do business for H. K. Hoffman, and he would attend to my wants, which he did as long as I was in prison. Every week or so he would send me two dollars. One

time he came out to the fort and brought me a new hat, but they would not let him see me. I happened to be out at work that day, and saw him going from the provost marshal's office up to the general's headquarters, and hallooed at him, but he did not stop and did not speak, being afraid they might arrest him.

There was a commission of ladies in Baltimore that furnished rebel prisoners with clothing. They would get our names from the papers as we were captured, and write to us as old acquaintances. One day I received a letter telling me I should be supplied with clothing if I needed it. It was signed, Miss Dora Hoffman. She also wrote to a number of others; I think she was president of the society. I did not need any clothing, as my uncle had supplied me with all I was allowed. When we wanted clothing we had to go before the provost and be examined, and whatever he gave us permission to have we could get; if anything was sent not in the permission the whole was confiscated. So we had an old ragged suit that we kept on purpose to put on when we went out to be examined by the provost. I suppose forty different men have worn that suit out to be inspected. The prisoners were well supplied by that

commission of ladies, and they received thousands of blessings from the poor prisoners—thanks to their kind and generous souls!

We would have laws and regulations of our own in the prison. We had a court martial to punish any one for stealing, and we made each one keep as clean as possible. There was a high post in the middle of the yard with a cross-piece on top, and every day when it was not too cold there would be some one sitting up on that post, as we could have a fine view of the city, the basin, the shipping in the harbor, and the steam tugs plying their trade up and down. On the west side of the Fort was the Patapsco river, and way down the river as far as the eye could reach was Fort Carroll.

One day the "Red Sergeant" came into the prison yard and called for forty men to go to work around the Fort. We called him the "Red Sergeant" because he belonged to the artillery and wore red chevrons on his coat and was a great big red faced Irishman. He soon got nearly enough, but lacked one or two men, and as they were slower than usual in volunteering, he got out of patience. Looking around he observed a fellow by the name of Royston siting upon the post.

"Here, come down from there and go to work," he cried out to Royston.

"I ain't going out today," replied Royston, "I was out yesterday, and I'm sick anyhow."

The Sergeant called a file of men and told them to cock their guns, and then pulled out his watch.

"I'll give you just five minutes to get down. If you don't do it in that time I'll have you shot," he said.

"All right, I'm not coming down," said Royston, coolly.

Every thing was as still as death for about three minutes; all of us standing around and expecting them to fire on Royston, who continued sitting there as calmly and unconcerned as if nothing unusual was transpiring When the Sergeant wheeled around and walked off. We fully expected to see him shot. Royston said he had made up his mind to die right there, and I believe he would have done it.

There was an ant bed in the lower end of the yard, and every day there would be from five to ten prisoners around that bed, picking off lice and having them and the ants fighting. They would have a regular pitched battle, and would get up bets on them. Sometime the ant would drag the louse off, but oftentimes the

big louse would stand them off. It was great sport for the prisoners.

We had a violin in prison and a fifer with his fife, and would have dances at night, and often had dress parade with the fife and an old camp kettle for a drum, and read out a long string of orders for the next day, and all such amusements to keep up our spirits and relieve the monotony of prison life. Rats were ready sale. The prisoners would cook and eat them.

Lovett wanted to raise some money one day, and adopted a novel plan to do so. He had an old watch key, and walked up and down with the sentinel with the key in his hand until he attracted the sentinel's attention to it, and then remarked that there was a key that once belonged to "Stonewall Jackson." The sentinel wanted to buy it at once; but of course Lovett would not part with it for any consideration. Finally, after a great amont of begging, Lovett was induced to take five dollars for it. I suppose that key is held as a trophy to this day, but Jackson never saw the key.

When we were first put in the cells and heard our sentence, we made application to take the oath of allegiance, but they were too sharp for us and would not let us do so. They knew it

was a scheme to get out; but as time rolled on, we all knew and felt that the Confederacy was bound to fall when the spring campaign opened; and when we heard of the surrender of Gen. Lee, the 9th of April, it did not surprise us. There were lively times about the fort, firing guns, etc., but a sad look among the prisoners, for we did not know our fate—whether we would be transported or what would become of us.

In a few days, however, their joy was turned to sadness by the assassination of President Lincoln, the 14th of April, 1865. We were sorry, too, because we knew they would think that the South had something to do with it, and then we knew that it would have been better for the South if he had lived. When we first heard it at night we did not believe it, but next morning the flag in the fort was at half mast and the minute guns were firing, and during the day the fort and city was draped in mourning.

About one week after that Capt. McEwan came in our prison and told the prisoners who had been confined there during the war, that we had served our term out, as the war was over, and that he would go to work and have us released, which he did on the 1st of May, 1865.

We all marched up to the general's head-

quarters and took the oath of allegiance to the United States government and signed our names. The next morning we were marched outside the walls of our prison, in two ranks, ordered to halt, and then, "Break ranks, march!" That was the last military command ever given me. Here is a copy of my oath, which I still have in my possession:

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

I, John O. Casler, Private 11th Virginia Cavalry, of the County of Rockingham, State of Virginia, do solemnly swear, in presence of Almighty God, that I will henceforth faithfully support, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States, and the union of the States thereunder; and that I will in like manner abide by and faithfully support all acts of congress passed during the existing rebellion with reference to slaves, so long and so far as not repealed, modified or held void by Congress, or by decision of the Supreme Court; and that I will in like manner abide by and faithfully support all proclamations of the President made during the existing rebellion, having reference to slaves, so long and so far as not modified or declared void by decision of the Supreme Court; so help me, God.

JOHN O. CASLER.

Subscribed and sworn to before me at Ft. McHenry, Md., this first day of May, A. D. 1865.

JOHN Z. MOUNT,
Maj. and Com. of Prisoners.

The above-named has light complexion, black hair and grey eyes, and is 5 feet, 6 inches high.

The following is my discharge from prison:

OFFICE COMMISSARY OF PRISONERS,
FT. MCHENRY, Md., May 1, 1865.

In pursuance of instructions from Coms. Gen. of Prisoners, dated Washington, D. C., April 29, 1865, the Provost Marshal is hereby directed to release from confinement John O. Casler, 11th Va. Cav., he having taken the oath as prescribed in the President's proclamation of Dec. 8, 1863. By command of Col. Daniel Macauly.

JOHN Z. MOUNT,
Maj. and Com. of Prisoners.

Office Commissary of Prisoners.

Fort McHenry, Md. May 1st 1865.

Special Orders,
No.

In pursuance of Instructions from
Army Genl of Pris dated Washington D.C
April 29th 1865 The Provost Marshal is hereby
directed to release from Confinement
John Ziegler 11th Va Cav he having
taken the Oath as prescribed in the President
Proclamation of Dec 8th 1863

By Command of
Col Dana Macauley
John F Isaacs
Maj and Comy of Pris

FAC SIMILE
OF
RELEASE FROM PRISON

Rec'd, Office Commissary of Prisoners, at Fort McHenry Md. Apl 22 1865, for John Clarke the sum of Two Dollars and ——— Cents.

"Sales will be made to prisoner by the Sutler on orders of the Comd'g Officer."

J. M. Evans
Capt. Lt. & Com. Pris.

$ 2

FAC SIMILE OF ORDER FOR SUTTLER CHECKS.

XXVII.

GOES TO AN UNCLE IN BALTIMORE—Takes the Cars for Winchester—Visits Friends—Arrives at Home—Comments on the Hardships of a Soldier—Neither a Hero nor a Coward.

During my three months of prison life but one prisoner escaped, and he escaped as we were unloading the wagons that hauled cinders from the rolling mill. He was in one of the wagons cleaning it out. When he had finished he fastened up the tail-gate from the inside and, seeing the guards were not looking, he laid down in the wagon bed, which was very deep, and the wagoner drove on out the gates; and that was the last we ever saw of him. But the driver must have known he was in there, for if he had looked back he would have seen him, or when he got out of the wagon he must have seen him. But the wagoners were citizens, and frequently favored the soldiers.

The young fellow had an uncle living in Baltimore, where he probably went. He was not missed from our squad until we went in at night, when the guards counted us. Instead of forty men there were only thirty-nine. Then there

was an excitement raised. They hunted all through the barracks, and inquired what squad he was working with, and who was guarding him. They finally found out who it was that had got him away.

The provost marshal came in the prison and offered any of us our liberty if we would go with them to the city and help find and recognize him ; but none of us would go. The guards went, however, and hunted for him all night, and for several days, but never found him.

After we "broke ranks" at the prison gates we scattered out in squads of two and three together, and went to the city. There were about one hundred and fifty released that morning, and about one hundred left in prison, as there were none released but the sentenced prisoners. We were the first batch of prisoners that were released from any Northern prison after the surrender. It was before prisoners were furnished transportation. Prisoners were being released in small squads all summer, but some did not get home till late in the fall.

I went directly to my uncle, H. W Heironimus, who was salesman for the wholesale grocery of H. K. Hoffman & Co., 45 South Howard Street, to thank him and Hoffman for their kindness. I told them I would pay them some day ;

but they would not listen to it. I stayed all night with my uncle, at his boarding house, and the next day he bought me a ticket for Winchester, gave me a carpetsack full of clothes, and some money. and I boarded the train. I looked like a full fledged Yankee carpet-bagger going South for an office, instead of a released Rebel prisoner.

I met several of our prisoners on the train. Some of them stayed in Baltimore several days, and some started home on foot, and I have never seen but three or four of them since. The citizens of Baltimore were very kind to us. It made no difference whether they had acquaintances and relatives there or not, they were furnished new suits of clothes, money to go home on, and plenty to eat and drink.

A party of them, so I afterwards learned, who had started to walk home, had not gone more than five miles when they met a gentleman on horseback, who, seeing tney were from prison, asked them if they had no money, when they told him they had none and expected to walk home, he opened his purse and gave them a twenty dollar gold piece and told them to go to the nearest station and get on the cars, which they did.

When I arrived in Winchester, Va., I went out to my uncle's, some fifteen miles, and remained several days. I had plenty of relatives in the adjoining counties of Morgan and Hampshire. I paid them a visit, also, and had a fine time; but was considerably broken down in health and spirits.

While in Morgan county I met my cousin, Smith Casler, who had belonged to Sturdivant's battery of artillery, and was at Lee's surrender. On his way home he had come by my father's in Rockingham county and spent some time there. He told me all about the siege of Petersburg and the surrender of Lee's army. His brother, Charlie Casler, was a member of the Eleventh Virginia cavalry, and had died in prison at Point Lookout, Md. Therefore there was one missing, and one vacant chair in that household.

I then went to Winchester, but found no conveyance up the Valley. I determined, however, not to walk, and would sit by the roadside waiting for some one to come along in a buggy or wagon, so I could ride with them as far as they went. I kept this up, catching a ride occasionally, until I arrived at Harrisonburg, Va., a distance of sixty-eight miles from Winchester. I

found my father and family living on a farm only two miles from Harrisonburg. I arrived there shortly after dark. Then there was joy in that household. The prodigal son had returned and the fat *hen* was killed! I found my father, mother and three sisters all well, but having hard times, as they had lost nearly everything they had by the war.

I never saw the Stonewall Brigade after I parted with it in Harrisonburg in January, 1865, when on their way to Petersburg, but it was in all the campaigns in and around Petersburg, and surrendered with the army at Appomattox Court house with very few members and officers. I was not quite four years in it, but it was just four years from the time I left home to join the army until I arrived at home from prison.

It was a very trying time to most of the Southern soldiers the last two years of the war, especially those who had families, for often times their families were living inside the Federal lines, poorly provided for, enduring untold hardships, while the soldiers had no means to supply their wants, and could not even hear from them.

It took nerve and patriotism to remain in ranks under those circumstances, being poorly

clad and fed, the pay, when it did come, being nearly useless for any purpose and with very little prospect of our cause succeeding. But they still held on with indomitable courage and heroism that is unparalleled in the history of any nation.

On the other hand, the army of the North were well fed, clothed, payed in good money, large bounties, and had the prospect of a life pension, with their families far distant from the seat of war and well provided for.

The difference was immense, for the Southern soldier had nothing but love of country and patriotism in view; but he remained to the bitter end.

I do not consider myself a hero by any means, and do not wish to be understood as one; neither do I consider myself a coward, for I have been in positions that have tested me thoroughly and such as a coward could not stand. But I always went where duty called me and did the best I could, and let fate do the rest—going no further than I was obliged to go. No man dreaded going into battle more than I did, or was more anxious for one to be over. But the die was cast, and I was reconciled to take what come, be it good or bad. A soldier in the ranks is like a piece of machinery—he moves and acts as commanded.

XXVIII.

JUSTICE TO ABSENTEES—Roster of Company "A"—Roster of the officers of the Thirty-Third Regiment, Stonewall Brigade, First Division, and Second Corps, with List of Killed, Wounded, and Prisoners.

In giving a roster of Company "A," my old company, hereto appended, I wish to say, in justice to its members, that I have marked on the muster roll as leaving the army, or going home and remaining there were as good soldiers as ever bore a musket.

Many had become tired of the infantry and wanted a transfer to the cavalry. They had been brought up in a mountainous country and were used to horseback riding and unaccustomed to walking long distances, and in other ways were less fitted for the infantry than for cavalry service. But as it was impossible to get a transfer, and as no furloughs were granted to men whose homes were inside the federal lines, they would go home whenever the opportunity presented itself; but still did service in some shape, either in the partisan ranger companies, or as independent scouts.

The federals had possession of Hampshire

county, W Va., during the entire war, except at short intervals; but there were only eight of my company captured at any time, viz.: Edward Allen, Mike Bright, Sergt. James P Daily, Robert C. Grace, Thomas McGraw, Sergt. William Montgomery, David Pence and myself; the particulers of which are more fully set forth in the following:

Muster Roll of Company A, 33d Va. Infantry.

Stonewall Brigade.

Captain, Philip T Grace; promoted to Major September, 1862, resigned November, 1862, and went home.

First Lieutenant, Simeon D. Long; left the command in September, 1861, and never returned.

Second Lieutenant, Jacob N. Buzzard; died of pneumonia in Winchester, Va., February, 1862.

Third Lieutenant, Wm. Johnson; died in Charlottsville, Va., August, 1862.

First Sergeant, James G. Parsons; promoted to Third Lieutenant April, 1862, resigned September, 1862.

Second Sergeant, Wm. Montgomery; severely wounded at first Battle of Bull Run, July 21, 1861, served in 18th Virginia Cavalry

two years, came back to Company A January, 1864, captured at Spottsylvania Courthouse May 12, 1864, remained in prison until close of the war.

Third Sergeant, James P Dailey; wounded March 23, 1862, at the battle of Kernstown captured and died.

First Corporal, Monroe Blue; promoted to Second Lieutenant in 18th Virginia Cavalry, captured in 1863, taken to Johnson's Island, while being transferred to Ft. Delaware made his escape in Pennsylvania, came on to Virginia and shortly afterwards was killed in the battle of New Hope, June, 1864.

Second Corporal, A. A. Young; slightly wounded July 21, 1861, left the company in September, 1862, and went home.

Third Corporal, James Connelly; left the company in September, 1862, and went home.

Allen, Edward; slightly wounded July 21, 1861, captured March 23, 1862, at the Battle of Kernstown, exchanged and went home.

Allen, Hermann; went home September, 1862.

Adams, James; killed Battle Bull Run July 21, 1861.

Adams, Jacob; went home September, 1862.

Arnold, George; went home November, 1863.

Baker, Andrew; died in hospital October, 1862.

Baker, John W ; went home November, 1862.

Blue, Wm. I; killed first Battle of Bull Run, July 21, 1861.

Blue, Michael; hired a substitute July, 1861.

Bright, Michael; captured at Battle of Kernstown March 23, 1862, exchanged, wounded at Antietam.

Berry, Joseph; went home in September, 1862.

Cadwallader Joseph; severely wounded July 21, 1861.

Casler John O.; transferred to 11th Virginia cavalry, January, 1865; captured Feb. 5, 1865, was in prison till close of war.

Carder Elisha; drummer until September, 1864, then took a musket, wounded at Fisher's Hill.

Carder Joseph; sick in Lynchburg when war closed.

Dagnon Michael, Marylander; discharged in one year

Daily William A.; joined partisan rangers in 1863.

Doran Daniel; discharged in 1862.

Earsome Joseph; transferred from 2d Virginia Regiment, elected 2d Lieutenant July, 1862,

killed at Second Battle Bull Run, Aug. 30, 1862.

Furlough Thomas; killed July 21, 1861, First Battle Bull Run.

French Charles M.; joined partisan rangers in November, 1862.

Grayson John; went home, November, 1862.

Gross Thomas; killed March 23, 1862, Battle of Kernstown.

Gaither George; died in hospital, July, 1863.

Gaither James; killed May 12, 1864, Spotsylvania Court House.

Grace Robert: wounded March 23, 1862, Battle of Kernstown, captured and died.

Halderman John, conscripted August, 1862, killed at Second Battle Bull Run, Aug. 30, 1862.

Hass James; died in hospital at Lynchburg, April, 1863.

Hartley Elijah; killed March 23, 1863, Battle of Kernstown.

Hartley Edward; went home, November, 1863.

Hollenback Amos; killed July 21, 1861, First Battle Bull Run.

Harris John; went home September, 1862.

Kelly John; went home, November, 1862.

Kenny Patrick; went home, November, 1862.

Linthicum James; went home, December, 1861.

Long John W.; went home, November, 1862.

Miller Emanuel; went home, November, 1862.

Miller Martin; wounded severely March 23, 1862, Battle of Kernstown.

Marker Polk; killed July 21, 1861, First Battle Bull Run.

McNemar Joseph; sick in hospital when war closed.

Montgomery Edward; joined partisan rangers, 1863.

McGraw Thomas; died in prison, Camp Douglas, Ill.

Offutt George; killed Aug. 30, 1862, Second Battle Bull Run.

Powell H. William;elected 1st Lieutenant, April, 1862; promoted Captain, January, 1863; severely wounded at Gettysburg, July 3, 1863, and never after fit for duty

Pownell William; made 1st Sergeant, January, 1862, promoted to 2d Lieutenant, April, 1863, killed May 3, 1863, at Chancellorsville.

Pownell, Dave; transferred to 18th Virginia Cavalry November, 1862.

Pence, Hugh; transferred to 18th Virginia Cavalry September, 1863.

Pence, Samuel ; killed Aug. 30, 1862, Second Battle Bull Run.

Pence, David ; in prison when war closed and died on road home.

Perrin, Charles ; died in hospital at Charlottesville, Va., August, 1862.

Perrin, Ralph ; killed Aug. 30, 1862, at the second battle of Bull Run, aged 16 years.

Pollard, Wm. ; wounded at battle of Winchester Sept. 19, 1864.

Powell, Thomas , went home November, 1862.

Parker, Joseph ; went home November, 1862.

Rhinehart, John ; severely wounded at first battle Bull Run, when well joined Cavalry

Rizer, John , had a bad case of measles and was discharged.

Shelly, David ; went home November, 1862.

Sivills, Wm. ; sick at close of war.

Short, George ; went home September, 1862

Simmons, David ; went home January, 1863.

Stockslager, Cul ; went home November, 1862.

Swisher, Frank ; went home sick December, 1861.

The foregoing embraces only the officers and soldiers of company "A." A further reference to the organization and roster of officers of our regiment, brigade, division and corps might be

interesting to the students of the history of the war.

The field officers of the 33rd regiment the first year were: Colonel, A. C. Cummins; lieutenant-colonel, J. R. Jones; major, Edmund Lee; and A. J. Neff, a cadet from the Virginia Military Institute, adjutant. Our first Major Lee was killed at Bull Run July 21, 1861.

At the re-organization and re-enlistment in April, 1862, the company officers elected the regimental officers. Colonel A. C. Cummins resigned and went to south-west Virginia in some other branch of service, and Adjutant A. J Neff was elected colonel. He was killed at the second battle of Bull Run August 27, 1862. Major Edmund Lee was elected lieutenant-colonel, afterwards promoted to colonel, and died. Captain F. W M. Holliday, of company "D," was elected major, and lost an arm at Cedar Mountain Aug. 9, 1862. He was afterward promoted to colonel, but assigned to other duty. Captain Moses Walton, of Company "K," was made adjutant, and served as such until the surrender. Captain P T Grace, of my company, was promoted to major, and not long afterwards resigned on account of sickness in his family, some of whom died. Captain Eastman, of Company "I," was promoted to

THE BATTLE FLAG OF THE SOUTH.

major, and was killed at Gettysburg July 2, 1863. Captain A. Spangler, of Company "F," was promoted to major, then lieutenant-colonel, then colonel, and was in command of the regiment at the surrender. Captain Houston, of Company "I," was promoted to lieutenant-colonel, and Captain Golliday, of Company "B," to major. Lieutenant-Colonel J. R. Jones was promoted to brigadier-general of the 2nd brigade.

General T J. Jackson (Stonewall,) was the first brigadier-general of the Stonewall brigade, then major-general, then lieutenant-general of the second corps, and was mortally wounded at Chancellorsville, Va., May 2, 1863, and died the 10th of May, 1863.

General Richard Garnett was the second brigadier-general. He was put under arrest after the battle of Kernstown for ordering the brigade to fall back (when about to be flanked,) without orders from General Jackson; but was never court-martialed. He afterwards commanded a brigade in Pickett's division, and was killed in the charge at Gettysburg July 3rd, 1863.

Gen. C. S. Winder was the third brigadier and was killed at the battle of Cedar Mountain,

Va., Aug. 9, 1862. Col. J. R. Baylor of the 5th Virginia regiment, was promoted to brigadier general of the brigade, (being the fourth one) and was killed at the second battle of Bull Run, Aug. 27, 1862.

Col. ——. Reynolds, of the 4th Virginia regiment, took command of the brigade through the Maryland campaign and was wounded in a skirmish on the B. & O. railroad at Kearnysville, Va., in September. 1862; but was not promoted to general.

Col. J. W Grigsby, of the 27th Virginia Infantry, then commanded the brigade until November, 1862, when Col. E. F. Paxton, of the 4th Virginia Infantry was promoted to brigadier general, as the fifth one. He was killed at the battle of Chancellorsville, May 3, 1863.

Col. James A. Walker, of the 13th Virginia Infantry, Ewell's division, was the sixth brigadier general and was wounded at the battle of Spottsylvania Court House the 12th of May, 1864, when Col. Wm. Terry, of the 4th Virginia Infantry, was promoted to brigadier general for the seventh one. He was in command of the brigade at the surrender, April 9, 1865, and a few years afterwards was drowned in a river in Southwest Virginia.

The division was commanded by Gen. Jackson, Gen. Taliafero, Gen. Trimble, Gen. Starke, (who was killed at Antietam,) Gen. Colston, (who was killed at Chancellorsville,) Gen. Edward Johnson, "Clubby," (who was captured May 12, 1864, at Spottsylvania,) and Gen. John B. Gordon, who afterwards commanded the corps.

The 2d. corps was commanded by Gen. Jackson, Gen. Ewell, (who lost a leg at the second battle of Bull Run,) Gen. Jubal A. Early and lastly by Gen. John B. Gordon, who was in command at the surrender of the army, and was loved and christened by the corps as "our second Jackson."

XXIX.

A Few Opinions—Devotion of the Soldiers—A Rebel Colonel Resent the Hissing of the Stars and Stripes in a London Theater—Union Soldiers Protect Rebel Soldiers in Baltimore.

Now, as to the causes of the war, I have nothing to say but this: The war seemed to be inevitable; but as to who were right and who were wrong, it is not for me to say, for both sections had their grievances, and two wrongs never made one right. They simply "had it in" for one another and fought it out, settling the dispute forever. It might have been patched up and postponed a few years, like it had been before by the "Missouri Compromise" and other remedies, but the bubble had to burst, and burst it did.

No man living knows more about the ill feeling that existed between the two sections than I did, for I was born and raised on the border of Virginia, near the Potomac river, and had heard this contention from my earliest recollections; knew of and witnessed the division in the Methodist church; and heard every day the agitation of this slavery question all through the "fifties," and was right in the neighborhood

when the torch was applied to the combustibles when John Brown seized Harper's Ferry and attempted to arm the slaves to butcher the whites indiscriminately. Then the South was fired by indignation and was determined from that time to separate from the United States government.

I was no secessionist, and hoped the trouble would be settled without recourse to arms; but when war came, I shouldered my musket in behalf of my native state and defended her to the last; and although the stars and bars went down and are furled forever, they never went down in disgrace, but they will be remembered by a people who gave their best blood and treasure to sustain them. But I hope it will be a warning to future generations to guard against dissentions of all kinds, and not involve our fair land in another civil war

There are no truer people to the stars and stripes to-day than the people of the South; none who would sacrifice more in their defense against an invading foe.

To illustrate more fully this devotion to our flag, I will relate an incident that happened in London, England, since the war. It has already been published, but is worthy of being preserved:

"Sometime after the war, Colonel P R. Winthrop, a Southern soldier from Louisiana, was travelling in Europe, and while in London, England, attended the Alhambra theatre with some friends, to witness a ballet dance called "All Nations." A corps of ballet dancers, dressed in the uniform worn by the soldiers of each nation, and bearing the flag of the nation whose uniform they wore, would appear and dance—one corps after the other.

"As all the countries were being represented, some would be applauded and some were hissed. When the United States and the "Stars and Stripes" were represented the audience began to hiss. Colonel Winthrop, who was seated in the back part of the box, looking on, in a not very interested way, at the first hiss sprang to his feet and to the front of the box, leaning far out over the rail, waving his hat over his head, his face lividly white, his eyes fairly blazing defiance at the crowd beneath and around him, he opened his mouth and there rang through the theatre the most blood-chilling yell, a kind of cross between the savage cry of the infuriated Zulu warriors and the screech of a wounded tigress.

"For an instant the very music ceased; ever

one turned to gaze at the author of the unearthly sound; even the musicians forgot the presence of the dancers for whom they were playing. Suddenly, in the lower part of the house, a long, lank figure. with white hair and beard arose, and, standing in the aisle, took up and gave back an answering yell to Winthrop's cry, and in the same peculiar, half-fiendish manner. Then all around from different quarters of the theatre, men arose and began to cheer in the hearty, vigorous, English fashion.

The house was full of Americans on their way home from the Paris exposition.

An august personage who happened to be in the back part of one of the boxes, seeing that a terrible row was imminent, with that ready tact for which he was famous, came to the front of his box and began applauding; of coarse, in a moment the storm was stilled, and the whole audience was cheering the American flag. Some of them expressed astonishment at the feeling exhibited by the American Winthrop, inasmuch as he had spoken of being in the Confederate army and fighting against the Union flag; he snapped out in reply: 'That was a fight of our own family between Americans, and is settled, forgiven and forgotten, and the flag that was

hissed to-night is now my flag as thoroughly as it is the flag of the men who fought under it in our civil war, and

> I would right some wrongs where they are given,
> If it were in the Courts of Heaven.'

"All were anxious to know where he acquired that peculiar wild yell he gave when the audience hissed the flag. He said that was the "rebel yell," with which the southerners charged in battle, and that he was sure the man who had first joined in his protest was some old southern soldier, because of the answering of the "rebel yell."

"The other cheering at first, he told us, came from old northern veterans from America. He had heard their cheers at Fredericksburg and Gettysburg, and that it meant fight; that they had been witnesses to a splendid illustration of the only difference in the character of the people north and south in the United States; that the Southern people were more impulsive and quicker to resent an insult, while the Northern people were more calm, cool, and slow, but would none the less surely and positively fight when necessary. and when once aroused, just as the northern men in the audience, they were the most determined and courageous of men."

The soldiers in each army got such an ac-

quaintanceship with each other during the war as they never would have had in any other way, and those who were in the army and saw service in the front always respected each other Each knew he met foemen worthy of his steel, for they had been tested on the field of battle.

On the other hand the men who were never in the army, and who wanted to do their fighting after the war was over, are those who have kept up most of the dissentions and ill feeling since. True soldiers will protect one another when necessary, regardless of the army they were in, for we are all Americans and are proud that we were American soldiers.

To illustrate this I will relate an incident that came under my personal observation :

When I reported to the provost marshal in Baltimore, after being released from prison, I told him that I wished to remain in the city for a few days and would like him to give me protection from the mobs and bummers. He replied that he had no authority to give me anything, but to go about my business quietly, seek no quarrel, and if any one imposed on me to call on some of the Federal soldiers scattered over the city and they would protect me. The next day, when some of us were invited into a

saloon to drink, one of our crowd happened to have his military buttons still on his coat. One of those non-combatants stepped up to him and commenced cutting them off, saying he could not wear those buttons around there. There happened to be two Federal soldiers present who immediately sprang to their feet, and one of them knocked the fellow down, remarking that they could not insult a Rebel soldier in their presence, and made him leave the house.

War, with all its terrors, is a great civilizer, if civilization means respect for other people's opinions.

XXX.

CONCLUSION—Tribute to the Women of the South—Their Appeal to the Soldiers—Romantic Letter of War Times.

I cannot close these reminiscences of the war without paying to the noble women of the South the highest tribute that can be paid them, which is to record their sublime, self-sacrificing devotion to the soldier and the cause in which he was inlisted.

At an early period of the war, and in our darkest days that followed—during the entire struggle, in defeat as in victory—they encouraged and sustained us with cheering words and noble actions.

I have often remarked that there were two classes of people in the South that upheld the cause from beginning to end. They were the soldiers in the field and the women at home. How devotedly they would work to supply the army with food and clothing. They would always send such clothing to us, as they knew we needed, such as underclothes, knit socks, etc. They would make hats out of cloth, spin, weave and make outer garments entirely of homespun;

cut up their fine carpets to make blankets, and make hundreds of other sacrifices to render us comfortable.

How often, when in camp, would we anxiously look over the hill to catch a glimpse of the wagon coming from home, knowing full well there would be a box for this one and that one, filled with such delicacies as they could procure from their scanty means; and what joy there would be in camp to eat something that mothers, wives, sisters, daughters or lovers had prepared; and how anxiously the mails were watched to receive some sweet missive from the loved ones.

They suffered equally as much as the soldiers in the field, though not by wounds and death; but the suspense and grief was agony itself. My dear old mother, who is now in heaven, spent many an hour on her bended knees praying for her dear and only boy, and not only her boy but others as well, for she had relatives who wore the blue. She could often hear the raging of the battles, as several were fought near my home. But as dearly as she loved me she would not let me stay at home long when I happened to get there, but advised me to return to my company and be a faithful soldier. She would rather hear of my death on the field of

battle, although it would nearly break her heart, than to hear of my being branded as a deserter; for all our ancestors had been engaged in the wars of our country, and had acted honorably—the Indian war, the Revolutionary war, the war of 1812 and the Mexican war—and there had been no blot or stain of desertion attached to any of them, and she did not want to hear of it in any of her race.

After a battle it would often be days and weeks before our people at home would receive any tidings of the dead and wounded. Oh! the suspense! It was terrible. That is why I say they suffered equally as much as we did; for every old soldier knows the suspense preceding a battle is worse than the battle itself.

No doubt the women of the North were just as devoted to their loved ones as the Southern women; but they had no such difficulties to contend with, as their government kept the army well supplied. No doubt they, too, sometimes, when cut off from their base of supplies, and in the enemy's country, suffered terribly; but the South was cut off from all foreign supplies from the first, except what little ran the blockade; besides, we had no manufactories to speak of.

General Lee's army was mainly supplied with clothing by the women of the South. The only thing we were well supplied with was ammunition, and that was mainly procured at one time, through the aid of the women, whom I have known to dig the earth from under old houses, boil it, and get the saltpetre. Sometimes details were made, from those subject to conscription, to dig saltpetre, which privilege many stay-at-homes were anxious to avail themselves of to keep out of the army; but the ladies shamed them and called them the "saltpetre boys," and told them to go and get a musket and go into the army, that they would dig the saltpetre.

No one can tell, and no pen describe the sacrifices and sufferings of those dear ones; and they never gave up as long as there was a soldier in the field. But I am sorry to say that a great many of the male citizens were whipped the second year of the war, and as our star of destiny began to wane they seemed to gather in everything they could before the wreck was complete.

The world knows what the women of the south have done since the war in organizing memorial associations, caring for the dead, build-

ing monuments and confederate homes, and yearly strewing their graves with flowers.

But I must close. I could write pages about those noble women and never exhaust the subject.

The following appeal from the ladies of the south, which was printed in Atlanta, Ga., in 1862, and circulated throughout the southern army (a copy of which I have in my possession), may be read with interest at this time:

Letter From the Ladies of the South

TO THE

Soldiers of the Confederate Army.

SOLDIERS: The President. Congress, the public press and your Generals have told you their high estimate of your noble devotion in re-enlisting for the war. We also, as your mothers, wives, daughters, sisters and friends, claim the right to thank you. It is the grandest act of the revolution, and se-ures immortality to all concerned in it. It awakens anew the enthusiasm with which we began this struggle for liberty, and removes all doubt of its eventual success. Such men, in such a cause, cannot be overcome. In the dreariness of camp life you may sometimes have i nagined yourselves forgotten or little cared for. Counting up your privations and dangers, you may have doubted their full appreciation, and fancied that those who stay at home and risk nothing, while you suffer and bleed, are more esteemed

than yourselves. We beseech you harbor no such thought. You are constantly present to our minds. The women of the South bestow all their respect and affection on the heroes who defend them against a barbarous and cruel foe. In the resolution to aid you, they are as firm and determined as you in yours. not to lay down your arms 'till independence be won. When that sacred vow shall have been accomplished your reception by us will more than attest our sincerity It shall also be shown. while the contest goes on. by our efforts to increase your comforts in the field and to lighten the burdens of the dear ones left at home. For your stricken country's sake and ours, be true to yourselves and our glorious cause. Never turn your backs on the flag. nor desert the ranks of honor or the post of danger. Men guilty of such infamy sell your blood and our honor, and give up the Confederacy to its wicked invaders. In after years. from generation to generation, the black title of tory and deserter will cling to them. disgracing their children's children. But no stigma like this will stain you and yours. Brave, patriotic and self-sacrificing in time of war, you will be honored in peace as the saviours of your country, and the pride and glory of your countrywomen. We beg you to keep near your hearts these memorials of affection and respect. and to remember them, especially in battle. and we invoke for you always the protection of a kind and merciful Providence.

Mrs. S. C. Law.
" L. E. Cairns,
" Julia Brice,
" B. Gordon,
" Rosa Aubrey.
" M. A. Flournoy
" Robert Hardaway,
" Virginia Sneed,
" Patten.

Mrs. C. Shorter.
" E. R. Hodges,
" James Warren,
" Seaborn Jones,
" T. Threewitts,
" P. H. Colquitt,
" James A. Shorter,
" Shaaf,
" William Woolfolk,

Mrs. Fergusson,
" Buckley,
" E. Shepherd,
" A. C. Flewellen,
" Rogers,
" A. B. Longstreet,
" H. Meigs,
" John Banks,
" D. Moffett,
" J. E. Hurt,
" Augusta Erskine,
" Goetchius,
" L. Illgos,
" T. M. Nelson,
" A. Shepperd,
" Dexter,
" C. Walker,
" H. L. Benning,
" M. Chambers,
" S. C. Tarpley,
" Anne Dawson,
" J Dawson,
" M. E. Shorter,
Miss L. Rutherford,
" E. Munnerlyn,
" S. Threewitts,
" Anna Bennett,
" Rogers,
" Lou Hurt,
" Tarpley,
" M. T. Shorter,
" Lila Howard,
" Torrance,
" Buckley,
" Anna Leonard,
Misses Ellington,
" Shepherd,
" Benning.

Mrs. T. M. Gale,
" R. Patten,
" George Woodruff,
" R. Ware,
" J. A. Strother,
" C. J. Williams,
" Z. H. Gordon,
" C. T. Abercrombrie,
" L. Q. C. Lamar,
" A. G. Redd,
" R. P Malone,
" John Carter,
" Robert Carter,
" D. Hudson,
" S. E. Wilkins,
" M. D. Flournoy,
" L. G Bowers,
" J. B. Hill,
" H. Branham,
" A. Abercrombie,
" A. Lowther,
" Dr. Tickner,
Miss C. F. Hargraves,
" C. Ragland,
" Sue Banks,
" E. Moffett,
" Anna Forsythe,
" M. E. Dawson,
" Mary Rutherford,
" Mary Hodges,
" Bessie Hardwick,
" M. M. Gordon,
" Anna Tyler,
" V Mason,
Misses Malone,
" Abercrombie,
" Hardaway,

I also append a letter from Miss Nannie J. Reevs, (and I see no impropriety in doing so, as, on its face, it shows the writer to be a true Southern lady,) to Lieutenant J. W Johnston, of the 24th Tennessee infantry. The letter is still in the possession of Mr. Johnston, who has allowed me the use of it for this purpose. As the young lady says, "it is quite romantic,"--this writing to the soldiers. It is interesting as showing what true soldiers the ladies can be.

The circumstances are as follows: When General O. F Strahl's brigade, of General Frank Cheatham's divisions, (Lieutenant Johnston being attached to that brigade,) were passing on the cars, through Loachapoka, Ala., on their way from Dalton, Ga., to Demopolis, Ala., the ladies collected there threw boquets to the soldiers, as was their custom. The one Lieutenant Johnston received contained a slip of paper with this written on it: "A soldier is the lad I adore," signed, "Nannie J. Reevs." When the brigade arrived in camp, Lieutenant Johnston wrote a letter and mailed it to her address, although he did not know her, never had seen her, and never did see her. The original is written in a beautiful hand, and the composition shows a true lady in every respect. It was a common occurrence for soldiers to correspond

with ladies they never saw. Lieutenant Johnson would not part with it for any consideration, but keeps it as a relic of other days.

LOACHAPOKA, ALA., March 10, 1864.

Mr J. W. Johnston:

I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your very unexpected missive, which was handed me a few days since. It proved very interesting to me and merits in itself a reply that I am not equal to; notwithstanding I shall not hesitate to send you one, though I feel, very sensibly, my utter inability to interest you in the least.

It is overleaping the rules of etiquette to write to a total stranger, but etiquette to a great degree has been discarded as these are war times and I love romance exceedingly, therefore I shall be pleased to receive and answer a letter from you at any time, if by so doing it will serve to while away many lonely hours incident to a soldier's life, who is cut off from the hollowed influence of relatives and friends. I do not send you this letter to make sport of, but to inform you that yours was highly appreciated.

"Yes, the soldier is the lad I adore:" because he loves his country and freedom and nobly baffles for them. I sincerely hope that each brave and gallant soldier of the south may soon reap the glorious reward of his labor.

I have but little use for croakers and speculators, who skulk at home and gain every cent of Confederate money they possibly can. While substitution was the theme their money was their might, but by dint of speculation they've made their money back. But now Congress has served them right, they have to shoulder box and gun and walk the soldiers track. I see so many who say, "We are now whipped, just as well give up," but I'll

assure you I have never claimed that we are whipped or a ruined people, nor will I own such until our patient soldiers admit that they are conquered.

I felt very confident that there would be a regular engagement up at the "Front" when you all came rolling back from Demopolis, but I was agreeably disappointed. Guess you were somewhat surprised when the order was countermanded and you had to return; but the soldier's life, like the will-o'-the-wisp, is one continual succession of brightening and darkening changes; flitting like a blaze of glory to one point and anon returning dark and gloomy, as his country's prospects vary from one extreme to the other. Oh! how delighted I would be if the glad welkin sound of peace could be heard throughout our land again.

When peace shall hold her easy sway,
And man forget his fellowman to slay.

But there will ever be something to mar my happiness, even "when this cruel war is over," which is this, I have lost my only brother, who was good and affectionate indeed, and no less brave and patriotic. He gallantly fought and nobly braved every hardship and fiery trial that seemed peculiar to the ill-fated defenders of the once proud and glorious Vicksburg. Yes, he breathed his last on the banks of the Mississippi river a few moments before he was to take passage on the boat for home, after he was paroled. He had acute rheumatism which he had contracted in the trenches. The pain struck his heart, which caused him to die immediately, with nothing but the cold earth for his bed and the canopy of Heaven for his covering. His remains were intered at Vicksburg. He now rests with God in heaven, no doubt, for he was a zealous Christian.

Mr. Johnson I have worried your patience, I fear, with this desultory communication. If so, excuse me

if you please. I shall expect to hear from you at your earliest convenience.

With best wishes for your happiness and safety, I subscribe myself, Very respectfully,

NANNIE J. REEVS.

Oh, South! there's no national sheperd to keep
Your flock from the pinchiugs of hunger and cold;
Hark! hear you the wail of your suffering sheep,
As they wander dejected away from the fold.

THE END.

The Conquered Banner.

BY FATHER ABRAM J. RYAN, THE POET PRIEST OF THE SOUTH.

Furl that banner, for 'tis weary,
Round its staff, 'tis drooping dreary;
Furl it, fold it, it is best;
For there's not a man to wave it,
And there's not a sword to save it,
And there's not one left to lave it,
In the blood which heroes gave it,
And its foes now scorn and brave it—
Furl it, hide it, let it rest.

Take the banner down—'tis tattered,
Broken in its staff and shattered,
And the valiant hosts are scattered,
Over whom it floated high.
Oh! 'tis hard for us to fold it,
Hard to think there's none to hold it,
Hard that those who once unrolled it
Now must furl it with a sigh.

Furl that banner, furl it sadly—
Once ten thousand hailed it gladly,
And ten thousands wildly, madly,
Swore it should forever wave;
Swore that foeman's sword could never
Hearts like theirs entwined dissever,
Till that flag would float forever
O'er their freedom or their grave.

Furl it! for the hands that grasped it,
And the hearts that fondly clasped it,
Cold and dead are lying low;
And the banner, it is trailing,
While around it sounds the wailing
Of people in their woe.
For, though conquered, they adore it,
Love the cold, dead hands that bore it,
Weep for those who fell before it,
Pardon those who trailed and tore it,
And, oh! wildly they deplore it,
Now to furl and fold it so.

Furl that banner! true, 'tis gory,
Yet, 'tis wreathed around with glory,
And 'twill live in song and story,
Though its folds are in the dust;
For its fame on brightest pages,
Penned by poets and by sages,
Shall go sounding down the ages,
Furl its folds though now we must.
Furl that banner, softly, slowly,
Treat it gently—it is holy—
For it droops above the dead;
Touch it not, unfold it never,
Let it droop there, *furled* forever,
For its people's *hopes* are dead.

Robert E. Lee.

TRIBUTE OF A DISTINGUISHED ENGLISHMAN.

The following beautiful lines were written by Philip Stanhope Wormsley, of Oxford University, England, in the dedication of his translation of Homer's "Iliad" to General Robert E. Lee: "The most stainless of earthly commanders, and, except in fortune, the greatest."

The grand old bard that never dies,
Receive him in our English tongue;
I send thee, but with weeping eyes,
The story that he sung.

Thy Troy is fallen, thy dear land
Is marred beneath the spoiler's heel;
I cannot trust my trembling hand
To write the things I feel.

Ah, realm of tombs! but let her bear
This blazon to the end of time.
No nation rose so white and fair,
None fell so pure of crime.

The widows' mourn, the orphans' wail,
Come round thee—but in truth be strong—
Eternal right, though all else fail,
Can never be made wrong.

An angel's heart, an angel's mouth,
Not Homer's, could alone for me
Hymn well the great Confederate South,
Virginia first and Lee!

The Death of Stonewall Jackson.

We will rear for him the sacred fane,
Who had a nation's tears;
No greater name is enwreathed with fame
Than the one our Jackson wears.

He was the idol of our hearts,
The champion of our cause;
He battled nobly for our rights,
And gained the world's applause.

Our hearts were filled with gladness
At the victories that he won
From Manassas to the Wilderness—
No cloud could dim his sun.

He cared for all with gentleness,
He shared their common fate;
In cold and heat and weariness
His goodness made him great.

The sun grew red with sorrow
O'er Fredricksburg that even,
For on that sad to-morrow
His last command was given.

In future years will linger
Our youth beside his tomb,
And tell with pleasing wonder
The fields his valor won.

At rest beyond the river,
His marchings now are o'er;
By the tree of life forever,
He dreams of strife no more.

Only a Private.

CAPT. F. W. DAWSON.

Only a private! his jacket of gray
Is stained by the smoke and the dust;
As Bayard, he's brave; as Rupert, he's gay;
Reckless as Murat in heat of the fray;
But in God is his only trust.

Only a private! to march and fight,
To suffer and starve and be strong;
With knowledge enough to know that the might
Of justice and truth and freedom and right,
In the end, must crush out the wrong.

Only a private! no ribbon or star
Shall gild with false glory his name!
No honors for him in braid or in bar,
His Legion of Honor is only a scar,
And his wounds are his roll of fame!

Only a private! one more hero slain
On the field lies silent and chill!
And in the far South a wife prays in vain
One clasp of the hand she may ne'er clasp again,
One kiss from the lips that are still.

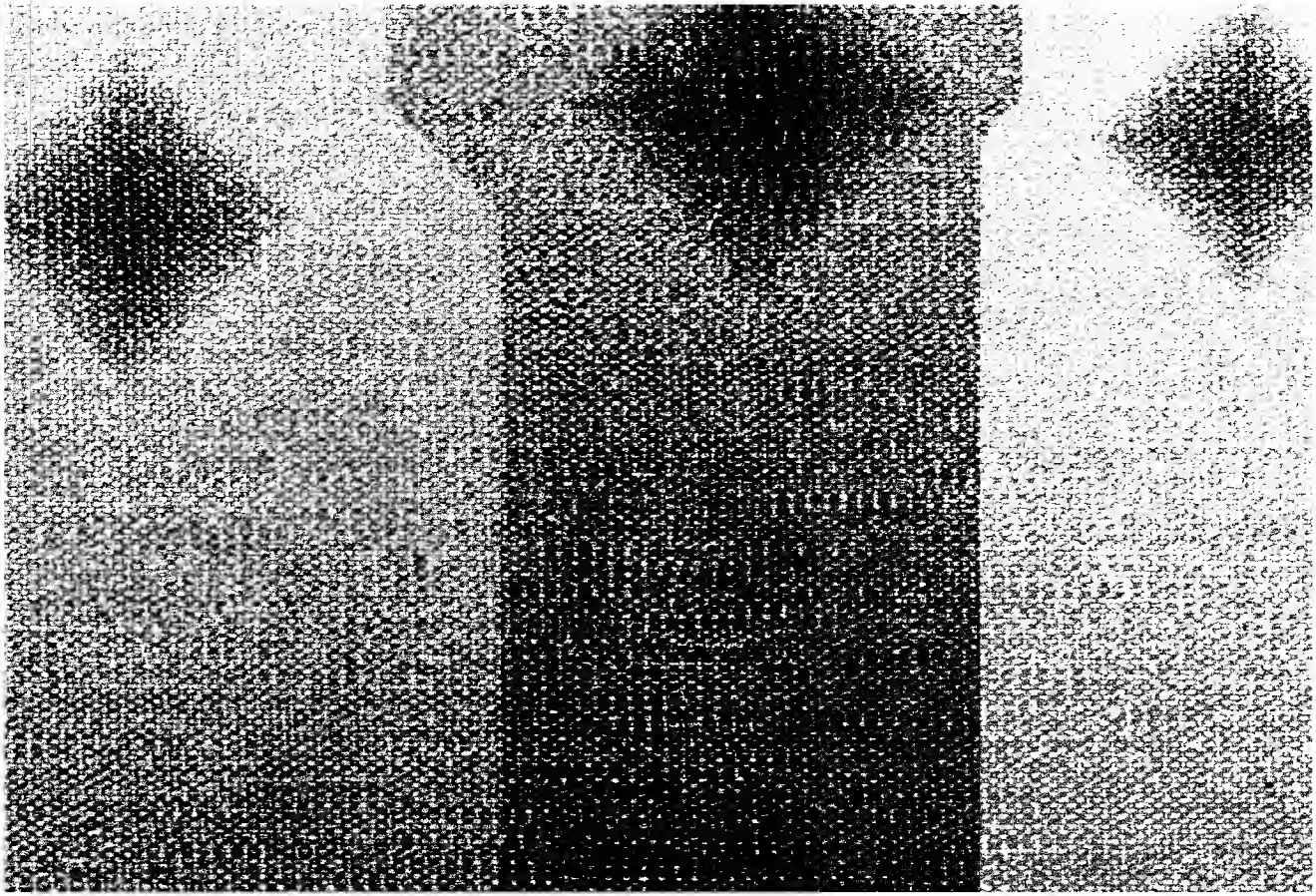
Only a private! there let him sleep!
He will need no tablet nor stone;
For the mosses and vines o'er his grave will creep,
And at night the stars through the clouds will peep
And watch him who lies there alone.

Only a martyr! who fought and who fell
Unknown and unmarked in the strife!
But still as he lies in his lonely cell
Angel and Seraph the legend shall tell—
Such a death is eternal life!

Richmond, Va., Oct. 26, 1863.

Last Order of R. E. Lee.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA, April 10, 1865.—General Order No. 9.—After four years of arduous service, marked by unsurpassed courage and fortitude, the Army of Northern Virginia has been compelled to yield to overwhelming numbers and resources. I need not tell the survivors of so many hard-fought battles, who have remained steadfast to the last, that I have consented to this result from no distrust of them. But feeling that valor and devotion could accomplish nothing that could compensate for the loss that would have attended the continuance of the contest, I determined to avoid the sacrifice of those whose past services have endeared them to their countrymen.

By the terms of the agreement officers and men can return to their homes and remain until exchanged. You will take with you the satisfaction that proceeds from the consciousness of duty faithfully performed, and I earnestly pray that a merciful God will extend you his blessing and protection. With an unceasing admiration of your constancy and devotion to your country, and a grateful remembrance of your kind and generous consideration for myself, I bid you an affectionate farewell.

R. E. LEE, General.